VANITY FAIR

FEBRUARY 2015

"Unexpected intrusions of beauty. This is what life is."
—Saul Bellow



SPECIAL INVESTIGATION

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By BRYAN BURROUGH p.60

From Bond Girl *to* Gone Girl *to 2015's It Girl*

ROSAMUND PIKE

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"CRACK THAT WHIP!"
INSIDE THE FILMING OF
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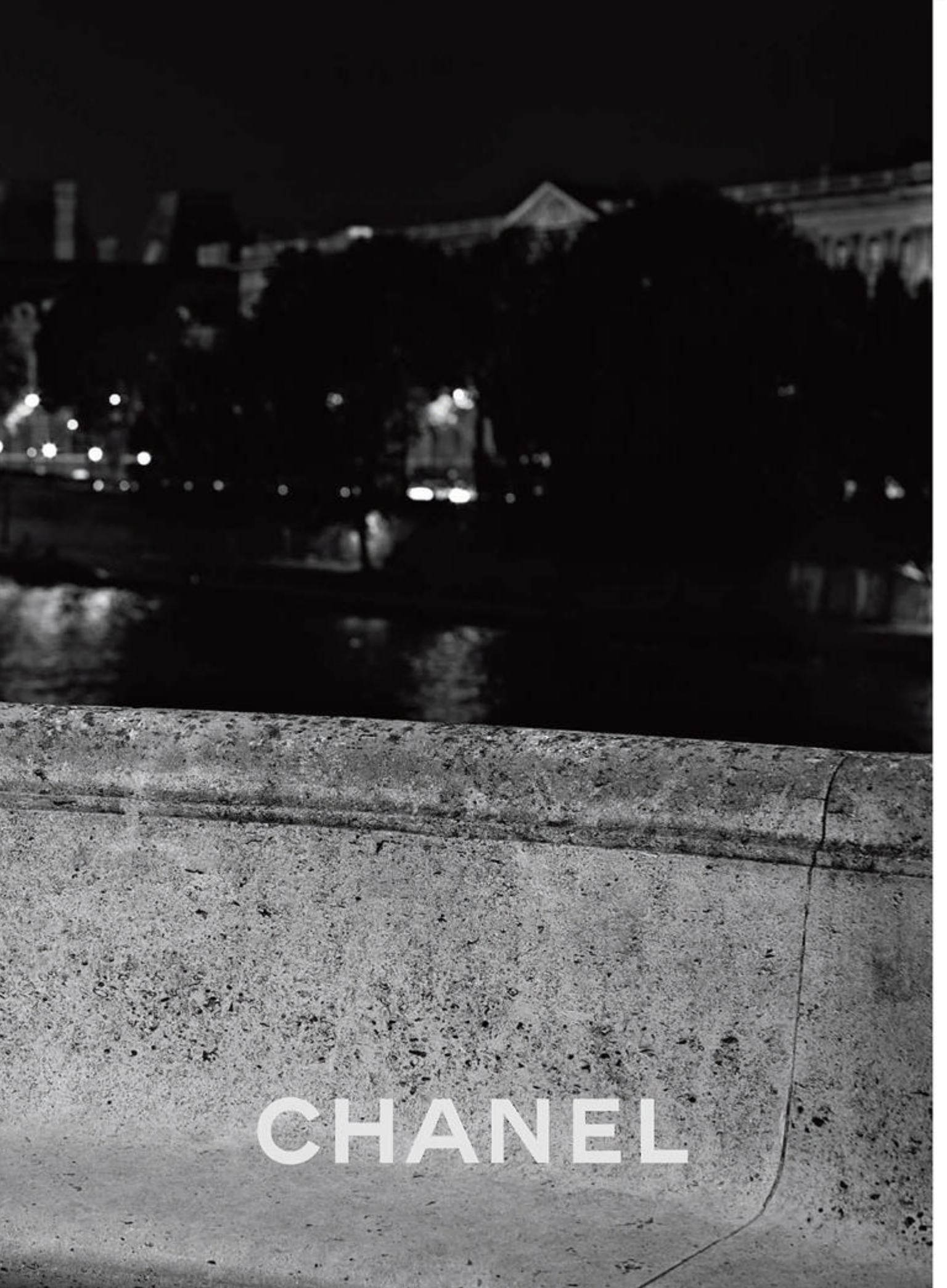



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New York, November 2014





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DAVID PHOTOGRAPHED BY JONATHAN BECKER. PIKE PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO TESTINO; GOWN BY DIOR HAUTE COUTURE. PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY FRANK MASTRO/BETTMANN/CORBIS; TOP RIGHT, BY JENNIFER GIKARD. FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

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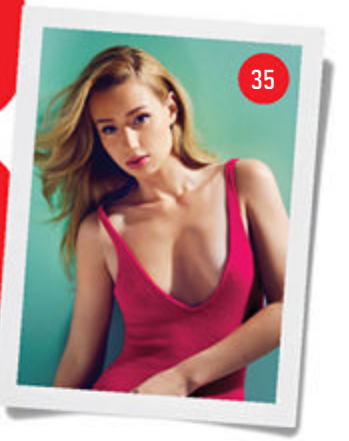
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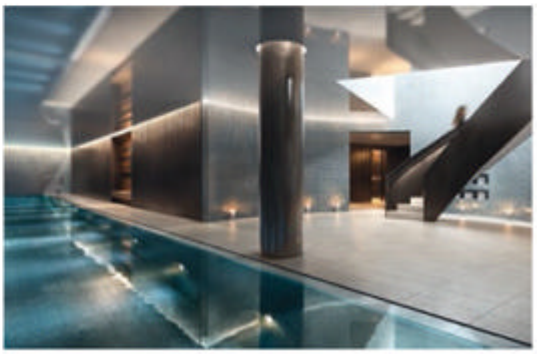
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TRUTHS *and* CONSEQUENCES



NIGEL PARRY

The title of special correspondent Bryan Burrough's dispatch this month, "Trial by Ebola," says what it's about. But it is the gripping, moment-by-moment detail in this rigorously reported, 8,000-word narrative that makes it memorable. Burrough's story opens during those first panicky days after it was discovered that a 42-year-old Liberian national named Thomas Eric Duncan was suffering from the first case of Ebola hemorrhagic fever to be diagnosed on American soil. Duncan's situation was covered in real time, and around the clock, by cable-television news shows. They followed every twist and turn of the case—from Duncan's first visit to Dallas's Presbyterian Hospital, where the disease initially went undetected, to his death less than two weeks later, and then to the discovery that two of the nurses who cared for Duncan had also contracted the disease. Many people had come into contact with Duncan since his arrival in the United States, and public-health officials ultimately placed 177 people under some form of quarantine. Cable news being the histrionic machine it can sometimes be, Americans were implicitly encouraged to cultivate their worst fears. The story was a good one for cable television—it played out like a science-fiction thriller—but once the Dallas hysteria had subsided, the news outlets moved on to the next ratings-bait hoo-ha in the media nightmare that the 21st century has become.

Burrough, a native Texan, didn't move on—he stayed on—conducting remarkable interviews with the dozens of people who had handled the crisis. He spoke to the county judge, who, to his great surprise, suddenly found himself in charge after learning that the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention did not provide leadership in such a situation, only guidance. He talked to the local epidemiologists who first diagnosed Duncan (despite C.D.C. skepticism), and then to the members of the cleanup crew who disinfected Duncan's "hot" apartment. There was no shortage of everyday human incompetence. In a situation in which every hour was critical, it took five days just to get Duncan's blood analyzed. Once Ebola was identified, hundreds of phone calls were made in a frantic effort to clear the bureaucratic obstacles preventing Duncan from receiving an experimental medicine. Dozens of police officers were sent off on a hunt for a homeless man who had ridden in the ambulance that had been used to transport Duncan. The man was found and delivered to the hospital. But after waiting for hours to be tested, he grew frustrated, and with no one keeping an eye on him, he just walked out and disappeared, thereby setting off another manhunt. Throughout the mishaps and bungling, Burrough also found that many Dallas citizens displayed heroic behavior in the face of a threat that few of them understood. Burrough's report, which begins on page 60, leads to an inescapable conclusion: the U.S. is not nearly as prepared for a major epidemic as it needs to be.

Talk of incompetence and lack of foresight inevitably leads us to Washington, which most Americans would agree is not functioning as it should—if indeed it functions at all. The Republicans, looking over their shoulders at the bared fangs of Tea Party extremists, won't cooperate with the Democrats on anything. The Democrats, despite losing much of their legislative clout over the past two administrations, still behave as if their landlines worked. And everybody seems to view the president as an isolated nitpicker who doesn't have the fortitude for the sort of bare-knuckle combat necessary to bring colleagues around to his way of thinking.

But one point to remember, as Michael Kinsley writes in "The Anger Games," on page 46, is that the culture of Washington, hate it as we may, happens to be an accurate reflection of the attitudes of Americans in general. In other words, we give truth to the old saw that people deserve the government they get. Kinsley looks at interviews with ordinary voters during last November's midterm elections and notes that voters are every bit as ill-informed, partisan, unrealistic, and downright nutty as the politicians they grouse about. They have long political wish lists of "good things," giving little or no thought to the fact that some of those good things (more social services, lower taxes) are contradictory. They have resentments, but not a workable framework for making sense of reality. And they send people to Washington who look and think an awful lot like themselves. The exception is Senate majority leader Mitch McConnell. No other American looks like Mitch McConnell.

In the past few months, Bill Cosby has seen his carefully crafted public image as a dispenser of fatherly, sitcom-ish wisdom be completely buried by reports in the news and on social-media sites that he is, and has been for a long time, a serial sexual predator. With more than two dozen women now accusing Cosby of sexually assaulting them, his reputation is shot. In his column this month, "Sins of the Father Figure," on page 43, contributing editor James Wolcott—the recipient of a 2014 PEN Award for his essay collection *Critical Mass*—observes that the speed-of-light nosedive in Cosby's public standing would have been unthinkable before the age of the exponential fury of social media. (The power of the Internet dealt a similar fate to the Canadian radio host Jian Ghomeshi.) "The Internet is an accelerator and force multiplier of opinions and perceptions," Wolcott says. It has created a new Justice League in which "endearing personas and impressive careers that once took months and years to ruin can now crash and burn over the course of a few news cycles." Many of the allegations against Cosby are not new—Andrea Constand first accused Cosby of drugging and sexually assaulting her a decade ago—but, now that they have resurfaced, social media have given them unstoppable momentum. As Wolcott points out, "those sweaters covered a multitude of sins." —GRAYDON CARTER


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‹ Agenda ›



LATE FRAGMENTS, BY KATE GROSS

BOOK

Late Fragments

Kate Gross was blind-sided by colon cancer aged 34, but as her extra-ordinarily frank, funny and heart-breaking book shows, the cancer, now terminal, couldn't take away that "kernel of Kate" she describes so brilliantly within its pages. Mother, wife, and former private secretary to two Prime Ministers, Gross's book *Late Fragments* (William Collins) tells of a life truly lived.



HARRY HOLCROFT

KAPOK TREES, PERU, BY HARRY HOLCROFT

EXHIBITION

Harry Holcroft

Unseen paintings, beautifully annotated sketchbooks and watercolour-filled diaries from the late artist-explorer Harry Holcroft make for a moving retrospective at La Galleria Pall Mall this month (February 23-28). The exhibition will also include the auctioning of Holcroft's last oil painting to raise funds for the Amazon Charitable Trust. **harryholcroft.com**



LIPSTICKS, BY TOM FORD

BEAUTY

Tom Ford

When Tom Ford says "Let's hear it for the boys!" he means it. The limited-edition collection of tiny lipsticks entitled Lips and Boys comprises 50 shades, each named for a man Ford admires. Luminous colours are enriched with chamomile-flower oil for a creamy texture, but the fun lies in the nomenclature. Throw caution to the wind and choose your shade just because you fancy wearing Jack on your lips. **tomford.com**



ISHTAR RING, BY BEE GODDESS

JEWELLERY

Bee Goddess

Ece Sirin, founder of cult jewellery brand Bee Goddess, underwent her own spiritual transformation when she discovered the world of talismans, and it turns out that she has a talent for helping others do so, too. The Turkish designer has provided spiritual coaching to a number of her clients, and can now be booked via the Bee Goddess counter at Harrods. It may not make it any easier to choose from her hundreds of exquisite pieces, but it will put you on the right track. **beegoddess.com**



SPECIAL-EDITION ICON BAG, BY GUCCI

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Gucci

In select Gucci stores right now, you may be lucky enough to find they still have one or two of their special-edition Icon bags in stock—but it's unlikely. Given the rate at which any Frida Giannini-designed limited-edition item gets snapped up, and the sheer wow factor of these brilliantly hued, ethnically inspired bags, some seriously competitive shopping is predicted. On your marks. **gucci.com**



SERPENT BRACELET WATCH, BY BULGARI c. 1965

EVENT

Christie's Travel

Serious jewellery lovers rejoice! Next summer, in association with Abercrombie & Kent, Christie's Travel is putting on a four-day Jewels of London tour (June 1-4), packed with specialist-led experiences not usually available to the public. A private tour of the Crown Jewels, anyone? **christies.com/travel**

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FULL METAL DUST JACKET

Amazon and Hachette's showdown; Anjelica's battle cry; Angelina's war story; and more

Having been a self-published oral-history author for more than a decade, I looked forward to getting the inside scoop from Keith Gessen's article on the battle between Amazon and Hachette ["The War of the Words," December].

My conclusion now is: a pox on them all—publishing houses, Amazon, and booksellers. They seem to have forgotten that there are no spoils to fight over if authors don't research and write the books in the first place.

GAYE I. CLEMSON
Capitola, California

LIFE WITH JACK

Ah, yes, the male biological prerogative to go and multiply with multiple partners! Or, as Anjelica Huston's father dismissively told her ["The Big Fabulous," by Anjelica Huston, December] when she confessed the pain Jack Nicholson's philandering had caused her, "Men do this—it means nothing." Sorry, Mr. Huston, but with all due respect, only restless, insecure, selfish men "do this."

I've always condemned violence of any kind. But when Anjelica finally lets Jack feel physically what she must have been feeling emotionally—upon learning that he'd impregnated a woman and engaged in yet another affair, which was disclosed by *Playboy*—the only thing going through my mind was "What took you so long, Toots?"

MONICA KUCHARSKI
Mississauga, Ontario

UNBREAKABLE ANGELINA

I might like to indulge in the fantasy worlds of the rich and famous, but *Vanity Fair* sets itself apart from the rag mags by bringing reality to the fore, with articles such as your most recent one on Angelina Jolie ["Woman of the Year," by Janine di Giovanni, December]. Superb. What better gift to give her than the acknowledgment she deserves. She's come a long way, baby.

RAMONA ANASAGASTI
Erie, Pennsylvania

I think Angelina Jolie is truly wonderful for her charitable works and her career in front of and behind the camera, but I was surprised that neither author Janine di Giovanni nor Jolie discussed the incomparable Laura Hillenbrand, who has overcome so much herself to write the book *Unbroken,* from which Jolie's movie is adapted. [Editor's note: Hillenbrand has suffered from chronic-fatigue syndrome since 1987.] Hillenbrand deserves a share of the credit for bringing Louis Zamperini's important story back to us and to its rightful place in history.

NANCY F. THOMAS
Hingham, Massachusetts

AN I FOR AN EYE

James Wolcott's "Me, My Selfie, and I" [December] is a spot-on indictment of the vapidity of (mostly) young people today. Just as sometime soon no one under the age of 40 will know what "clockwise" means, in the near future there will be no such thing as a "photo." Rather, all images will be "selfies," as in "Look at this beautiful selfie of the Grand Canyon."

MIKE CAMPO
Paonia, Colorado

CORRECTIONS:

In the Editor's Letter in the December issue, our mention of the share of the print market that funnels through Amazon should have referenced that company's share of the online *print market.*

In Michael Kinsley's column in the same issue ("Zimmer Frames at Dawn!"), we incorrectly asserted that Richard Ingrams sued James Pembroke. He decided not to. In addition, we said that Ingrams started The Oldie *immediately after his tenure at* Private Eye. *In fact, some years had passed.*

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Out to Lunch with

ALLEN GRUBMAN

THE MUSIC INDUSTRY'S LEADING LAWYER SHARES THE SECRET TO HIS SUCCESS



By JOHN HEILPERN

Allen Grubman, the most powerful attorney in the music business, kindly invited me to lunch for what he called "a pleasant schmooze" at his Park Avenue apartment, on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, and as schmoozers go, the good-hearted, expansive Mr. Grubman surely has no equal.

"Ask me anything!" he said when we met. But then he leaned in toward me and lowered his voice to a whisper, as if confiding something sacred. "You ever go to Barney Greengrass?" he asked.

The celebrated deli on the Upper West Side is a homey New York institution, and I know it almost too well. "It's the *best!*" he cried happily, and a bond between us was struck. He quickly disappeared into the bedroom of the apartment and in time returned with a framed photo. "My Bar Mitzvah picture! Brooklyn, New York," he announced. "I was a midget. My mother was five feet tall." He looked small and slender. "That was prior to Barney Greengrass!"

Mr. Grubman, the son of a stagestruck mother and a garment manufacturer, reminisced that when he was 11 he was singing show tunes on NBC's *Horn and Hardart Children's Hour.* He sang a few bars of one. "Ooooh, Okla-*homa!*" And went on, "They picked me up in a limousine every weekend. The only other time you were ever in a limo was behind a hearse on the way to a funeral. And they took us to good restaurants. Then my voice broke! But I never forgot the restaurants and the limousine."

The seeds of his career in the entertainment industry had been planted there and then, and the fruits of his success are apparent, and enjoyed—the chauffeured Mercedes, a personal chef, several homes (Sue Mengers's fabled house, in Beverly Hills, is a recent acquisition)—all thanks to his A-list clients, such as Bruce Springsteen, Elton John, Lady Gaga, U2, Sean "Diddy" Combs, Bette Midler, and John Mellencamp, together with sundry media types (including the editor of this magazine). When Mr. Grubman attended Brooklyn Law School, however, he was not an immediate success.

"You ready?" he said. "I graduated No. 1 in my class—from the bottom."

"What's the secret?," I asked him as lunch was served.

"I was very, very fortunate. People disagree with me, but I'm a big believer that success in business is 75 percent luck, 25 percent brains. Maybe it's 50-50. But there are a thousand people with the same talent, but they didn't get the break. You need luck and you need *sechel.*"

He translated the Yiddish word for us: "It's a combination of instinct, balls, and common sense."

His Irish chef, Stephen from Cork, came out to greet us. "Enjoy, gentlemen!" Mr. Grubman was on one of his permanent diets, and following a first course of shrimp, he had a sensible chopped salad of chicken, egg whites, and lettuce. "Not nearly as good as yours," he said, eyeing my hearty roast chicken with delicious fingerling potatoes and carrots. "It's so difficult, losing weight," he said balefully. "And when you lose it—what happens? It goes back up!"

"What was the luck you had?," I asked. "I'll give you the answer. In 1974, I left the law firm where I'd worked for five years and was encouraged by two clients to go out on my own. It takes nerve. I had $5,000 in the bank. Within a month, two big breaks happened. I was introduced to a record that became a huge hit by George McCrae called 'Rock Your Baby.' If you heard it, you'd remember it. It was the start of disco. Then two French guys brought in a new all-American group called the Village People . . . "

So he had the luck, and he had the ability to take advantage of it. Was he aware of the line from Shakespeare's *Henry VI:* "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers"?

"It's inscribed on a pillow in my office!" he declared.

I wondered if he punched the clock as lawyers seem to do from the second you say, Good morning. "I don't. We have annual retainers. When big deals are involved," he added surprisingly about certain multi-million-dollar contracts, "most lawyers will say up front what they want—but I never do that. I wait until the deal is done. You know why? If I sat down with you and said, I'm going to do this deal for you and I'm going to charge you half a million dollars, you would fall off your chair. You'd say, Are you nuts?"

"That is correct."

"But if I got you $10 million, and I said now I want to charge you $500,000—you know what you're going to do? Kiss me! Right? I get a kiss!"

It was the least I could do.

Allen Grubman then disappeared again to re-emerge eagerly with his wedding-reception album. Deborah, his wife of 23 years, is among the leading real-estate brokers in New York City, and it was clear how much he adores her. She's the daughter of Holocaust survivors. Their reception was held at the New York Public Library—a highly unusual arrangement agreed to by the library when he somehow gave the impression he was holding a law conference there.

We looked together at the party pictures of the great and the good who attended—David Geffen, Naomi Campbell, Ian Schrager, Mort Zuckerman, Madonna, Clive Davis, Harvey Weinstein, et al. "There's chocolate cake and cookies coming," he said. "You got to!" □

"YOU NEED LUCK AND *SECHEL.*"

PHOTOGRAPH BY PLATON

RED, WHITE, and BLUE-BLOODED

The Clintons' mascot? Leon Panetta. Your go-to Kardashian pickup line? "I love your brand." See facing page for more on **STATESIDE ROYAL FAMILIES**.

THIS MONTH

Captain AMERICA ★ ★ ★ WHO SAID IT?*

"Polls are for strippers and cross-country skiers."

a. Hillary Clinton
b. Sarah Palin
c. George W. Bush
d. Thomas Jefferson

VANITIES



JACOBS WEARS A GOWN BY CH CAROLINA HERRERA; JEWELRY BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.

GILLIAN JACOBS

AGE: 32. **PROVENANCE:** Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. **PLAYTIME:** Jacobs has performed since childhood, when she was enrolled in an acting class. "The school called my mom and said that I had no friends and was talking to myself on the playground, and she should put me in some kind of extracurricular activity. I fell in love—it was like a fish in water." **TRAINING DAYS:** The actress spent her youth actively involved in local theater before honing her craft at the rigorous Juilliard School. "When you meet someone else from Juilliard, you kind of lock eyes and do that solemn nod of 'I know what you've been through,' and it is an instant bond." **THE SHOW GOES ON:** Jacobs's big break came in 2009 with her lead role as Britta Perry on the cult-favorite series *Community*, whose sixth season debuts on Yahoo in March, after being canceled by NBC last year. "We all sort of moved on, grieved the show, and started to get other jobs, and then on the very final days of our contracts Yahoo picked up the show. It is like the show that cannot die." **THE MOTHER LOAD:** In addition to *Community*, the Hollywood darling is keeping busy with a multi-episode character arc on this season of *Girls*, and a role in the anticipated sequel *Hot Tub Time Machine* 2, out next month. "I think my mom is less stressed about me choosing to be an actor now." —KRISTA SMITH

*Answer: **(b)** Sarah Palin.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JAN WELTERS

America's Royal Families

By ADAM LEFF and RICHARD RUSHFIELD









	The CLINTONS	The BUSHES	The PALINS	The KARDASHIANS
ROYAL TITLE	The Bill-and-Hillionaires.	The Bush Dynasty.	The Wasilla Hillbillies.	The Oh! K's.
THE BIG CHIEF	It's complicated.	**George Herbert Walker Bush.**	Governor "Sarracuda" Palin.	**Kris Jenner, formerly Kardashian.**
TRAINING GROUND	Renaissance Weekend.	Andover.	**Miss Alaska contest.**	Dash of Calabasas.
SIGNATURE LOOK	Maximum tailored his-and-hers black and gold power suits.	Pleated Dockers, tucked golf shirt, black eelskin boots, and Stetson.	Camo wrap dress, LensCrafters, and mom bangs.	White maternity bikini.
VEHICLE	**"Gulfstream G450 or larger."**	Fountain 38 CC fishing boat.	**White stretch Hummer limo.**	Black Rolls-Royce Ghost with heated cup holders.
HOME DÉCOR	Ritz-Carlton Colonial.	Seas of chintz, hooked rugs, and plastic shutters.	Baby gates, American flag, and gun rack.	Mad Hatter's Vegas buffet.
FAMILY SECRET	Sponsorship deals on Chelsea's wedding.	The Bush son who went to Wesleyan.	Who threw the first punch at the last family-picnic brawl.	What percent was ever real.
MASCOT	Leon Panetta.	**Barney.**	Jill Hadassah, Trig's dog.	Ryan Seacrest.
BLACK SHEEP	**David Axelrod.**	Billy Bush.	Levi Johnston.	**Rob.**
RISING STAR	Charlotte Clinton Mezvinsky.	Texas land commissioner George P. Bush.	Bristol.	Kendall Jenner.
SWORN ENEMY	The press.	Michael Moore.	The Klingenmeyer clan.	**Paris Hilton.**
FAMILY BEAUTY	**Marc Mezvinsky.**	Lauren Bush Lauren.	Caribou Barbie.	Jonathan Cheban.
HAIR	Moussed bouffant.	Thick gray Brillo pad.	**Café-mom up-do.**	By-the-yard extensions.
OMERTÀ CURSE	Asking you to speak at nine A.M. for Clinton Global Initiative meeting.	Revoking your W-bestowed nickname.	Blocking you on Facebook.	Paying paparazzi not to shoot you.
PICKUP LINE	"You're going to love Bono."	"I'm just six heartbeats away from the keys to Kennebunkport."	"Wanna betcha?"	"I love your brand."
SECRET WEAPON	Atomic-strength walls of denial.	**Skull and Bones handshake.**	Mama Grizzly's Twitter power.	**Atomic-strength walls of bronzer.**
KRYPTONITE	**Book tours.**	Second terms.	Questions.	Second week of marriage.

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VANITY FAIR

72 JAZZ AGE GEMS

From the pages of Vanity Fair

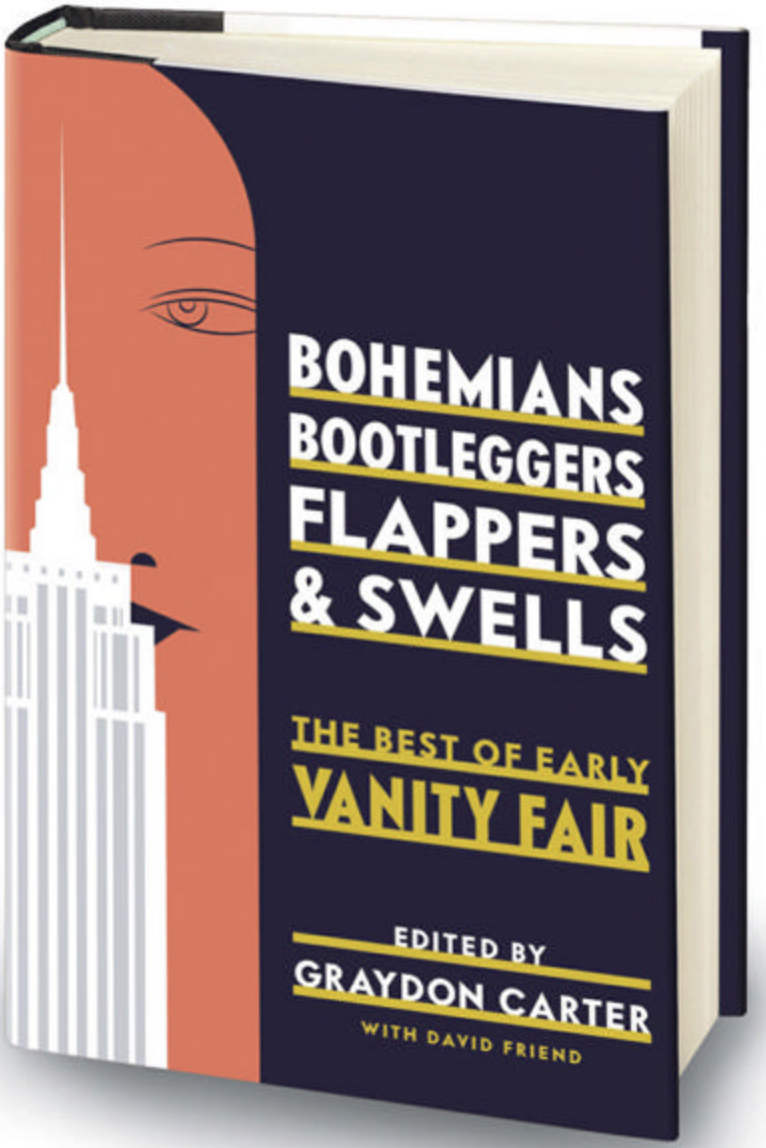
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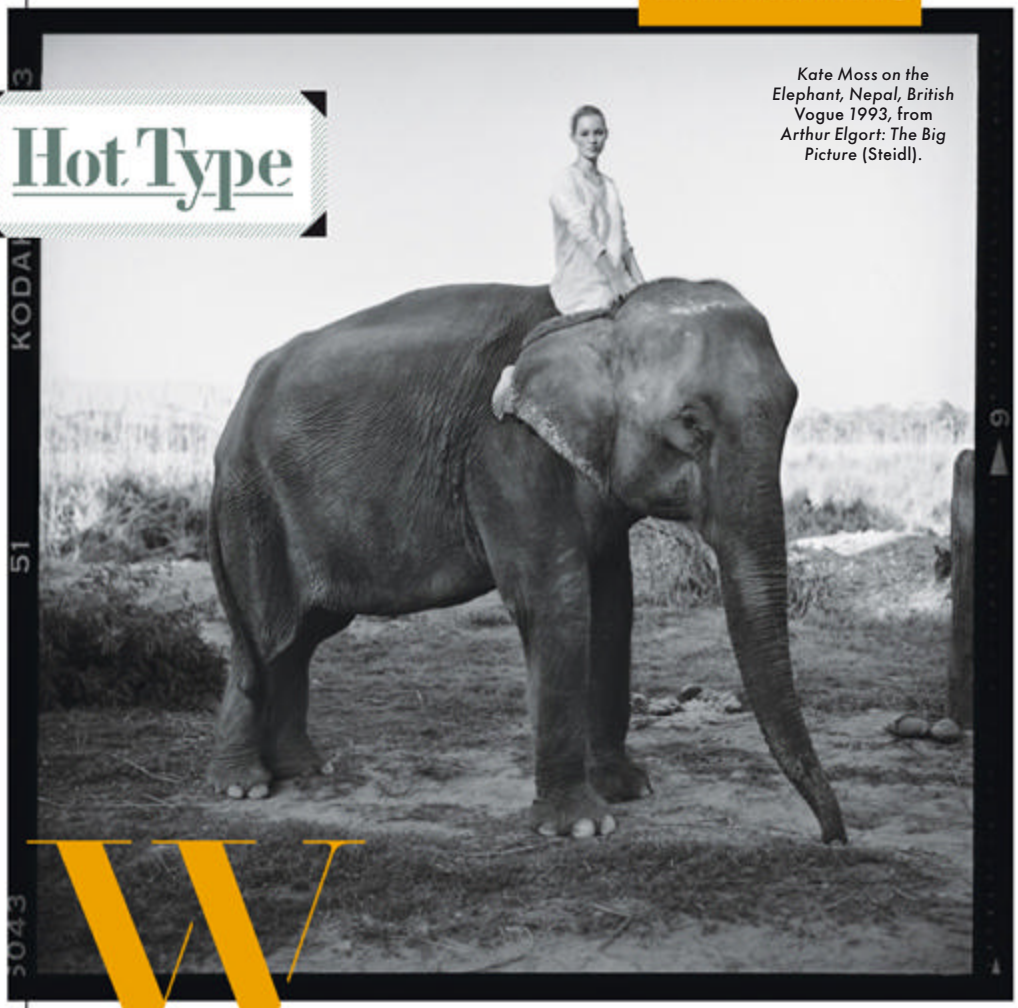
AMERICAN CLASSIC

Ralph Lauren's new Polo Bar, in New York City, was inspired by one of his favorite pastimes—sharing food with friends and family. The designer's third restaurant—the other two are in Chicago and Paris—serves American fare in an elegantly clubby environment, with a brass-top bar, cozy leather banquettes, two roaring fireplaces, private nooks, and a main dining room. (1 East 55th Street, N.Y.C.)

—PUNCH HUTTON

PHOTOGRAPH BY TRIA GIOVAN

Hot Type



Kate Moss on the Elephant, Nepal, British Vogue 1993, from Arthur Elgort: The Big Picture (Steidl).

Best Tasted Cold

We all know the story, recounted in book (*Vengeance*) and movie (*Munich*): after terrorists kill 11 Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympics, Israel's Mossad spends years tracking down and killing those responsible. Now, turn back the clock. In 1649, Oliver Cromwell and his allies behead King Charles I and declare Britain a republic. A decade later, Cromwell is dead and the martyred king's son reclaims the throne. Charles II launches a manhunt to find and execute those who signed his father's death warrant—some 60 people in all. He largely succeeds. Charles Spencer's *Killers of the King* (Bloomsbury) is no Restoration comedy—it's a sometimes grisly nonfiction thriller.

—CULLEN MURPHY



Who wrote *The Book of Love* (Ecco)? This month, it's **Roger Rosenblatt;** by interspersing romantic verses with personal and fictional vignettes, he composes a symphony of *amore.* In her novel *The First Bad Man* (Scribner), the magnificent **Miranda July** explores surreal galaxies of love, loneliness, sexual perversity, and motherhood. Mysteriously immune to the pandemic devastating her country, the heroine of **Laura van den Berg's** marvelous *Find Me* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) seeks the mother who abandoned her. An imperiled young immigrant is concealed within a truck stashed away with human cargo in **John Vaillant's** *The Jaguar's Children* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt), while a brother and sister run away from home to cross the Mexican-American border in **Amanda Eyre Ward's** *The Same Sky* (Ballantine). **Esther Freud** builds a character out of Scottish architect Charles Rennie Mackintosh in *Mr. Mac and Me* (Bloomsbury). **Reggie Love** charts his move from basketball *Power Forward* (Simon & Schuster) to President Obama's body man. **Daniel Handler** keelhauls the ordinary outlaw-family-at-sea tale in *We Are Pirates* (Bloomsbury). **Katie Cappiello** and **Meg McInerney** combat sexism in *SLUT* (Feminist Press). **Mimi Sheraton** makes a bucket list of *1,000 Foods to Eat Before You Die* (Workman). **Frances Vieta's** *Love in the Land of Barefoot Soldiers* (Yucca) is set in Ethiopia during the Italian invasion. **Rachel Cusk's** *Outline* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) is a discomfiting meditation on female erasure and invisibility. Revolutionary Russian-Jewish choreographer Leonid Yakobson comes alive in **Janice Ross's** *Like a Bomb Going Off* (Yale). The linked stories in **Arthur Bradford's** *Turtleface and Beyond* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) are beautifully bent, generous, and funny. The late African-American poet **Amiri Baraka** saves us with *S O S* (Grove). **Kate Mayfield** relives her childhood as *The Undertaker's Daughter* (Gallery). A Borges poem sparked **Yasmina Reza's** *Happy Are the Happy* (Other Press). The greatest villain in **Okey Ndibe's** *Arrows of Rain* (Soho Press) is silence. **Alexandra Fuller** recovers from divorce in *Leaving Before the Rains Come* (Penguin Press). **Christopher Scotton's** coming-of-age debut, *The Secret Wisdom of the Earth* (Grand Central), is grounded in the Kentucky mountains.

—ELISSA SCHAPPELL



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF ARTHUR ELGORT (MOSS), BY JOHN MANNO (BOOKS)

IN SHORT

Deborah Voigt insists, *Call Me Debbie* (Harper). **Stephen Marche's** businessmen are plagued by *The Hunger of the Wolf* (Simon & Schuster). **Mohamedou Ould Slahi's** *Guantánamo Diary* (Little, Brown) will leave you shell-shocked. **Nick Hornby** charms with *Funny Girl* (Riverhead). **Lynsey Addario** answers the call in *It's What I Do* (Penguin Press). **Katherine Heiny's** protagonists long to be *Single, Carefree, Mellow* (Knopf). **Bill Browder** issues a *Red Notice* (Simon & Schuster). *V.F.* contributing editor **Michael Callahan** goes *Searching for Grace Kelly* (Mariner). **Andrea Chapin's** Shakespeare is *The Tutor* (Riverhead). **Edward Burns** titles himself *Independent Ed* (Gotham). **Paula Hawkins** rides with *The Girl on the Train* (Riverhead). **Phyllis Lee Levin** studies *The Remarkable Education of John Quincy Adams* (Palgrave Macmillan). **Gail Godwin's** life is *Publishing* (Bloomsbury). **Emma Hooper** introduces *Etta and Otto and Russell and James* (Simon & Schuster). **David Treuer's** *Prudence* (Riverhead) channels the W.W. II Midwest. **Cynthia Weil** rocks 'n' rolls in *I'm Glad I Did* (Soho Teen). **Nicholas Carlson** gambles on *Marissa Mayer and the Fight to Save Yahoo!* (Twelve). **Johann Hari** spotlights the war on drugs in *Chasing the Scream* (Bloomsbury).



Hot Tracks

IGGY AZALEA

"People have said I'm not real rap or real hip-hop," says this year's four-time Grammy nominee **Iggy Azalea,** "but I don't care if people think I'm pop or rap. Everyone interprets music differently." The nearly six-foot-tall Azalea (born Amethyst Amelia Kelly) grew up in the small town of Mullumbimby, New South Wales, and was always inspired by rock and roll and rap. At 16, she told her parents she was going on vacation, traveled to Florida, and never went back. After years of struggle and disappointment, Azalea, now 24, had massive success last summer with her catchy, ubiquitous hit single "Fancy" and No. 1 debut album, *The New Classic.* Here, she talks with **Lisa Robinson** about fame, shoes, and sex tapes.

LISA ROBINSON: **Do you think it's weird for a white Australian girl to be a rapper?**

IGGY AZALEA: Well, I never thought it was strange. If you go back to the Rolling Stones and Elvis Presley and Eminem—they've all basically done black music. I felt this wasn't that far from what we've seen in music history over and over again.

L.R.: **Do you think the criticism aimed at you is misogynistic?**

I.A.: Well, they don't say that stuff about Macklemore. So, yes, I think it has 100,000 percent to do with the fact that I have a vagina.

L.R.: **How did the success of "Fancy" change your life?**

I.A.: In every possible way. Some bad, some good. I can't walk down the street anymore, and I have to be very selective when I grocery shop. I went from having nothing to having everything I could possibly want. It's weird. It's almost scarily easy to quickly forget that you had nothing.

L.R.: **You said you had one pair of shoes for two years.**

I.A.: I did, and the leather would wear off and I would color them in with a marker to keep them looking black. I'm doing a shoe collaboration with Steve Madden now—when I first came to America I thought the Steve Madden brand was the pinnacle of high fashion, because the shoes were $200. And I thought, Who the fuck has $200 to buy shoes?

L.R.: **You live in L.A. with your boyfriend, the Los Angeles Lakers' Nick Young. Did you give him the nickname Swaggy P?**

I.A.: No. He named himself.

L.R.: **Can't you get him to change it?**

I.A.: I'm trying.

L.R.: **Twerking used to be part of your on-stage performances—how do you feel about that move now?**

I.A.: Sometimes things become part of pop culture, but they run their course. I think it's time for it to be over.

L.R.: **You said there's a side of you that's not cool. What did you mean?**

I.A.: I'm a homebody. I already did all my wild shit. And that will wear you out. I'm glad I did all that early, because now I have so much to talk about in my music, and I don't have to worry that I'm going to spiral out of control.

L.R.: **Wasn't there something on the Internet about you and a sex tape?**

I.A.: Every week I have some sort of crisis that involves the Internet. I do not have a sex tape; I would remember if I had a sex tape. But if I *did* have a sex tape it would be completely fucking fine and my own business.

L.R.: **So rumors like this would be the downside of "Fancy."**

I.A.: Yes. Having my mother ask me or having people I love wonder if it's true. That would be the downside to "Fancy."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GOMILION & LEUPOLD/CONTOUR/GETTY IMAGES

Beauty

Making Scents



When **David Seth,** a peripatetic musician by trade, who always had a passion for perfumes, met architect **Kavi Ahuja** (who also goes by the name "Durga," a Hindu goddess), they combined talents to create a unisex perfume house called **D.S. & Durga.** He creates the scents based on notes inspired by travel, lore, and music; she designs the bottles and packaging. The pair have a line of aromatics, called **Hylnds,** exclusive to **Barneys New York,** and their newest scent, **Debaser** (fig, iris, coconut milk, tonka, and dry blond woods), named after the song by the Pixies' Black Francis, comes out in March. (50 ml. for £92; dsanddurga.com)

—SUNHEE GRINNELL

Rockin' Eyes

When it comes to mascara, be on the lookout for **Eyeko.** The London-based brand, founded by makeup veterans **Max** and **Nina Leykind,** has just put its **Rock Out & Lash Out Mascara** front and center in collaboration with **Rockins** scarves. The coveted product instantly amps up eyes with its guitar-shaped brush, which helps to lengthen, curl, and thicken lashes. There is also a lash comb that doubles as a guitar pick. And longtime fan **Alexa Chung** is the face of this rapidly growing brand. (£18; eyeko.com)

—LENORA JANE ESTES





Bohemian Beauty

The Los Angeles–based activist, actress, mother, and blogger of **the Local Rose,** Shiva Rose, is diving headfirst into the holistic beauty world with her namesake brand, **Shiva Rose,** a nontoxic, 100-percent-natural, handmade skin-care line. In addition to her existing Rose Face Oil and candle, the **Venus Body Oil** will launch this month. Come spring, the full face line will be unveiled. (£38; shivarose.com)

—ALYSSA REEDER

Hot Looks

Fresh



Zodiac Oval Soap Collection
All 12 signs are represented. (£10; fresh.com)

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Every cent goes to the MAC AIDS Fund. (£10; maccosmetics.co.uk)



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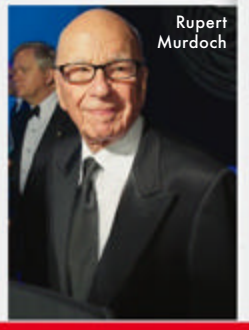
Fairground



The NASA Ames Research Center, in Mountain View, California.



Yuri Milner and Sergey Brin



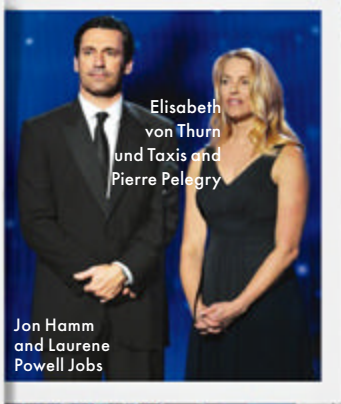
Rupert Murdoch



Cameron Diaz, Harvey Weinstein, and Kate Beckinsale



Jeremy Stoppelman and Kelcey Morton



Elisabeth von Thurn und Taxis and Pierre Pelegry

Jon Hamm and Laurene Powell Jobs



Christina Aguilera

CHANGING THE WORLD

Esteemed guests were invited by Sergey Brin and Anne Wojcicki, Jack Ma and Cathy Zhang, Yuri and Julia Milner, Mark Zuckerberg and Priscilla Chan, and Graydon Carter to celebrate scientific achievements at the 2015 Breakthrough Prizes, held at the NASA Ames Research Center, in Northern California.



The 2015 Breakthrough Prize winners.



Mark Zuckerberg and Priscilla Chan



Elon Musk



Benedict Cumberbatch



Anne Wojcicki and Emmanuelle Charpentier



Eddie Redmayne



Umaima Marvi and Sal Khan



Seth MacFarlane M.C.'d the evening.



Jean Pigozzi



Laura Kim and Terence Tao

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVE JENNINGS/BREAKTHROUGH PRIZE (HAMM); KIMBERLY WHITE/BREAKTHROUGH PRIZE (CUMBERBATCH); JUSTIN BISHOP (ALL OTHERS)

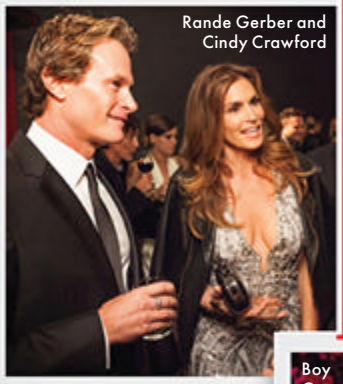
VISUAL FEAST

LACMA's annual Art + Film Gala, co-hosted by Leonardo DiCaprio and Eva Chow and presented by Gucci creative director Frida Giannini, honored filmmaker Quentin Tarantino and conceptual artist Barbara Kruger.


Jamie Foxx, Christoph Waltz, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Quentin Tarantino


François-Henri Pinault and Charlotte Casiraghi


Michael Govan and Eva Chow


Rande Gerber and Cindy Crawford


Viveca Paulin, Will Ferrell, John C. Reilly, and Alison Dickey


Frida Giannini and Camilla Belle


Boy George


Lapo Elkann and Paul Marciano


Florence Welch


Eddie Redmayne and Salma Hayek


Jennifer Lopez


The elegant dinner.


Honorees Barbara Kruger and Quentin Tarantino.


Amy Adams


Cara Delevingne and Selena Gomez


Liberty Ross


Joel Lubin and Marija Karan


Toni Garrn

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILLY FARRELL/PATRICYC.COM (ADAMS), STEFANIE KEENAN/GETTY IMAGES (KRUGER), PETER WINTERSTELLER (ALL OTHERS). FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

What You Should Know About

JOHN OLIVER

A PANOPLY OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHICAL DATA RE: **THE MOST TRUSTED BRIT IN FAKE NEWS**

Among the most pleasant surprises of 2014 was the emergence of *Last Week Tonight with John Oliver,* HBO's new Sundays-at-11-P.M. program. What promised to be a minor amusement—yet another fake newsman cracking wise about current events for half an hour—revealed itself to be something richer, with the *Daily Show*–trained Oliver and his writers devoting themselves to trenchant, long-form exercises in investigative humor. *Last Week Tonight*'s reports exposed the numbers-cooking flimflammery used by state lotteries and the Miss America Pageant to bolster their claims of supporting education, and used Oliver's explicatory wit and innate showmanship to break down the nuances of such otherwise bone-dry public-policy subjects as net neutrality—no small task, especially given, as Oliver put it, that "the only two words that promise more boredom in the English language are 'featuring Sting.'" Herewith, as the 37-year-old Oliver gears up for the second season of *Last Week Tonight,* which begins this month, are some facts and insights gleaned from time spent with him in his spartan Midtown Manhattan office.



RELIABLE SOURCE
John Oliver, photographed in New York City.

HE WAS born in Birmingham, England, to Liverpool-raised parents, and grew up in a town just north of London. Consequently, he has a mongrelized working-class English accent, though his pronunciation of the word "time" as *toym* is signature Birmingham—or Brummie, as the British call it.

HE HAS lived and worked in the U.S. for more than eight years and is married to an American, but he hopes that when he has children they will speak like him. He has entertained thoughts of giving his children "whatever the opposite of elocution lessons are, a kind of reverse-Pygmalion process: 'By George, I think she's lost it!'"

HE IS the eldest of four children and the son of retired educators. His father, Jim, was a social worker turned school principal, and his mother, Carole, was a music teacher. His late paternal uncle, Stephen Oliver, was a classical composer of repute, known for his operatic reconception of Dickens's *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby.*

HE IS himself only mildly musical, having played violin and viola in school until he "felt the ceiling hard," ability-wise.

HIS WIFE, Kate Norley, is a former U.S. Army combat medic and veterans-rights advocate who enlisted right out of high school, in direct response to the 9/11 attacks, and served in the Iraq war.

HE HAS never needed his wife to minister to him medically, Oliver says, "because I'm a committed coward, so I never put myself in situations of peril."

HE HAS been to more than half of the states in the U.S. and developed a particular fondness for North Carolina, where his wife's great-grandmother still lives, and where his fellow comedian Lewis Black keeps a home.

HE IS an avid Richard Pryor fan and is capable of an astonishingly accurate recreation of a routine from Pryor's 1978 *Wanted* album, in which a neighbor's dog hops the fence to comfort Pryor after his pet monkeys' deaths: "Your monkeys are dead? . . . *Damn,* I was gonna eat them."

HE MEMORABLY cried on-camera when Jon Stewart ambushed him with an affectionate send-off from *The Daily Show* in December 2013, but he is not normally quick to tears, averring that he would have to "go back several deaths" to even begin to recall when he had cried previously.

HE IS an unabashed workaholic, having historically filled his time off from *The Daily Show* (and now *Last Week Tonight*) with stand-up dates at clubs. He is actively repelled by the concept of chilling out, and by massages in particular—"The idea is horrifying to me," he says, "that a stranger would physically force you to relax."

HE PRONOUNCES the word "massage" the English way, *MASS-ahj.*

HIS AVERSION to massages notwithstanding, he is keen to try out a straight-razor shave with hot towels because, though relaxation might be involved, it would come as a by-product of a prescribed, useful task: specifically, having facial hair removed. Plus, he has an aggressive beard that goes "from zero to stubble in about 35 minutes." And the application of razor blade to neck would provide, he says, a welcome frisson of "feeling that close to death."

HE IS otherwise uninterested in style and grooming. His newish on-screen "look"—of smart suits paired with checked shirts, and tidier hair—is, he insists, a passively received imposition of HBO's.

HE ENUMERATES merely two methods of unwinding. The first is watching sports, in particular Liverpool F.C. soccer; he keeps a 26-year-old autograph from the team's star striker of the 80s and 90s, Ian Rush, in his wallet.

HIS SECOND is to take his three-year-old golden-retriever mix, Hoagie, for a walk in the park, "because a dog just doesn't engage with the intricacies of the difficulties of your day." Hoagie is the first dog Oliver has ever owned.

HE OTHERWISE allows little time in his life for appreciation of the natural world's wondrousness, "because stand-up generally doesn't take place in situations of natural beauty," he says. "It works best in situations of profound discomfort," in comedy clubs with "low ceilings, decades-old sticky carpeting, and people sitting uncomfortably close to each other. . . . Those are the places I'm genuinely the most comfortable." —DAVID KAMP

"I'M A COMMITTED COWARD."

STYLED BY KAELA WOHL; SUIT BY BURBERRY LONDON; SHIRT BY BOSS; TIE BY JOHN VARVATOS; GROOMING BY SARAH EGAN; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

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Top: Nelda Linsk and Helen Dzo Dzo pictured at the house designed by Richard Neutra for Edgar J. Kaufmann, Palm Springs, California, 1970. *Above, from left:* Lady Daphne Cameron in the trophy room at Laddie Sanford's home, Palm Beach, Florida, circa 1959; Louis Armstrong and wife Lucille Wilson, Rome, 1949; C. Z. Guest and son Alexander Michael Douglas Dudley Guest, Grecian-temple pool, Villa Artemis, Palm Beach, 1955; Patsy Pulitzer, Palm Beach, circa 1955; Babe and William Paley, Round Hill, Jamaica, 1959.

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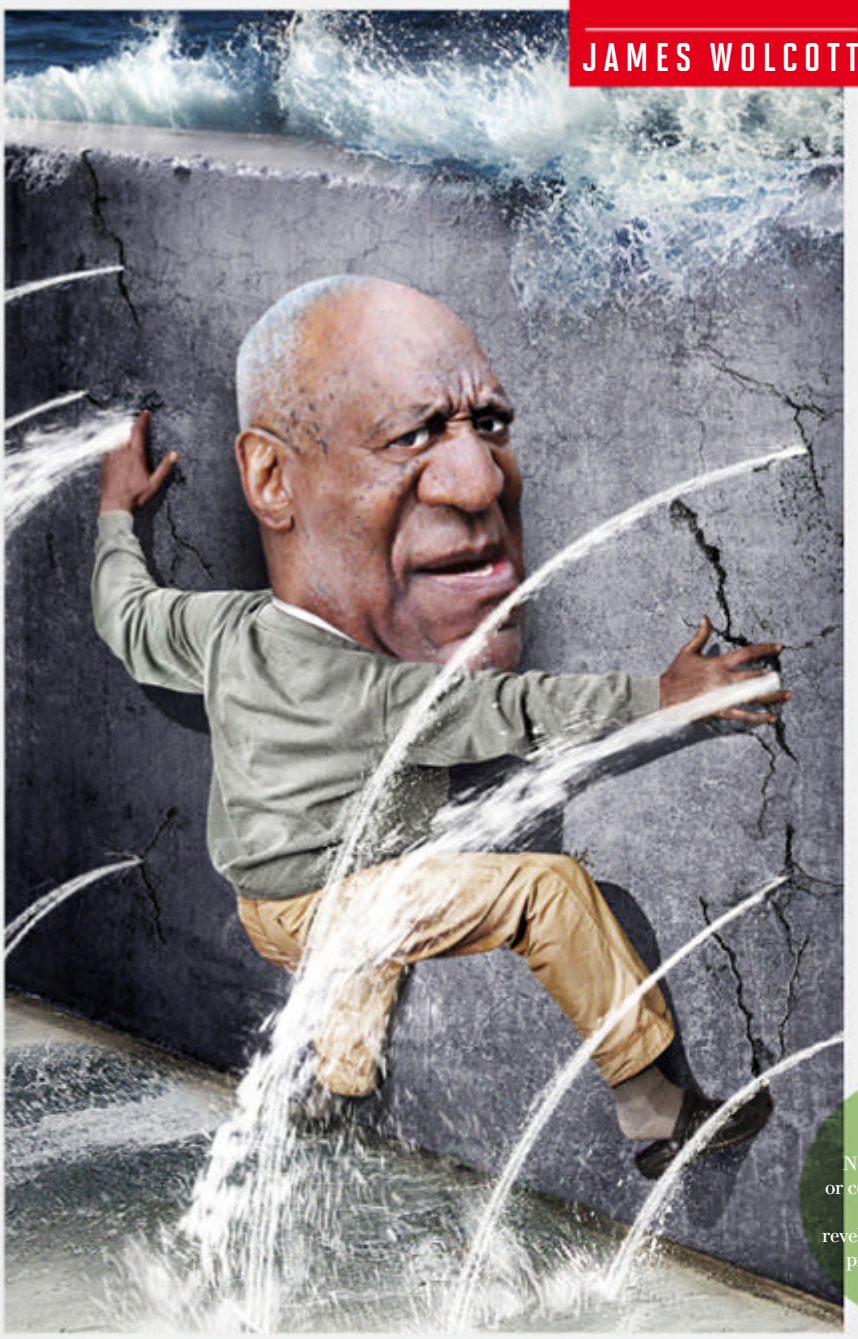
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JAMES WOLCOTT



COS FOR ALARM
No amount of riches or celebrity can stem the tide of Internet revelations of Bill Cosby's predatory behavior.

SINS OF THE FATHER FIGURE

For years, major media outlets aired sexual-assault accusations against Bill Cosby—and America ignored them. But when a badly shot YouTube video went viral, the 77-year-old comedian's career and legacy were destroyed in days. Such are the new dynamics of scandal

THIRTY YEARS LATER, THE COSBY SWEATER STILL RULES, chirped a headline at CNN Entertainment in September 2014, a month before the levee broke. The affable array of colorful novelty knits that Bill Cosby lounged around in as Dr. Cliff Huxtable on his NBC sitcom, *The Cosby Show,* became a symbol of American fatherhood in the Reagan era—traditional values with a twirl—and still held a cozy appeal decades on. Now we know that those sweaters covered a multitude of sins, not unlike the gaudy tracksuits of the gargoylish British entertainer Jimmy Savile, whose death in 2011 cast open the crypt of his prodigious sexual predation and pedophilia. "It was as if some kind of deal had been struck," wrote Mark Fisher in his essay on Savile in the collection *Ghosts of My Life* (Zero Books, 2014), "—you'll get to live out your life with your reputation intact (or as intact as it could be), but a year after your death, it will all be destroyed." Unlike Savile, a scrawny nodule of malignant narcissism whose only talent was for garish self-promotion, Cosby is a genuine comic genius and pioneer performer, but he too led a double life. A wintry semblance of his former whippy self, Cosby might have been able to follow his blockers (the busy team of lawyers, publicists, and handlers he employed) and run out the clock, dodging the takedown of his reputation and showbiz edifice until reaching the final exit gate. But in October 2014, *Philadelphia* magazine put a video online of black stand-up comic Hannibal Buress performing a bit at the Trocadero Theatre where he flat-out, unambiguously, no-alleged-about-it labeled Cosby "a rapist." The clip went viral with a vengeance, poking a hole in the dam that unleashed a flood of sordid revelations from the past unable to stay pent up any longer—a storm surge that carried all before it. Freud talked about the return of the repressed. This was

PHOTOGRAPH BY DONNA WARD/GETTY IMAGES (COSBY'S HEAD)

the revenge of the suppressed. Bill Cosby was reduced to a bit player in a melodrama that was the monster of his own making.

The Internet is an accelerator and force multiplier of opinions and perceptions. Indignation is its rocket fuel. When social media swerve against a popular personality, the traditional damage-control methods of well-greased P.R. machinery are usually no match for the stampede of screaming meemies. Endearing personas and impressive careers that once took months and years to ruin can now crash and burn over the course of a few news cycles. The bigger they are, the faster they fall. Rumors and stories had churned for years about the harassing and pushy misbehavior toward women by CBC star interviewer Jian Ghomeshi, the host of the radio show *Q*. His smarm, sexual exploitation, and sociopathic power moves were notorious within the shark tank that he prowled. "It was a case of everybody knew—except for the hundreds of thousands of listeners who started the day with his soothing voice, and who, understandably, trusted in the person presented to them by the CBC," wrote Anne Kingston in a detailed damage report on Ghomeshi for *Maclean's* ("Jian Ghomeshi: How He Got Away with It"). After Ghomeshi was fired from the CBC, he took to Facebook to proclaim himself a free-speech and free-love martyr, contending that his rough-sex role-playing was consensual. But then, as would happen with Cosby, woman after woman after woman stepped out of the wings to join the chorus of accusers to denounce this sick twist. Kevin Donovan, in the *Toronto Star,* October 29, 2014: "Two of the women who allege they were physically assaulted also say that before the alleged assaults in [Ghomeshi's] home he introduced them to Big Ears Teddy, a stuffed bear, and he turned the bear around just before he slapped or choked them, saying that 'Big Ears Teddy shouldn't see this.'"

Naturally, fear played a part in keeping Savile's victims quiet. . . . But we also need to take seriously the way that power can warp the experience of reality itself. Abuse by the powerful induces a cognitive dissonance in the vulnerable—this can't possibly be happening.

—Mark Fisher, *Ghosts of My Life*.

As with Savile and Ghomeshi, the unholy wonder is that Cosby got away with it for as long as he did. Accusations that Cosby had doped women into unconscious submission and taken advantage of them had prickled for years in print and on television, only to recede into the marshes. In 2006, *Philadelphia* magazine published a long investigation by Robert Huber of the charges against Cosby that bore the arresting title "Dr. Huxtable and Mr. Hyde." A young woman named Andrea Constand had accused Cosby of drugging and molesting her, Cosby contended the sex was consensual, and no criminal charges were made in this he said/she said. That wasn't the end of it, however. Constand filed a civil complaint and sued for financial amends. Huber wrote, "It is still Cosby's no against her yes, except for one difference: Thirteen women are waiting to be deposed in the suit; in a court filing, Constand's lawyer says that all of them—with nothing to gain, with no payout waiting, with their own statutes of limitations run out—have stories about Bill Cosby as well, and some of them will claim a similar drug-and-fondling M.O." Amid the uproar over Dylan Farrow's open letter claiming that she had been molested by her adoptive father, Woody Allen, Gawker's Tom Scocca did a post in February 2014 that created a momentary stir and acquired a portentous importance in retrospect. Observing that Allen's "status as an accused child molester [had] been a matter of public record since before *Manhattan Murder Mystery* came out," Scocca deduced that anyone who had been paying attention before had filed that awareness away and decided just not to think about it. "Not thinking about it is a popular and powerful choice. Which brings up another beloved American funnyman, Bill Cosby." Scocca reels off the fond memory associations he and we have with Cosby (the Fat Albert cartoons and Jell-O commercials), touts Cosby's unimpeachable achievements as a comedian, breakthrough performer, and role model, then gets to the nub: "He's also someone who has been accused by multiple women of drugging them and sexually assaulting them." These accusations weren't confined to the splotchy pages of supermarket tabloids; they appeared in such glossy showrooms as NBC's *Today* show and *People* magazine, so you would have assumed that they'd had some stickiness. Instead they peeled right off. Scocca: "With shocking speed, [the coverage] was effectively forgotten. When the subject came up today," in February 2014, that is, "more than half the Gawker staff had no memory of any sexual allegations against Bill Cosby." Well, this is, as Gore Vidal was fond of reminding us, the United States of Amnesia. Then Hannibal Buress lobbed his hand grenade and a nation of Rip Van Winkles was rudely awakened.

NOT SO FUNNY ANYMORE



Cosby in a November 2014 A.P. interview.



Jian Ghomeshi leaves the courthouse.



Jimmy Savile at the Savoy Hotel, 2006.

TRADITIONAL DAMAGE-CONTROL METHODS OF P.R. MACHINERY ARE

NO MATCH FOR THE SCREAMING MEEMIES.

Buress didn't intend to set a tribunal into motion. As he told Howard Stern on Stern's Sirius radio show, he had been ragging on Cosby in his stand-up act for being a rapist-hypocrite (telling black people to "pull your pants up" while he was dropping his) for months without any reverberations. Only when the riff hit YouTube did the rolling thunder begin. Why did a sloppily shot YouTube clip have a sonic impact greater than a *Today*-show segment? Some have argued that the voices of Cosby's female victims were discounted and ignored, credence given to the accusations only when a man made them. I don't dispute that so-

PHOTOGRAPHS: FROM TOP, BY EVAN VUCCI/A.P. IMAGES; NATHAN DENETTE/THE CANADIAN PRESS/A.P. IMAGES; ALEX MAGUIRE/REX USA

ciety allots more weight to male opinion than the personal testimonies of women, but I think something different was in play. It wasn't Hannibal Buress's gender that was the crucial factor; it was his position as a comedian. His direct attack on Cosby broke a fraternal taboo. Cosby isn't just a pantheon figure in popular entertainment; he has also been a fountainhead inspiration to so many younger comics, the venerable master. In the documentary *Comedian* (2002), Chris Rock regales Jerry Seinfeld with a report of the marathon Cosby comedy show he had just attended. At the end of the film Seinfeld has a papal audience with the Cos. Rock and Seinfeld teamed as the presenters when Cosby was awarded the Mark Twain Prize for American Humor, in 2009. They traded superlatives on the stage of the Kennedy Center about seeing Cosby recently perform two hours of original material—"I'm not that funny," Rock said, to which Seinfeld responded, "I'm definitely not that funny"—before introducing a vintage clip of a classic Cosby bit. "As the clip ended," the Associated Press reported, "Cosby turned to his wife, Camille, who smiled and clapped. Cosby later said comedians' wives often want autopsies of their husbands' brains to see what's going on in there." If Cosby's wife didn't know what was going on in there before, she sure does now. We all do, though we may never crack the Enigma code of why Cosby allegedly requested that female staffers at CBS's *Late Show with David Letterman* gather round in the greenroom before his appearances to watch him eat curry. That wasn't something covered in the pages of Krafft-Ebing.

Once the Cosby scandal achieved critical mass, his name was *merde,* summarily removed from the marquee. *Late Show* canceled his guest-star booking for November 19, denying him one last curry dinner; Netflix (temporarily? permanently?) shelved his commemorative comedy special *Bill Cosby 77;* NBC iced a sitcom project it had been developing with its former ratings giant; and TV Land timorously pulled reruns of *The Cosby Show* from its lineup. (Charlie Sheen has a history of violence against women, yet blocks of *Two and a Half Men* reruns clog the cable dial.) As more tales of doping and groping hit the tabloids, Cosby's comedy tour was torpedoed with cancellations. It seemed only a matter of time before the white-suited ghost of Mark Twain materialized to demand his humor award back. (Meanwhile, ponder the irony that former boxing champion Mike Tyson, a *convicted* rapist, has starred in a one-man Broadway show and now has his own absurdist series on Adult Swim, *Mike Tyson Mysteries.*) Predictably, the news media took a good long squint in the mirror and made the sorry spectacle about their failings, their chicken-liver complicity, as Cosby's biographer Mark Whitaker and a handful of journalists expressed contrition for not outing Cosby as an alleged serial sexual assaulter earlier. No matter how sincere, *mea culpas* make for pallid prose.

Worse than the press's making it about "them" was their making it about Us, us being that lumpy mass known as the American people, once again deprived of our depraved innocence. Where have you gone, Dr. Huxtable?—our nation turns its lonely eyes to you, woo woo woo. As woman after woman has come forward to excoriate Bill Cosby (including model Beverly Johnson, who wrote a personal account for VF.com of being drugged at Cosby's house), there has been growing public revulsion, but also a nagging question: "Did it have to be Cliff Huxtable?" lamented Kate Zernike in *The New York Times.* "He was America's Dad," she wrote, a wilted valentine sentiment seconded by Linda Stasi, a columnist at the New York *Daily News:* "He's the father you wanted cutting your Thanksgiving turkey . . . " Speak for yourself, sis. I never craved Cos anywhere near the damn turkey. It's foolish to develop a tender, emotional attachment to a comedian, whose jovial manner often masks the keen wiles of a con artist, even sillier to place your faith in a fictional sitcom character with a fancy sweater collection. I've never felt this umbilical-cord connection to Cosby and his comedy. As a kid I listened to his records, as nearly all of us boomers did, but I didn't dote on them. Redd Foxx's and Moms Mabley's raunchy monologues were more my religion. Likewise, the boisterous verbal slapstick and socially conscious editorializing of Norman Lear's *Good Times* have held up stronger as comedy and time-capsule material than the parfait charms of *The Cosby Show,* whose relation to real life seemed strictly incidental.

For me, the most compelling thing about Cosby as a screen presence was his agile authority in non-domestic, non-cuddly roles, as an action hero on TV's *I Spy,* a downbeat gumshoe in *Hickey & Boggs,* an ace ambulance driver in the dark comedy *Mother, Jugs & Speed.* It was an authority, an angry simmer, that even the great Richard Pryor never had on film, so avidly anxious was he to please. But Pryor was smart and honest enough not to preach, and never presumed to lay down the law; his demons and vulnerabilities were out there in the democratic open. The Bill Cosby who broke the color barrier in television when he co-starred with Robert Culp in *I Spy* and reached the top of the entertainment pyramid used his power and influence to allegedly leave a trail of paw prints on women too groggy to fight back and, in his approaching dotage, rhetorically punched downward in his role as patriarchal scold, berating and humiliating a Notre Dame all-star tackle named Dean Brown at a graduation event for black graduates in 1990. Brown—a young man who, according to the author of a book about the 1988 Notre Dame football season, later quoted on Deadspin.com, grew up fatherless, had seen his mother cough up blood from a stroke when he was four, and was raised in poverty—wept as Cosby reamed him in front of others for his mediocre grade-point average, imprinting a stigma of failure on the young man for years. (Brown, who went on to work as an administrator in education, had his life cut short by a blood clot in 2012.) Cosby accomplished so much good in his biblical span, inspired so many people, and his legacy is now infected with rot. It's an American tragedy and, like most modern American tragedies, a pretty shabby affair. Perhaps someday we'll stop yearning for father figures who will only let us down, but that would require greater maturity from our political and pop-culture pundits, and good luck with that. □

ONCE THE COSBY SCANDAL ACHIEVED CRITICAL MASS, HIS NAME WAS *MERDE,* SUMMARILY REMOVED FROM THE MARQUEE.

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- **Scandals fueled by social media** *(James Wolcott, February 2010, October 2012, December 2014, January 2015)*

MICHAEL KINSLEY



FED UP? Voters tend to aim all their contradictory complaints at one big target.

THE ANGER GAMES

If Americans have made one thing clear, it's that they're mad at Washington. While sympathetic to the disgust and anger, the author respectfully suggests that voters need to do what they wish their politicians would do

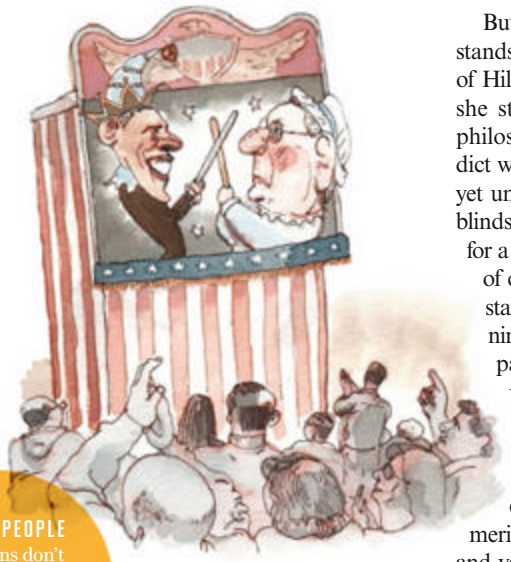
The voters are furious at "Washington," as they demonstrated once again in the recent midterm elections. It's almost a tautology by now: People hate "Washington" because "Washington" has come to mean everything they hate. Washington is not the Lincoln Memorial or the Smithsonian. It's the bitterness of the debate, the ugliness of the rhetoric, the stupidity of the political ads on television.

Of course, as many have pointed out, the bitterness, ugliness, and stupidity wouldn't exist if the voters didn't respond to them. And the bitterness, ugliness, and stupidity seem slightly, shall we say, *unhinged* from any particular complaint about what the government does and does not do. Americans have turned all their substantive complaints into one big procedural complaint: Washington (or Obama, or Congress) spends too much time bickering. But it takes two not to bicker. People bicker because they disagree, and the voters themselves are the ones who decide how much bickering they want. The politicians don't bicker for exercise. They do it to please the voters, who have offered no sign that they are willing to give in on

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARRY BLITT

issues that are important to them in order to reduce the bickering.

What's more, and not to go all spiritual on you, some of the bickering is within ourselves. Not only do all of us collectively want incompatible things from the government, we each individually want incompatible things from the government (more tax cuts and more social benefits, to take the most obvious example). The politicians bicker—and run ridiculous TV commercials about how awful Washington is—so please send them back for another term. They can bicker all day about whether two plus two is three or five. Anything, rather than concede that two plus two is four.



WE THE PEOPLE
Politicians don't fight just for the hell of it. They're trying to please an audience.

There is a media tradition that dates back at least to the Nixon administration. Before Watergate, Nixon was gaining some traction with the notion that the media were overcovering the bad news—hippies, anti-war marches, rampant sexual intercourse outside of wedlock. And the media allegedly were undercovering or even ignoring the fact that vast numbers of Americans were happy, productive, and conjugally faithful. In a famous speech, Vice President Spiro Agnew called Nixon-administration critics, many of whom were members of the press, "nattering nabobs of negativism." The big media, always ready for a bracing round of self-flagellation, were cowed enough to send teams of reporters out into the countryside, looking for real Americans to interview. This was when terms like "Silent Majority" (Nixon) and "Middle America" (*Time* magazine) began their short journeys from fresh insight to tired cliché.

Reporters are still doing it, every election season. This year, *The New York Times* ran the angry-voters story on election day. (Headline: TO ANGRY VOTERS, WASHINGTON COMES OUT THE BIGGEST LOSER.) Some of the ordinary people discovered by the *Times* in places such as a Denver suburb called Wheat Ridge had views that were far from ordinary. A couple of them spoke eloquently about not having a job in the new economy (or about actually having a job in the new economy, which didn't sound much better). Most of the opinions, though, were bizarre, ignorant, or contradictory. Sure, this is easy for me to say: I have a job and my job is making opinions. Put me on an auto assembly line and see how long I'd last. Nevertheless, I couldn't help thinking: Golly, are these the best opinions an American can offer?

My favorite was the world-weary guy who said he was tired of the press and politicians spending all their time and energy on certain subjects. "I think it's all the same hot-button issues you hear on the news—it's health care, it's the economy, it's the military." These subjects do take up a good deal of space and airtime. But more than they deserve?

And then there was the man who said that, although he wanted to make an educated decision, he "found that it was difficult to find information that wasn't just lip service." By "lip service" he must have meant biased information, not insincere information. Still, it's an odd complaint in the Internet Age.

Not everyone was uninformed. By far the most articulate person quoted in the article was someone who said, "The big issues for me are the Patriot Act, the N.S.A. spying, gun rights, and of course the Dodd-Frank law." I love the "of course," as if everybody knows the Dodd-Frank financial-reform law and how it fits into what emerged as this person's libertarian-biker worldview. Give this voter credit: at least there is a worldview and specific opinions derived from it, which is more than you can say about most of the ordinary citizens quoted in the piece—or most of the politicians, for that matter.

It's one thing for citizens to have unarticulated views on the issues of the day. It's another thing for politicians. It means either that politicians have decided that their true beliefs are unacceptable to the general public or that they have no true beliefs. These days, it's almost always the second.

Is it too much to expect a politician running for president to have what the voters perhaps don't? Call it a theory of government, or a framework for analyzing issues. Ron Paul, the curmudgeonly godfather of libertarianism and the actual father of Kentucky senator Rand Paul, says in the foreword to one of his son's books: "The sole purpose of government is to protect our liberties." Paul's framework is pretty clear, and it rules out most of what the government does. He would privatize the Washington Monument if he could. (No, wait—it's already privatized. Repairs from an earthquake a few years ago were partly paid for by a billionaire financier.) Many people like to call themselves libertarians, but few would go as far as Ron Paul.

But at least you know where Ron Paul stands. Is there a similarly pithy summary of Hillary Clinton's philosophy? Not where she stands on Issue A or Issue B but a philosophical framework that would predict where she might come out on some as yet unknown Issue C, which will inevitably blindside us during her presidency? Except for a vague notion that she is soothingly left of center, I have no idea where she would stand. What about the other people running or mentioned for president in either party? For that matter, what about the voters? What about you?

Some people like to say, as if this moves the ball, "I don't believe in labels. Right and left are outmoded concepts. I judge each issue on its own merits." This makes you sound thoughtful and yet doesn't require much thinking. But it's not good enough.

It's also not good enough to say, as many others do, "I'm a liberal on social issues and a conservative on economic issues." Why? What's the uniting principle between those two things? Or are you just saying, "Look here: I'm rich and I don't want the government taking more of my money or telling me I can't park my yacht in a national forest or whatever. I like tax cuts and I like getting stoned. So screw everybody else"?

("Darling," says Arianna, "a framework is a marvelous idea. We must have a framework. Who should do it? Gabriel García Márquez? Isaac Bashevis Singer? Alfred, Lord Tennyson? Well, just ring up Tommy Jefferson. He's a dear friend. Tell him $250 for 500 words, and can he come to a small dinner for Socrates next Tuesday?")

To be a good citizen, you need a framework to help you sort through all the ideas and candidates out there. A framework doesn't need to be *Das Kapital*—a few general principles will do. I even found some lying around my office: Beware privatization. Watch out for government efforts justified as an "investment" or a "jobs program." Be skeptical of government activity that involves benefiting one person in the hope that the benefit will trickle down to another. Federalism is a joke. The business of business is production, and the business of government is distribution. There are more where these came from, and I'll expand on them one of these days.

A framework with a capital *F* might start to look like an ideology, and almost no one these days wants to be an ideologue. Plain old "framework" sits more lightly on the head. It'll do. □

FROM THE ARCHIVE

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- **Washington gridlock**
 (James Wolcott, May 2009, and Todd S. Purdum, September 2010)



SNOW ANGEL
The author prepares for the slopes.

THE POWDER AND THE GLORY

With a report that slaloms between Saint-Moritz and Deer Valley, Whistler and Wanaka, one well-equipped skier rates the sweetest slopes on the planet, from their powder quality to their luxury options (Heli-picnics! Ski butlers!), to their après-ski ambience

By PIPPA MIDDLETON

Some ski resorts are renowned for their pristine snow, extreme conditions, and champagne powder, others for their nightlife, wildlife, and charming mountain restaurants. Just in time for peak season, I've pulled together what I deem to be the very best of resort skiing in the world—from Europe's chocolate-box villages, with their authentic alpine traditions, to the powder fields of the western United States. So it's time to boot up, clip in, and make fresh tracks down the best slopes around the world.

SWITZERLAND

◆ **ZERMATT** I went here for the first time last year, lured by the **Matterhorn** (the silhouette logo for Toblerone). The village allows only electric cars, so there's little traffic—just the occasional horse and buggy. **SKI: National** run is steep—great for carving turns. **EAT:** Have lunch in the sun at **Chez Vrony. Zum See** restaurant is set in a small village of dark wooden huts; find **Blatten** post-off-piste. In town, the **Hotel Julen** is rustic and romantic. For high-end dining, head to **Heimberg. STAY: Grand Hotel Zermatterhof.** Set on a hill, the **Omnia** has a standout spa. **Iglu-Dorf Zermatt** is an igloo hotel, with an ice-cool bar and alfresco Jacuzzi. Choose a room overlooking the Matterhorn at the **Hotel Julen. APRÈS: Hennu Stall** has a sophisticated vibe. **Hotel Post**



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PHOTOGRAPH BY PERRY OGDEN



ALPINE ACCESS
A Kando Verbier heli-picnic atop a glacier in Verbier, Switzerland. *Below,* Courchevel ski resort, France.

Zermatt has not one, but five bars. **DON'T MISS:** The **Matterhorn Museum.**

◆ **SAINT-MORITZ** The chichi mountain has great skiing, and the village's high-end atmosphere–lots of fur, caviar, and exclusive restaurants–only adds to the charm. **SKI:** For cross-country-skiing enthusiasts like me, there are beautiful tracks over frozen lakes that go on for miles, and a big highlight of the year is the **Engadin** marathon, which happens in March. The **Cresta** toboggan run, which I attempted five years ago on ladies' day, is not for the fainthearted, but it's fun to watch. **EAT:** **El Paradiso** has a cozy vibe and the best view. **Bellavista** is set on a lake 10 minutes from the town center. Take the cable car to **Salastrains** for its vista. **STAY:** **Badrutt's Palace** is beside the lake; **Suvretta House,** a Saint-Moritz institution. **APRÈS:** **Renaissance Bar** and **King's Club,** in Badrutt's Palace.

◆ **VERBIER** Come wearing either a party hat or powder skis; there's never a dull moment at this resort, particularly over New Year's. **SKI:** Verbier is for serious skiers who love off-piste and moguls. On-piste skiing here isn't too challenging. **EAT:** **Le Carrefour** and **Chez Dany** both do late-night dinners and sledding afterward. The best Sunday lunch, with amazing views, is at **Chalet Adrien.** **STAY:** The conveniently situated **W Verbier. Cordée des Alpes,** a boutique hotel in the heart of town. **APRÈS:** **Le Rouge,** a funky sun lounge with plenty of rosé and an Ibiza-style D.J. The club scene includes **Casbah, Carve,** and the **Farm Club.** **SPLASH OUT:** **Kando Verbier** organizes the coolest, most romantic (and probably most expensive) heli-picnics, with tables and fur-covered chairs carved into the snow, and seafood towers and champagne buckets served on a mountaintop.



FRANCE

◆ **COURCHEVEL** Set in the world-class ski area of Les Trois Vallées, Courchevel has fantastic skiing for all abilities and is a preferred place of mine. **SKI:** Lots of off-piste action. For relaxed pottering skiing, **Courchevel 1650** is perfect. There are some great black runs—**Suisses, Grand Couloir,** and **Piste M**—which are also good for leg burn! **EAT:** The terrace at **Le Bel Air** for lunch. **La Soucoupe** has a roaring fire—perfect when it's blowing a gale. **La Bouitte,** in Saint-Martin-de-Belleville, with its Michelin stars and farmhouse atmosphere, is famous for its **black Génépi.** **STAY:** The resort has 19 five-star hotels, including **Le Kilimandjaro, Le K2, Cheval Blanc, La Sivolière,** and **Le Saint Joseph.** Alternatively, **Hôtel de la Loze** and **Grand Hôtel au Rond-Point des Pistes** are better-priced and well located. **APRÈS:** **Le Cap Horn** has a serious wine list and both it and **Le Chalet de Pierres** often have live D.J.'s. For more bling: **La Folie Douce,** on the Méribel side of the mountain, but get home before the lifts shut down! **ACTIVITY:** The toboggan run from Courchevel village 1850 to 1550 is a must for adventurous types.

◆ **MEGÈVE** Megève is not too big, but has enough skiing, restaurants, and shops to keep you busy. **SKI:** **Fontaine,** on the Rochebrune mountain, is a long, rolling run. **Chamois** is off-piste and is the highest point in the resort. **Prapacot** is a varied tree run that will appeal to skiers of all levels. Runs off the **Côte 2000** lifts are higher and more in the shade, offering excellent snow quality. The nearby **Vallée Blanche** is the world's longest run, at 13.7 miles. **SLOPE EAT:** **L'Alpette** is perfect on cold days; on warmer days, try the terrace at **Idéal 1850. Relais des Communailles,** with a large terrace facing Mont Blanc, is up-and-coming, whereas **Les Mandarines** is more traditional. **La Ravière,** tucked away in the trees, features Alsatian food. **TOWN EAT:** **Le Chalet des Jumeaux** features good food and lively entertainment. **Le Vieux Megève** is an old-style Savoyard restaurant. The three-Michelin-starred **Flocons de Sel,** run by a husband-and-wife team, is possibly one of the

FAR-*off* SLOPES

REMOTE DESTINATIONS WORTH CHECKING OUT



JAPAN

◆ **NISEKO, HOKKAIDO** For light powder, hot springs, and sushi junkies. These mountains have some of the best snow on earth, due to storms from Siberia. **SKI:** The steep run off the top of **Hanazono.** **STAY:** The **Vale Niseko** boutique chalet. **EAT:** A-Bu-Cha.

CHILE

◆ **PORTILLO, THE ANDES** South America's oldest ski resort, full of culture and charm. At an altitude of 9,450 feet, it overlooks Inca Lake, offering a very remote experience. **STAY:** There is only one luxury lodge, **Hotel Portillo,** which houses 450 guests.

NEW ZEALAND

◆ **QUEENSTOWN/WANAKA** A booming skiing mecca with four nearby resorts: Treble Cone, Cardrona, Coronet Peak, and the Remarkables—exciting terrain, with stunning vistas over Lake Wanaka and the surrounding alps. **STAY:** **Lime Tree Lodge** and **Maple Lodge.**

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, © KANDOVERBIER.COM; BOTTOM, BY NEIL EMMERSON/GETTY IMAGES. ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MCKENDRY



best restaurants I have ever been to. **STAY:** The comfy, hunting-style **Le Lodge Park,** or **Alpaga,** a peaceful, modern chalet. **APRÈS:** Visit **Club du Mont d'Arbois** as you come off the slopes. In town, **Club de Jazz les Cinq Rues** is a great bar.

AUSTRIA

◆ **LECH AM ARLBERG** One of my favorite ski resorts, and great for families. Waiters wear the traditional Austrian dress of dirndl or lederhosen. **SKI:** An Arlberg lift pass provides access to the White Ring and neighboring St. Anton and Zürs. There is good off-piste in Zürs and Lech; St. Anton alone has countless powder opportunities. **EAT:** Restaurants here serve hearty, traditional cuisine: plenty of goulash, Wiener schnitzel, schnapps, and *Jägertee* (the Austrian equivalent of mulled wine). For serious food, there is **Hûs Nr. 8** in town and, up on the mountain, **Bergkristall,** with its sun terrace. Try **Alter Goldener Berg** for fondue and great wine. **Hospiz Alm,** in St. Christoph, has the largest big-bottle wine cellar in the world. **STAY:** At many of these hotels, you can ski almost to the front door: the **Haldenhof** and **Hotel Arlberg** are central and very traditional; **Almhof Schneider** is utter heaven; the **Kristiania Lech,** just outside the town center, is small and luxurious. **APRÈS:** **Balmalp** does seriously good pizza.

ITALY

◆ **CORTINA** Surrounded by the dramatic Dolomites, scenic Cortina, the grandest resort in Italy, played host to the Olympic Games in 1956. **SKI:** As most travelers come here to socialize, the 140 kilometers of marked slopes are often empty. The steep **Canalone Staunies,** open only during favorable conditions, is for experts only. **EAT:** **Il Meloncino al Camineto. STAY:** The best chalet is **San Lorenzo Mountain Lodge.** **APRÈS:** Ernest Hemingway's favorite was the **Enoteca Cortina** wine bar.

NORTH AMERICA

◆ **JACKSON HOLE, TETON VILLAGE, WYOMING** The town has a decidedly Rockies feel, with lots of people wearing cowboy boots. **SKI:** Jackson Hole is one of the more extreme ski mountains in the U.S. due to the sheer number of vertical feet (4,105). An aerial tram takes riders from the base of the mountain to the top in less than nine minutes. Options include "ski butlers": renters can have their gear delivered to their hotel and fitted on the spot. Good runs include **Alta 1, Rendezvous Bowl,** and **Hobacks. STAY:** **Teton Mountain Lodge & Spa, Four Seasons Resort,** and **Amangani Resort. EAT:** Try **Village Café Teton Village,** or ride the gondola to **Couloir. APRÈS:** The legendary **Mangy Moose Restaurant & Saloon. ACTIVITY:** National Elk Refuge sleigh rides—in the surrounding area of Grand Teton National Park, sightings of elk and bison are common.



MOUNTAINS' MAJESTY A ski marathon, Saint-Moritz, Switzerland. *Inset,* the Symphony Bowl, at Whistler, in Canada.

◆ **ASPEN AND SNOWMASS, COLORADO** Snowmass has a lot of nice long runs and is quieter than Aspen (15 minutes away); it is out of the hustle and bustle and is known for "champagne" powder. Aspen hosts the annual Winter X Games and is favored by A-list skiers and après-skiers. **SKI:** The **Big Burn** is the most famous ski run at Snowmass. At the **Cirque,** skiing is in the bowl of the mountain, which is steep and opens after a good dump of snow. **EAT:** The **Woody Creek Tavern** was one of Hunter S. Thompson's favorite haunts. **David Burke Kitchen Aspen,** above **Bungalow 8,** opens this season. **STAY:** The **St. Regis Aspen,** the **Little Nell,** and **Viceroy Snowmass.**

◆ **DEER VALLEY, PARK CITY, UTAH** The town of Park City has a unique ambience, both western and artsy, as it is home to the Sundance Film Festival. Strolling down Main Street, you may even run into some graffiti done by Banksy. **SKI:** In Deer Valley, snowboarding is not allowed—it's for skiers only. The slopeside service is second to none: staff at the top lodges will buckle you in and out of your boots, and every lift is outfitted with tissues. Lift-ticket sales are limited to avoid overcrowding. Runs used for the 2002 Olympic Games include **Champion** and **White Owl;** other popular ones are **Stein's Way, Ontario,** and **Perseverance. STAY:** **Stein Eriksen Lodge, Montage Deer Valley, St. Regis Deer Valley. EAT:** **Royal Street Café,** gourmet buffet lunch at the **Silver Lake Restaurant**—and the breakfast buffet at **Glitretind,** at the Stein Eriksen Lodge, serves the world's finest maple-glazed bacon. **APRÈS:** It's not unusual to see fur-bedecked guests with no interest in skiing come to a lodge just to enjoy the food and fireplace.

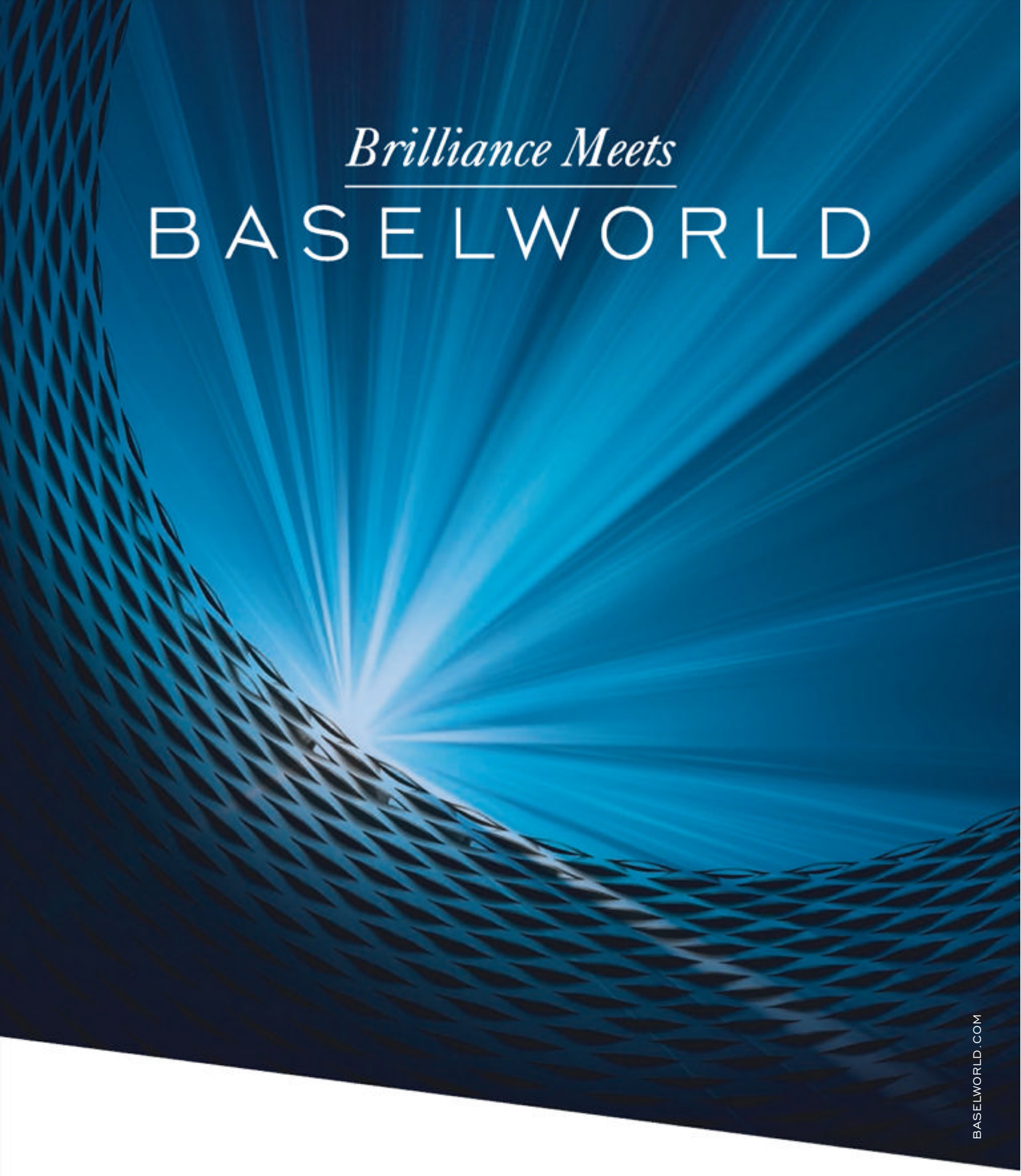
◆ **WHISTLER BLACKCOMB, BRITISH COLUMBIA** Only a short trip from Vancouver, this massive resort was the site of the 2010 Olympic Games. It has the greatest amount of skiable terrain (more than 8,000 acres) on the continent, as well as the longest and highest gondola of its kind in the world. The village of Whistler has good shops and restaurants. **SKI:** The bowls are mind-blowing, particularly the run from Whistler Bowl to Tigers Terrace. **STAY:** **Summit Lodge & Spa, Four Seasons,** and **Fairmont Chateau Whistler** for five-star luxury. **Nita Lake Lodge,** with its stunning setting by the water. **EAT:** **Sidecut,** the Four Seasons steakhouse, or **Araxi,** featuring high-end seafood. □

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GONE AN

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GOWN GIRL
Rosamund Pike in Paris. "Actors who are extremely beautiful can be easily dismissed, but . . . Rosamund has this incredible ability and incredible brain," says Sally Hawkins.

PIKE WEARS CLOTHING BY GIAMBATTISTA VALLI HAUTE COUTURE; NECKLACE BY CHANEL FINE JEWELRY; RING BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.

Gone Girl opened with a shot of Rosamund Pike, admired actress, and ended with a shot of Rosamund Pike, movie star. Meeting Hollywood's latest sensation, in London, SAM KASHNER hears about the challenges of playing Amy Dunne, the experience of sudden fame, and the way Pike fell in love—at Stonehenge, no less—with the father of her new baby

D FOUND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL

For the longest time, Rosamund Pike couldn't talk about the role that would make her an international film star. Though millions of people had read *Gone Girl,* Gillian Flynn's phenomenal best-seller (over two years and counting on the *New York Times* best-seller list), many more would come to the movie not knowing the true character of the novel's heroine, "Amazing" Amy Dunne. For many months, Rosamund had to keep that secret.

At the beginning of the film, the first thing we see of Amy Dunne is the back of her head, just as Flynn had imagined it. ("When I think of my wife, I always think of her head . . . ") One hundred forty-nine minutes later, when she turns around to look directly at us at the end of the movie, we see her face, but it isn't just Amy Dunne's face any longer—it's that of Rosamund Pike, movie star.

We met in London in November, on the weekend before Guy Fawkes Day, at the Cock & Bottle, an old-school Notting Hill pub "dating back to before the area's chichi changeup," as Rosamund explained. We had arranged to meet at the pub and then go see the fireworks over the Thames. Fireworks Night, or Guy Fawkes Night, is a British tradition going back to the 1605 Gunpowder Plot, in which Catholic conspirator Fawkes attempted to blow up the Houses of Parliament.

In her black wool cap and shearling coat, with its collar of lamb's wool pulled up around her winsome face, Rosamund, nine months pregnant, gamely trekked along the Albert Bridge with me. "This night is why I love London," she observed as we followed the throng across the bridge.

Pike was born into an English performing family, and as we walked we talked about her parents' careers and their long marriage. Caroline Friend Pike and Julian Pike are both opera singers, and Julian is currently head of vocal and operatic studies at the Birmingham Conservatoire. He sang Don José in Peter Brook's acclaimed 1982 international production of *Carmen.* Caroline helped to break opera out of the proscenium arch and into the round, "where the acting has to be better because everyone is suddenly closer," Rosamund explained proudly. "Her touring helped introduce opera to a new audience."

For Rosamund, part of the allure of acting is "the energy you see in someone right after a performance. When you grow up with performers, you see it." Even though she attended a boarding school in Bristol, she was often able to watch her parents onstage. Rosamund recalls what it was like when her mother drove her back to school after performing, and the energy in the car was palpable. "This sort of smell of the theater" clung to her mother, and it was "sexy and powerful," especially against the stale ordinariness of school.

Rosamund felt that her parents' friends also were "very interesting and engaging, because, if you have parents who know how to play and live life in the imagination, a child finds it easy to respond to them. They all seemed wonderfully fun and played games—acting games, really." One she remembers is from Noël Coward's *Hay Fever,* in which "somebody goes out of the room, thinks about an adverb like '*greedily*' or '*drunkenly*' or '*suspiciously,*' and then when they come back in, everybody else in the room tries to guess the word. It's hilarious because it was so fun to see adults being silly, making fools of themselves." It seemed normal to Rosamund, but, she adds, "I guess a lot of children don't get to see their parents being idiotic and childish."

LADY IN WHITE

As for Pike's second pregnancy, she says, "It's been a great protective shield from having to make a decision [on future roles], because the next thing that comes won't be a film."

PIKE WEARS A GOWN BY CHANEL HAUTE COUTURE.

By the time we reached Battersea Park, a steady rain had begun, and it seemed almost to pull the flames and orange sparks and smoke of the bonfire, traditionally lit on this night, up into itself. Like a sensible English girl, Rosamund had worn her Wellies; like a born New Yorker, I had not. The mud beneath our feet was of the kind that Dickens describes at the beginning of *Bleak House.* It was everywhere. But Rosamund was looking up, a habit of hers and one reason she gives for having decided to finish her degree at Oxford, where she read English literature at Wadham College, after having been turned down by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. "I decided to finish at Oxford because I looked up at the top of the buildings—the gargoyles and spires—and decided to stay," she recalled with a laugh.

While still a teenager she was cast as Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet* at the National Youth Theatre. But in 2002, after her career stalled, she was about to take a job as a clerk at Waterstones booksellers, in London. In the nick of time she was cast as a Bond girl, Miranda Frost, opposite Pierce Brosnan in *Die Another Day.* (Curiously, she had never seen a Bond film before appearing in one.) So, it took only 25 films, six television programs, and six stage performances before, you might say, she really, truly arrived.

With her blonde, lissome, and sometimes aloof appearance, she

HAIR PRODUCTS BY JOHN FRIEDA; MAKEUP PRODUCTS AND NAIL ENAMEL BY CHANEL; HAIR BY ODILE GILBERT; MAKEUP BY LUCIA PICA; MANICURE BY BRENDA ABRIAL; SET DESIGN BY JACK FLANAGAN; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY PRODUCTION BERLIN, PARIS DEPARTMENT; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

IT'S AS IF YOU'VE BECOME AN ALIEN BEING. THE PUBLIC DOESN'T WANT YOU TO BE REAL.





CURIOUSLY,

SHE HAD NEVER SEEN A BOND FILM BEFORE APPEARING IN *DIE ANOTHER DAY.*

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PIKE'S PEEK

"She comes across on-screen as the way she is in real life—a kind of approachability," says *Gone Girl* director David Fincher.

PIKE WEARS A DRESS AND GLOVES BY SCHIAPARELLI HAUTE COUTURE AND EARRINGS BY CHOPARD, AND, *OPPOSITE*, A DRESS BY SCHIAPARELLI HAUTE COUTURE AND EARRINGS AND A BRACELET BY CHOPARD.



"WHAT I'D REALLY LIKE IS FOR DAVID FINCHER TO . . . SAY, 'ARE YOU READY FOR ROUND TWO?'"

fit the bill as both a Bond girl and a Hitchcock blonde. Hitchcock would have loved her serene, elegant beauty. Or, as Sally Hawkins, who starred in *Made in Dagenham* alongside Rosamund, says, "You feel he would go bonkers for her." (Indeed, Rosamund starred in Terry Johnson's 2003 play at the Royal Court, *Hitchcock Blonde,* in which she appeared nude—in high heels—and described an orgasm to her husband. Not surprisingly, it was a tremendous hit, moving to the Lyric Theatre in London's West End.)

Rosamund is philosophical about her sudden worldwide fame. But it's not that she wasn't noticed before. She won a British Independent Film Award for best supporting actress in the 2004 Johnny Depp film *The Libertine,* about the most notorious of all the Restoration rakes and one of the 17th century's bawdiest poets, John Wilmot, the second Earl of Rochester. She was nominated for a London Film Critics Circle Award for British Supporting Actress of the Year for her role as Jane Bennet, the dull but beautiful sister to Keira Knightley's Elizabeth Bennet in *Pride & Prejudice* (2005). She was also critically acclaimed for her roles in *An Education* (2009, with Carey Mulligan) and *Barney's Version* and *Made in Dagenham,* both in 2010. She was in blockbusters such as *Wrath of the Titans* (2012); she played a glossy, high-powered American lawyer in *Fracture* (2007) and the somewhat goofy girl from high school in *The World's End,* Edgar Wright's 2013 absurdist cross between *Trainspotting* and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.* She appeared opposite Tom Cruise in 2012's *Jack Reacher,* and it was Cruise to whom she reached out when, right before the first day of shooting *Gone Girl,* she found herself feverishly ill and uncharacteristically terrified. He wrote back to her, "You're ready."

David Fincher, *Gone Girl*'s director, says he chose Pike for the role of Amy in part because she was relatively unknown in America, and because she had an unknowable quality that he felt suited Amy's inscrutable character. When he saw her in *Jack Reacher,* which he watched on a plane, he thought, That's the Bond girl. But "it struck me I didn't know how old she was—she could be 22, or 32—and I thought that was unusual, as it's part of an actress's job to remain eternally 22 or 23. It furthered the conundrum of 'Who is the actress playing this part?' I was intrigued, so I got in touch with her and sent her the book."

He and Pike met in St. Louis over a five-hour dinner, before Twentieth Century Fox and her agents were involved, and that's when Fincher discovered that she was an only child—like Amy, who is not just an only child but one doted upon and turned into a brand as the heroine of a children's-book series written by her parents: *Amazing Amy.*

"Kids who are raised that way interface with the world differently—you couldn't grab Rosamund and give her a noogie," says Fincher. "I thought she would relish playing crazy Amy as well as Amazing Amy. She quickly got it, and she began writing me about what she saw in the character. I knew I just had to be smart enough to get out of the way."

To prepare for the role, Fincher had her look at images of Carolyn Bessette Kennedy, who had that aloof, unknowable quality that he was after. "In my head I saw her as Carolyn Bessette," Fincher explained. "I had these images of before and after—of Carolyn as an 18-year-old and as a 20-year-old, the notion of someone self-made. She crafted herself, she re-invented herself, and invented that persona. That's where I began."

Rosamund found a special issue of a magazine at the airport on her way home from her meeting with Fincher, a "'doomed love of John F. Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette Kennedy' kind of a thing. I bought it—I took it as a sign. I ordered old copies of the *Vanity Fair* in which she appeared on the cover. I scoured the Internet for any footage of her or, even better, any interviews or recordings which captured her voice. And I realized that David had basically given me a cipher to study. There are countless photographs of Bessette: gorgeous portraits in *Vanity Fair;* vibrant, intimate photographs taken of Bessette and Kennedy engrossed in each other at parties; shots of her walking the New York streets, wrapping herself in cashmere as protection against the cold and probably photographers, head down, her long blond hair shielding her face from full view. There are even a fair few shots of her and Kennedy clearly in the midst of blistering rows in Central Park, in the street, but I could find nothing of her in her own words. And I thought, Well, maybe that's fine. Amy, as she wants to be seen, should be created from outside in."

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TO WATCH AN INTERVIEW WITH ROSAMUND PIKE, GO TO VF.COM/FEB2015.

Rosamund tried to find a way to "own that body language, the self-protective seductiveness, head down, hair falling. . . . I couldn't really read her face, and so I tried to use that quality. You meet Amy, she smiles, but her eyes are always scanning you, assessing, seeing if you can play the game, surprised and pleased when you score a point, feeling you might after all be worthwhile. It is not a relaxing way to live."

Now the eyes of an industry are upon Rosamund. She's admitted to feeling strange that Hollywood is interested, for example, in the due date for her second child, and which movie she's going to do next. But, for an actress, it's a good problem to have. After all, "I think I *needed* rather than wanted to be an actor. There is not another way to put it."

The release of *Gone Girl* was "honestly the most exciting thing of my career—just the feeling of the surge of people towards the cinemas. It's incredibly exciting to be part of that, and the volume of people going there—Korea, Australia, France, Italy, America. It was thrilling."

Except for perhaps when she went into a shop in London's Soho to buy some imported ham.

"I went into this lovely Spanish shop," she recalled, "and the girl said, 'Has anyone ever told you you look CONTINUED ON PAGE 108

ENGLISH ROS
"You couldn't grab Rosamund and give her a noogie," says Fincher, commenting on how Pike was an only child.

PIKE WEARS A GOWN BY DIOR HAUTE COUTURE.

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When Ebola reached America, arriving in Dallas on September 20, the city had no real plan to handle the outbreak. Nor, it appeared, did the federal government. As epidemiologist Wendy Chung, county judge Clay Jenkins, and other local officials quickly realized, they were largely on their own. BRYAN BURROUGH has the untold story of their heroic response

TRIAL *by*

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THE "EPIS"
Dallas County chief epidemiologist Dr. Wendy Chung, far right, and members of her team—from left, Sonya Hughes, Emily Hall, and Sibeso Joyner. Chung suspected Thomas Eric Duncan had Ebola and urged that he be tested, despite doubts from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

EBOLA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY **DAN WINTERS**

Ebola arrived in the streets of America just after seven o'clock on the evening of Saturday, September 20, 2014, when United Airlines Flight 822 touched down at Dallas/Fort Worth International Airport. The deadly virus was coursing through the bloodstream of a single passenger, a 42-year-old Liberian man named Thomas Eric Duncan, a chauffeur who had flown via Brussels and Washington, D.C., with plans to marry the mother of his 19-year-old son, a 54-year-old Dallas woman named Louise Troh.

No one knew he had it, including Duncan himself, though he may have suspected. He had lied on his departure forms in Liberia, failing to mention the young Ebola victim, his landlord's daughter, he had helped carry to a hospital. In Dallas, Duncan headed to Troh's apartment, at the Ivy Apartments, a tidy warren in the city's Vickery Meadow neighborhood. In recent years Vickery Meadow—while only a few miles from some of the city's wealthiest neighborhoods, where Mark Cuban and Ross Perot and members of the oil-rich Hunt family live—has emerged as a haven for all manner of refugees and immigrants. Walking into the Ivy complex is like walking into the United Nations; women in brightly colored headscarves linger outside apartments that house families from countries as far afield as Kazakhstan, Bhutan, and Myanmar.

Five days later, on Thursday, September 25, Duncan began feeling unwell. He went to the emergency room at Texas Health Presbyterian Hospital, known locally as "Presby"—one of the city's largest medical facilities—where he complained of a headache and nausea. A doctor, failing to notice he was also running a fever that spiked at 103 degrees and that he had recently traveled from Africa, never imagined he might have Ebola, gave him a prescription for antibiotics, and sent him home. Over the next two days Duncan began to sweat profusely and took to his bed, his fever rising. He was returned to Presby by ambulance Sunday afternoon. Despite widespread reports to the contrary in following days, he had yet to show other signs of Ebola, including excessive vomiting and diarrhea. This time, though, a nurse, taking note of his origins, decided to make a call.

Dallas County employs a squad of nine epidemiologists—they call themselves "epis"—headed by a sharp young doctor named Wendy Chung. Among their duties is manning a 24-hour phone line that area doctors and nurses can call if they suspect a new infectious disease. That afternoon one of Chung's epis, 30-year-old Sonya Marie Hughes, was gardening with her 5-year-old at their home, near Love Field, when the phone rang. Hustling into the house, Hughes spoke to the answering service, which told her they had a possible Ebola patient at Presby.

The epis call such a patient a potential "person under investigation," or P.U.I. With Ebola raging in West Africa, the county had already had eight potential Ebola P.U.I.'s, all false alarms, so the call didn't especially worry Hughes; the patient was saying he had never been exposed to the virus. Hughes talked to the attending nurse, took down the information, and alerted Chung, who by late afternoon was studying Duncan's blood work, details of which were faxed to her home. Chung didn't like what she saw. The blood was low on platelets, something Ebola might cause. While there was still no vomiting or diarrhea, Chung decided to take no chances. She wanted more tests.

In calls to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, in Atlanta, that evening, however, Chung was surprised when her counterparts there saw no need for them. "The C.D.C. was actually not real keen on testing; there was no indication he'd been to a funeral, no evidence he'd eaten bushmeat, no evidence of Ebola exposure," she says. "All he was was a gentleman from Liberia with a fever."

Still, Chung wanted testing. She was aware that the Texas State Department of Health, in Austin, had recently gained the ability to test for Ebola. When she telephoned a state doctor that night, she discovered this had happened barely a month before. The state lab, in fact, had never performed an actual Ebola test. But they were willing, and now able, to try. When Chung asked for shipping instructions, the state doctor apologized, saying the process was so new she didn't know them. She promised to find out and pass them on in the morning. Even so, it would take five full days before Duncan's blood could be analyzed; one day to ship to Austin, two days for the Austin lab to do its work, then two days for the C.D.C. to confirm. Chung hung up, irate. Five days was far too long.

In calls and e-mails that stretched past midnight, she talked again with the C.D.C., which still saw no need for testing, and again with Austin, and finally got both to agree to take samples and test the blood by Tuesday afternoon. The next morning she and her staff packed Duncan's samples into special mailing containers, a process that, while of proven reliability, would nevertheless draw criticism. Some would later suggest that precious hours might have been saved by driving

"I DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER [JUDGE JENKINS] HUGGED EVERYBODY IN THERE. . . . I WOULDN'T SHAKE HIS HAND."

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IN THE HOT ZONE

Top, **Dallas County judge Clay Jenkins, center, and staff, Ruby Blum, Philip Haigh, Lauren Trimble, and Shay Cathey, at the Dallas County Courthouse.** ***Bottom,*** **Cleaning Guys vice president Brad Smith, third from left, and owner Erick McCallum, third from right, with members of the team that was dispatched to disinfect Louise Troh's apartment, in Vickery Meadow.**





a sample to Austin, barely three hours south. "We weren't even sure that was allowable," Chung says. "You had to have special training to transport the specimens," and no one she knew of seemed to have it.

Chung, meanwhile, was growing concerned about the situation at Presby. In an effort to isolate Duncan, the hospital was keeping him in the emergency department, where he had no access to a private bathroom, which increased the chances others could be infected if he was. When the C.D.C. convened a conference call Monday morning, Chung assumed the priority would be improving Duncan's situation. Instead, she listened with mounting concern to news that Duncan's condition had deteriorated overnight. His diarrhea had "increased incredibly," Chung recalls, and he had begun to vomit. But there was still no evidence Duncan had been exposed to Ebola. "It was still far from certain even then," Chung says. "After that call I talked to C.D.C. people, who said maybe 50-50."

The Diagnosis

Monday evening the C.D.C. made its first announcement that a patient in Dallas was being tested for Ebola, with the results due probably by late Tuesday afternoon. "None of us, I think, slept that night," says Chung. "It was almost that feeling of incredulousness. Is this real?"

As the world now knows, it was real. Ebola—the virus made famous in Richard Preston's 1994 best-seller, *The Hot Zone,* a disease that kills fully half of all those it infects—had come to America. The medical response would be far from perfect, a situation many have blamed on the Obama administration and especially the C.D.C., whose guidelines for protecting medical professionals from the virus turned out to be woefully inadequate, probably leading to the infection of two Presby nurses. That's the story the world has been told, and it's all true. But in the scramble to assign blame for medical mistakes that ended up endangering hundreds of people, the press has generally overlooked the frankly remarkable work that inexperienced local officials in Dallas did in preventing Ebola's spread. This was a job, after all, that much of the public, and all of official Dallas, thought would fall to the C.D.C.

It didn't.

"The C.D.C., they're a government agency, but they have no authority," says Jennifer Gates, the councilwoman for the area where Duncan stayed. "There was this assumption they would take over. And they didn't. The city and the county did. We did everything."

Clay Jenkins, the county judge who assumed management of the outbreak, remembers walking into his first teleconference with the C.D.C.'s director, Tom Frieden, with the belief the C.D.C. would be running things. "My hope talking with Frieden was 'Hey, big man, you're freaking in charge of this,'" Jenkins recalls. "Turned out I was."

"When we started out, we had no information about any of this. Everything was on the fly. We had to learn as we go," says Lauren Trimble, the judge's 31-year-old chief of staff. "Everyone thinks the C.D.C. comes and takes charge. That was our assumption. Well, they don't. They'll help, sure. But we still have to do it, the local people."

Judge Jenkins, along with hundreds of unheralded city, county, and state workers, would make their share of mistakes as well. Theirs was a chaotic effort, especially in those first frenzied days, a time of heated arguments and petty politics and moments of quiet heroism that never made it into the press. The untold story of what really happened is one of ordinary people confronting extraordinary circumstances.

Tuesday morning, after confirming that the blood samples had arrived safely in Atlanta and Austin, Wendy Chung and several of her epis went to Presby to see Duncan's new room; he had finally been moved out of the emergency department into the Medical Intensive Care Unit, or MICU, one of two such 24-bed units in the hospital; the existing MICU patients were all moved to the second unit. His vomiting and diarrhea had been brought under control once nurses inserted a tube into his nostril and down his throat, along with a catheter for urine and a tube for feces.

"We were just sitting there, and a nurse manager comes in and says, 'I just got a report from one of the night nurses that Mr. Duncan confided in her that he had a family tragedy in Liberia, a pregnant daughter who died [of Ebola] that he may have been exposed to."

Chung stammers as she tries to recall her reaction. "That, I mean . . . we . . . we . . . I just . . . we were stunned," she says. "My face went white, literally."

"The reason he was so open with the nurse was she was also from Africa," says Sibeso Joyner, an epi originally from Zambia. "She had actually heard the story Sunday night," Chung says with a wince, "but she hadn't thought to tell us."

Chung immediately called the C.D.C. If the nurse's story was true, Duncan almost surely had Ebola. And, if so, hours mattered. She had heard a rumor that Duncan had visited an immigration office between his visits to Presby; if so, then others might have been exposed. Chung's mind raced. Ordinarily, such circumstances called for an "interview by proxy," that is, calling on a doctor or nurse to question the patient. But Chung felt this was too important to rely on an outsider. "You know what?" she told her C.D.C. counterpart. "I'm going to go in and interview him myself."

There was risk involved, and the Presby professionals did their best to reduce it. Chung was taken to an outer room, where nurses helped her put on a full face shield, double sets of gloves and gowns, and knee-high plastic boots. At about 10 A.M., two doctors led her into the isolation room where Duncan lay in bed. "My first impression was: this man's very sick and very afraid," Chung recalls. "He has a look of great fear. He is short of breath. He wasn't really able to complete sentences. Several times he looked at me and said, 'Help me.'"

Gently, Chung guided Duncan through his story. "I ask him where he's been since he arrived. When the symptoms started. It was a story that was very hard to nail down. He hadn't gone to the immigration office, it appeared. In these situations, it's just so hard to know if they're being forthright. I asked about the sick daughter. He denies it." In fact, Duncan strenuously denied being around anyone with Ebola. After maybe 20 minutes, Chung left. Even today she is unsure how she felt afterward. "I feel good, that he is accurate as to that he wasn't sick on the plane. I'm relieved at that. And he didn't go to the immigration office. I believed that." As to the sick daughter, "I don't know what to make of it. It's hard to know what's true."

She purses her lips. "We all had the suspicion it was true."

For her trouble, Wendy Chung ended up on Dallas County's "contact list," meaning those who had come into contact with an Ebola sufferer and who had to be monitored—in her case, for the next 21 days.

The C.D.C., having examined Duncan's blood work, announced Tuesday afternoon that Ebola had in fact come to Dallas. A C.D.C. team arrived from Atlanta that night. For Gary Weinstein, the doctor who headed Presby's MICU—and who suddenly found himself overseeing his first Ebola patient—the first priority was determining how to treat Duncan.

There is no cure for Ebola. But there are at least four experimental treatments. "Convalescent serum" is derived from the blood of Ebola

"YOU WANT ME TO CALL THE PRESIDENT AND ASK HIM TO RESTRICT THE AIRSPACE?" JENKINS SAID, SKEPTICAL.

survivors; in the U.S., however, there were only two batches, taken that summer from two medical workers treated at Emory University, in Atlanta, and neither of their blood types matched Duncan's, rendering them unusable. Emory had also tried an experimental drug called TKM-Ebola, but they advised against its use, warning it might make Duncan even sicker. No supplies of a third drug, ZMapp, were available in the U.S.

Thus, from their first conference call with the C.D.C., on Wednesday, it was clear to Weinstein and his partners that they had to take the fourth option, an experimental pill with the jawbreaking name brincidofovir. Choosing the treatment and administering it, however, were not the same thing. Using brincidofovir would require at least three sets of approvals: from the Food and Drug Administration; from the local Institutional Review Board, which approves the safety of experimental drugs locally; and from the drug company that made the pill.

"We had people on the phones for literally hundreds of hours getting all this paperwork done, just tons of forms and e-mails," says Weinstein. "There's a lot of hoops to jump through. And then you have to find the thing. There's not a lot of it. I mean, it's not at the CVS." As luck would have it, there was a batch of the medicine at a clinical trial in Fort Worth. It could be commandeered, but the paperwork delays meant treatment wouldn't begin before the weekend.

It was unclear if Duncan had that long to wait.

The Texas governor, Rick Perry, held a press conference at Presby Wednesday afternoon. At meetings before and after, local officials tried to understand what was expected of them; at least initially, that was far from clear. Most of the Dallas politicians, including Mayor Mike Rawlings, an avuncular former Pizza Hut C.E.O., had assumed that the C.D.C. was taking over, but what little they were hearing from the C.D.C. suggested that wasn't in the cards. "It was obvious to me and the mayor there was broad confusion over who was in charge and what would happen next," recalls Judge Jenkins, a steely Democrat whose job essentially makes him the mayor of Dallas County. "Mike came up to me at one point and said, 'I am freaking out here.' I told him, 'I'll get this fixed by dark.'"

Late that afternoon Jenkins and the Texas health commissioner, Dr. David Lakey, repaired to a Presby conference room to teleconference with Tom Frieden and other C.D.C. officials. This was the meeting where Jenkins had assumed Frieden would take charge. Instead, Lakey urged they adopt an "incident command structure," or I.C.S., which would place a single local official at the helm of the entire crisis.

"Well, who's going to be in charge?" Jenkins asked.

"You would be in charge, Clay," Frieden said.

"Well, I'm not a doctor," Jenkins replied. "David, you should be in charge," he said to Lakey. Both of the doctors, however, insisted that Jenkins take charge.

Afterward, talking to Mayor Rawlings, Jenkins tried to explain how the I.C.S. would work. But Rawlings cut him off. "I don't give a fuck about that," he said. "Who's in charge?"

"Well, I am."

"Oh, good," Rawlings said, exhaling. "Good."

The I.C.S. made sense. It was the same structure Dallas officials had adopted in 2012 when confronted with an outbreak of West Nile virus, which killed 19 people in the area. Now almost everyone involved took on the same roles they had during the earlier epidemic. As before, they set up an emergency operations center, known as the E.O.C., on the third floor of the Dallas County Records Building, on Elm Street. After a C.D.C. teleconference, Judge Jenkins and David Lakey retreated there to chart out a plan of attack on a large whiteboard.

Their first priority was controlling the Ebola site, Louise Troh's apartment, where Troh lived with three others—her 13-year-old son, Duncan's 21-year-old nephew, and his friend. Wendy Chung's people had told the family to stay inside on Monday, but the children attended school anyway, which eventually led the school system to insist the boys be home-schooled until proven uninfected. The government administrators needed to keep Troh and the children in the apartment, but they were deeply concerned with issues of civil liberty; they couldn't be seen as imprisoning the family, at least in part because they feared it might set a precedent for future epidemics. In the end, they issued a "control order," a device often used in tuberculosis cases, which would instruct the family to remain on the premises at the risk of arrest.

"What we were doing was something no one was really comfortable with. We were signing an order that abridged people's ability to move about," Jenkins recalls. "We knew we were leaving ourselves open to criticism." In the end, they decided to issue the order in the names of both Jenkins, a Democrat, and Governor Perry, a Republican, in order to present a united front to the press. Two doctors from the county delivered it to Troh that evening.

Apartment 614

On Thursday they opened the E.O.C., and dozens of administrators took up their positions. They were still deep in initial meetings that morning when CNN aired an interview Anderson Cooper had done with Louise Troh, in which she bemoaned the fact that no plans existed to move her family from an apartment that was still strewn with the sweat-streaked linens and mattresses Duncan had used. "Oh, the CNN piece," moans Lauren Trimble, Judge Jenkins's chief of staff. "That raised quite an alarm. We didn't know it was that bad. This was totally new information to us."

All the energies of official Dallas, until then tentative and diffuse, now focused on Apartment 614 at the Ivy. As stories flew around the world that the Troh family was being quarantined inside an apartment that might be sullied with Ebola-infected vomit and feces, deputies were dispatched to guard it and make sure no one went inside. Calls

DALLAS COWBOYS

Top, Texas health commissioner Dr. David Lakey, in his Austin office. *Bottom,* Dallas mayor Mike Rawlings, second from left, and staff, First Assistant City Manager Ryan Evans, Chief of Staff Adam McGough, District 13 city-council representative Jennifer Gates, and Police Chief David O. Brown, at Dallas City Hall.

went out in search of someone to clean it. In Austin and Washington, bureaucrats scrambled to ascertain what permits were needed to transport materials taken from it. In the meantime, Councilwoman Gates and the mayor's chief of staff drove to the Ivy.

"The owner, the manager, they didn't know a thing when we got there. They didn't even know this had been confirmed," recalls Gates. "What if Mrs. Troh called for a plumber? What if the toilet backed up?. . . That was a real concern."

Almost as bad, the international press had invaded, pulling aside schoolchildren for interviews and handing out $20 bills to anyone whose apartment had a view of Louise Troh's; after security guards were called in to keep them outside the complex, one reporter actually barricaded herself in a neighbor's apartment rather than give up her hard-won perch. Late that afternoon, as if to underscore the city's evolving crisis, a furious storm struck. Torrential rains and high winds knocked out power to much of Dallas. The Ivy had its power returned quickly after a call from the mayor.

Amid the deluge, Judge Jenkins decided it was long past time to brief Troh on the efforts to clean her apartment and move the family. He got out of the E.O.C. unnoticed. "I saw him switch cars. It was all very secretive," recalls Philip Haigh, the policy aide who emerged as Judge Jenkins's "body man" during the crisis. "We had no idea where he was going."

The mayor's young chief of staff, Adam McGough, was standing in the Ivy's driveway with the complex's owner and manager around seven P.M. when he saw Judge Jenkins stride forcefully out of the darkness. Two women were with him. "He walked right past us," McGough recalls. "It was clear he was on a mission." The judge proceeded down the driveway, then vanished around a corner, toward the Troh apartment, as McGough looked on in amazement: "We kind of looked at each other—'Do you think he's going to the unit?' " They hustled after him, reaching the apartment just as the judge disappeared inside. "We were standing there going, 'What is he doing?' " says McGough. "When we've heard all this talk about not doing this, that Duncan was in there with vomit and all this stuff, it was very concerning."

Inside, the judge, who had been told he was at little risk for contamination unless the family showed signs of infection, assured Troh they were doing everything possible to clean the apartment and get them moved. After about 15 minutes he and the women, who turned out to be epidemiologists from the county and the C.D.C., re-emerged. McGough, now deeply worried that the judge might have been exposed to the virus, guided them to the office, where the judge washed his hands.

"There were these awkward moments," McGough says, who suddenly found himself worrying about his own safety. "I didn't know whether he hugged everybody in there, or if he rolled around in the beds. You just didn't know. He did go in and wash his hands. But I wouldn't shake his hand. At that point I had concerns about even being in the same room with him. I didn't want to touch the doorknobs. I was trying not to touch the walls or furniture. I'm just anxious at the whole environment. It's my job, but am I putting my kids at risk?"

Then there was a knock on the office door.

Many in Dallas assumed the decontamination of Troh's apartment and any other Ebola sites would fall to some agency of the federal government, perhaps the C.D.C. But responsibility for this too fell to local authorities. The city brought in a veteran hazardous-materials outfit called the Cleaning Guys of Fort Worth, which, thanks to an array of state contracts, has been mopping up chemical and other kinds of spills on area highways for years. At first glance the company's headquarters, a stone ranch house on a country road outside Fort Worth, appear as unassuming as its name. Hidden behind the house, however, is a sprawling compound, bustling with dusty trucks and broad-chested men in neon-colored golf shirts.

The Cleaning Guys' owner, Erick McCallum, is an imposing 45-year-old whose warehouse office is lined with antique guns and swords. News reports suggested his was the only local firm willing to do the cleanup; McCallum doubts that. What he knows is that for his crew Ebola was just like any other biological hazard. "We're trained for anthrax, ricin, sarin—all a lot deadlier than Ebola," he says with a shrug. "A biological event is a biological event. Unless someone is gushing blood like in [the movie] *Alien,* we do everything the same. The type of gear, the decontamination, the protocols. All the same."

After an initial call Wednesday night, McCallum took the job on Thursday, lining up his trucks into a convoy whose departure was delayed by the sudden October deluge. The crews finally pulled up outside the Ivy around eight that evening. They were sitting in their trucks, waiting for a go-ahead to begin, when a security guard approached.

What he said startled them.

"One of the guards comes up to me and says, 'I can't believe he went into the apartment,' " McCallum remembers. "I said, 'Excuse me?'

" 'The judge. He went into the apartment.'

" 'Are you sure?'

" 'I saw them come out.' "

McCallum says he was incredulous. The apartment was a hot zone. No one was supposed to enter without full biohazard protective gear. He jumped out of his truck and asked the guard where the judge was now.

"In the office," the guard said.

"Get me in there now," McCallum barked.

Shown to the office, McCallum knocked, then went in. He found the judge sitting with a group of people. "I walked in and I said—I

"I'M THINKING, MY GOD, THERE IS A HOMELESS MAN WALKING THE STREETS . . . WITH THE VIRUS," LAUREN TRIMBLE RECALLS.

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announced this to the whole room—'Who went in that apartment?'" he recalls. "The judge looked at me and said, 'I did, at the direction of these ladies here.'" He gestured to the two epidemiologists. "O.K.," McCallum said. "Why did you do that?"

"And he said, 'I did it with the approval of the C.D.C. Everything is fine.' And he goes to shake hands, [saying], 'I'm Judge Jenkins.' I wouldn't shake his hand, because he had been in a contaminated apartment. So he says, 'It's O.K. We didn't touch anything.'"

McCallum was starting to get angry. Without thinking, he blurted out, "So, you levitated in there?"

"You have to understand," he says today, "we had reports of vomit and feces in that apartment. They walked through it, then down common stairs, to a common parking lot, and it's raining, water everywhere, so we didn't know where this might have spread."

He turned to the judge and the epidemiologists and said, "I want to decontaminate you right now." At that point, he continues, "the C.D.C. lady, her eyes got real big. She couldn't get out to my truck fast enough. And the judge says, 'I think we can agree to that.'"

To one side, McGough was growing increasingly anxious. "They're still talking, and I get up and go into the bathroom and start washing up," he says. "I mean, I'm rolling up my sleeves and starting to take off my shirt, and then I'm thinking, I'm doing this in the worst possible place. The judge may have infected the bathroom."

After McCallum sprayed chemical disinfectants on the shoes of Judge Jenkins and the two women, the cleaning crews left; the permits needed to remove waste from the Troh apartment weren't yet ready. The cleanup was delayed until morning.

Amid the confusion a call came to the judge's cell phone. The ID said only "Restricted." It turned out to be President Obama. Judge Jenkins missed the call.

McGough, meanwhile, returned home to find his wife sitting in the van in their driveway with their three children. Their power was out. "I can't touch y'all," he said when she got out, explaining what had happened. Not for the last time, McGough, as many in Dallas would do that chaotic week, confronted the yawning gulf between the facts about Ebola's spread and the fears in his heart. In this case his fears won out. Minutes later he found himself standing in his darkened garage, stripping off his clothes, while his sons, aged seven and six, trained flashlights on him. Once naked, he scrubbed himself with the alcohol wipes the family used on the boys' infant sister. "I knew this was ridiculous," McGough says today. "But at the same time, I needed to take every step to alleviate my family's concerns. And mine."

That Friday, October 3, dawned with the urgent need to get the Troh apartment decontaminated and to move the family. But by sunrise, despite dozens of calls from one of the judge's aides, no one—no hotel, no apartment complex, no shelter of any kind—was willing to take the family. They decided to start the decontamination process anyway, hoping they could find a home at some point during the day.

"I remember the mayor came into the E.O.C.—he'd been doing tons of press interviews—and said, 'Give me something real to do, man,'" Jenkins recalls. "So I said, 'Find me a freaking place for Louise to go.' And he goes, 'Well, this is going to be easy. I got this. I'll do this in 15 minutes.' Two hours later he comes up and goes, 'This is a lot harder than I thought it'd be.' And I'm like, 'Yeah, you think?'"

Out at the Ivy, meanwhile, a media throng had gathered to catch glimpses of the decontamination efforts, which McCallum's Cleaning Guys had under way by midmorning. They had little information on what they would find inside. One staffer had told them there would be a single mattress to dispose of, along with some clothing. In fact, there turned out to be eight mattresses; Duncan had apparently used all of them. "That was a bunch of horseshit, whoever told us that," says R. J. Schwartz, the "incident commander" of the job. "Just in one bedroom, there were three mattresses, plus two in the living room and three in another bedroom." The other furniture included a set of metal folding chairs, along with a 60-inch Samsung television and a PlayStation.

The cleaning crews, clad in head-to-toe HAZMAT gear, worked in 45-minute shifts, spraying chemical cleaners everywhere, then tearing up the mattresses and stuffing them inside three layers of protective bags before jamming it all into specially designed barrels. They took chain saws to the television and the PlayStation. It was a fairly typical job except for one thing: the presence of the Troh family. The cleaning crews moved them from room to room as they worked, but, throughout, the family remained in their street clothes.

"We don't typically do cleanups like that while there are unprotected people there, no," says McCallum. "We wanted to put them into protective gear, but that didn't happen. The judge didn't want them put in that gear. My question was 'Why?'"

"I don't understand why those people stayed in there," says Schwartz. "We offered to evacuate them, in a safe manner. But I guess they'd already been with Duncan. We couldn't make it much worse."

"They were dealing with this from a very different perspective than we were," Haigh says, referring to the Cleaning Guys. "They weren't looking at it from a human angle but from a very strict cleaning perspective. So, no, we didn't want the family in HAZMAT gear. It would have completely negated the very message we were trying to send, which was they were not a health risk."

The Safe House

Around noon, Judge Jenkins was in a C.D.C. teleconference when the mayor knocked on the door and drew him outside. Rawlings, who had been on the phone for hours trying to find the family a new home, was hopping up and down he was so excited.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

"Yeah?" the judge said.

"Gunnar's house!"

The mayor's 26-year-old son, Gunnar Rawlings, was renovating a bungalow in the Oak Cliff neighborhood. It was currently unoccupied.

The judge, caught up in the moment, pumped both fists into the mayor's chest. "That's what I'm talking about!" he exclaimed. "This is great! This is awesome!" A moment later, the judge recalls, he glanced over at a pair of deputies wearing notably skeptical expressions. They weren't alone. When McGough heard the news, he called the mayor's outside P.R. adviser, Laurey Peat, and said, "You're not going to believe this." Says McGough now, "I was worried about the media and the neighborhood. The whole place would go crazy: what did it mean for the neighbors? You were worried about a million things. Property values. Would Gunnar even be able to sell his house one day?"

Once the mayor headed to his son's house to prepare it, Judge Jenkins decided it was time to move the family. He then startled his aides by declaring that he intended to do this himself, once again entering the apartment—without protective gear—and leading the family out. Those around him thought this unwise. The judge's aides feared it would appear he was grandstanding a month before Election Day. "We were not thrilled he was going over there, period," says Lauren Trimble. "It felt like he didn't need to be in that role. But he felt so strongly for

these folks. They needed to know Dallas cared. He wanted to apologize. As he was going over there, we were hoping, Maybe he won't go in. Maybe he'll just hang back, talk with the media."

"I thought, This is going to look bad," recalls Haigh. "The judge, going in and out of the house unprotected, with the HAZMAT people all decked out in their suits. It just looked bad."

Jenkins, accompanied by Haigh and Councilwoman Gates, arrived at the Ivy around one, sliding in through a rear entrance. The judge knew all the deputies on guard, and several, he says, beseeched him not to enter the apartment. "I got deputies in tears saying, 'Judge, don't go in there. You're going to die,'" he says. "There were two schools of thought: 'You crazy S.O.B., you're going to get yourself killed.' And the other was 'You crazy S.O.B., you're going to get us all killed.' This one guy, he just wouldn't stop, going on and on, and I finally had to tell him, 'You have to stop this, because candidly, you're freaking me out.'"

The judge then walked to the apartment. But when he went to lift the red tape that kept outsiders at bay, a deputy swiftly reacted.

"Whoa, whoa!" the deputy said. "You can't go in there."

"Well, I'm going to," the judge said. There ensued a discussion in which Jenkins attempted to explain the science of Ebola and emphasize that the C.D.C. had told him he was in no danger by simply entering the apartment. After a bit, the deputies summoned McCallum, who had confronted the judge the night before. The apartment may have been safe for entry before the decontamination began, McCallum thought, but the cleaning process involved destroying almost everything inside; there was no telling what kind of virus or infected particles might have been thrown up into the air. (In fact, Ebola cannot be transmitted through the air.)

The judge "shook my hand, and his exact words were 'Erick, say what you have to say, quickly, because I'm going to overrule everything you're about to say,'" says McCallum, who remains incensed at the day's events. "I said, 'Sir, I'm speaking now not as a HAZMAT technician, not as the owner of this company, but as a citizen of this area for many years: we have to stop this virus NOW.' I said, 'If you go in there again, your publicity stunt is going to jeopardize the lives of many people.' And he looked at me and said, 'Are you done?'"

At that point, the judge turned and walked away. McCallum angrily caucused with his men, including R. J. Schwartz, and considered their options. "I was pretty hot," McCallum recalls. "I said, 'This is my equipment. If he goes through with this, I'll pack up and leave.' But R.J. and them calmed me down." Recalls Schwartz, "We just said, 'Look, yeah, this is a publicity stunt, but we really need to go through with this, for Dallas and, you know, for the country.'"

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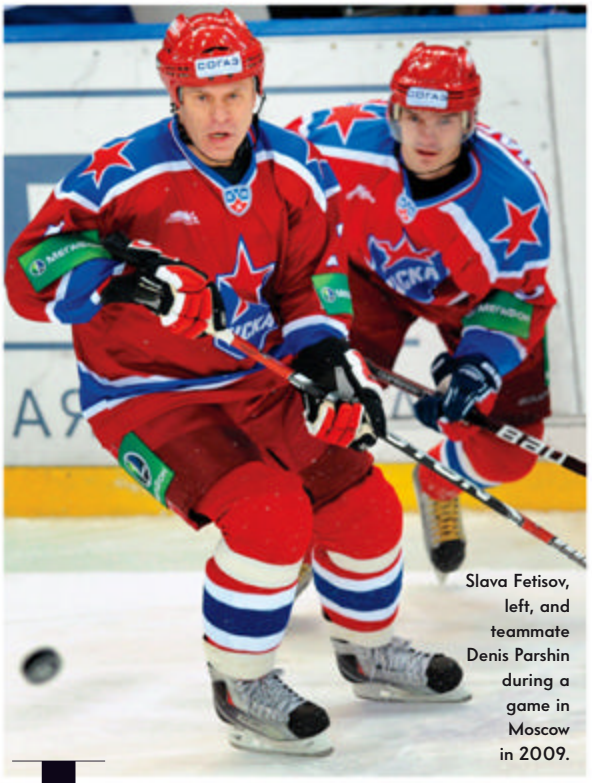
In fact, Jenkins was right about the risks, and to back him up Dr. David Lakey and Dr. Inger Damon, of the C.D.C., would soon issue public letters stating that the judge's visits to the family had not put himself or others at risk.

Judge Jenkins lifted the red tape and walked upstairs toward the apartment. McCallum, fearing he couldn't control his temper, left the scene. Schwartz asked the judge, "What is your game plan?" The judge said he intended to enter the apartment and prepare the family to leave. "I said to him, three or four times, Please, don't go into the hot zone," Schwartz recalls. "And he didn't. He stopped at the threshold."

Before heading upstairs, Jenkins had spoken on the telephone with Troh for a half-hour. She didn't want to leave, CONTINUED ON PAGE 111

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER NEMENOV/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

ICE ESCAPADES



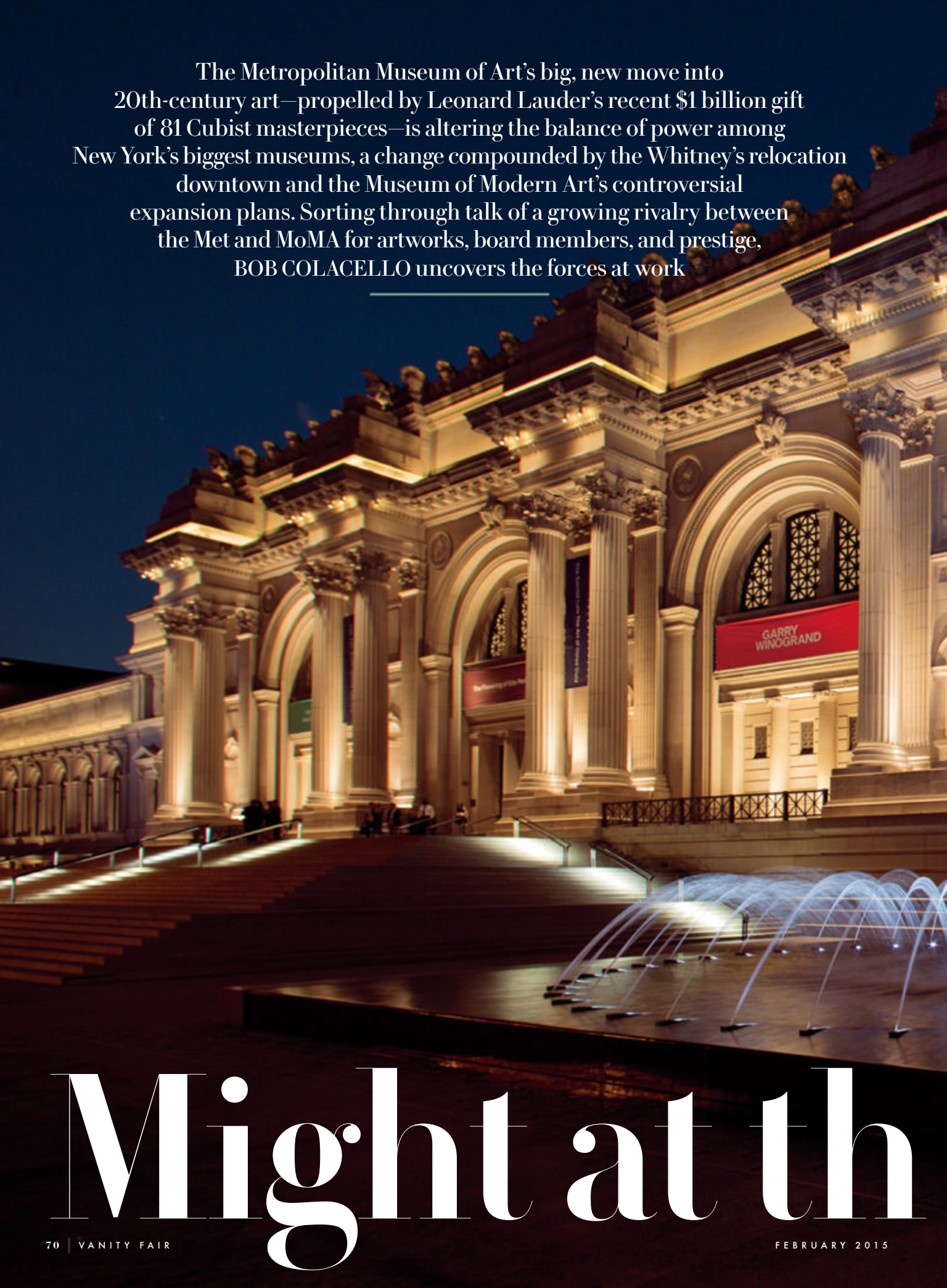
Slava Fetisov, left, and teammate Denis Parshin during a game in Moscow in 2009.

In the final decade of the Cold War, Slava Fetisov was considered the most celebrated ice-hockey player in the U.S.S.R. He was a member of the Soviet national team when it lost the fabled "Miracle on Ice" game to its American opponents, in the 1980 Lake Placid Winter Olympics—and also when it won gold medals in the next two Winter Games. Fetisov became the first Soviet citizen in history invited to play in the National Hockey League, but it was not until 1989 that he was able to leave the crumbling Soviet Union to play for the New Jersey Devils and later join the Detroit Red Wings for back-to-back Stanley Cup victories. When he asked to take the Cup trophy with him on a victory-lap visit to Moscow and was told that that would be impossible, Fetisov scoffed, "What is '*impossible*'?" Then he took the Cup to Moscow.

Fetisov's charismatic, proud, and impish screen presence is the central attraction of *Red Army,* a documentary about Soviet ice hockey that was written, directed, and produced by Gabe Polsky. The film shows how the game of hockey galvanized Soviet identity, how matches were proxies for international conflict, and how Fetisov and his peers were groomed as national heroes while being forced to live away from their families 11 months of the year, often under K.G.B. surveillance, and all but enslaved by brutal training regimens.

Red Army is being released as tension between Russia and the U.S. returns to Cold War levels. Over lunch with Fetisov in Moscow last year, I asked him what he had learned about the difference between the American and Russian ideals of strength. Fetisov at first said there was no difference. But then he said, "Russia is a little bit get more upset when they lose something. But America, you never get upset. Russia, they can blame themselves for a long time not to be a champion.

"Blame themselves"—he repeated, with a flat but flashing glance—"not somebody else." —MICHAEL JOSEPH GROSS



The Metropolitan Museum of Art's big, new move into 20th-century art—propelled by Leonard Lauder's recent $1 billion gift of 81 Cubist masterpieces—is altering the balance of power among New York's biggest museums, a change compounded by the Whitney's relocation downtown and the Museum of Modern Art's controversial expansion plans. Sorting through talk of a growing rivalry between the Met and MoMA for artworks, board members, and prestige, BOB COLACELLO uncovers the forces at work

Might at th



PHOTOGRAPH © THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

COINS IN THE FOUNTAIN

New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art, with its recently renovated $65 million David H. Koch Plaza.

e Museum

They were all there: the powerful directors of New York's leading art museums, the tough tycoons and tasteful socialites who fill their boards, the blue-chip gallery owners pretending to like one another, the brand-name artists whose prices, these days, go in only one direction—up. It was the social event of the city's frenetic fall auctions season: a big black-tie dinner celebrating Leonard Lauder's $1 billion gift of 81 Cubist masterpieces by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and Léger to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Prominent collectors from Europe (Plácido Arango, Lita Livanos) and California (Bob Tuttle and Maria Hummer-Tuttle, Bill and Maria Bell) mingled in the Met's Temple of Dendur with the likes of Barbara Walters, Princess Firyal of Jordan, and former World Bank chief James Wolfensohn. The Estée Lauder cosmetics dynasty was out in full force, including Leonard's younger brother, Ronald Lauder, honorary chairman of the Museum of Modern Art (and generally thought to be the greatest art collector in the United States), Ronald's wife, Jo Carole Lauder, their daughters, Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer and Jane Lauder Warsh, and Leonard's sons, William Lauder and Gary Lauder. Also from MoMA: its director, Glenn Lowry; its chairman, real-estate magnate Jerry Speyer; its president, Marie-Josée Kravis, wife of billionaire financier Henry Kravis; and its president emerita, Agnes Gund, who told me, "I think it's great that Leonard's collection is going to the Met, not that we wouldn't have wanted it at the Modern."

Then there was billionaire financier Leon Black, who sits on both the Met and MoMA boards (and who is a strong contender to succeed Speyer or Kravis at the latter). The Whitney Museum of American Art, which will open its vastly larger Renzo Piano–designed new home in the Meatpacking District this spring, was represented by its director, Adam Weinberg, and the co-chairs of its board, former Goldman Sachs vice chairman Robert Hurst and Brooke Garber Neidich, the wife of former Goldman Sachs partner Daniel Neidich.

In tandem with its move downtown, the Whitney will lease its Marcel Breuer building, on Madison Avenue, to the Met for at least eight years, in an arrangement initiated by the Whitney's chairman emeritus, none other than Leonard Lauder.

Not surprisingly, the 81-year-old, beauty-industry éminence grise, estimated by Bloomberg Billionaires Index to be worth more than $9 billion, was basking in the glow of what *The New York Times* called "a sterling act of philanthropy." In his remarks, Lauder said, "This is a gift to the people of New York." He went on to thank Thomas Campbell, the Met's director since 2009, with whom he closed the deal; Campbell's predecessor, Philippe de Montebello, with whom he began discussing the idea several years earlier; and the pair of curators responsible for the exhibition of the collection unveiled that evening, Rebecca Rabinow, from the Met, and Emily Braun, Lauder's longtime private curator. ("Cubism: The Leonard A. Lauder Collection" will be on view through February 16.) Leonard also acknowledged his wife, Evelyn, who died three years ago and "always loved coming to the Met"; his sons, "for giving up their inheritance"; his brother, Ronald, for his "advice about art and collecting"; and, lastly, his fiancée, Judy Glickman, a 76-year-old photographer, "for making me happy."



Yet beneath this glittering display of family and civic unity—the directors of the Guggenheim, the New Museum, and the Studio Museum in Harlem were invited, too—the dinnertime chitchat was about the parallel rivalries between the Met and the Modern and their respective benefactors Leonard and Ronald Lauder. In a review two days later, the *New York Times* art critic Roberta Smith alluded to the growing competition between the two museums: "The Lauder gift fills one of the biggest gaps in the Met's encyclopedic embrace. Long tentative about 20th-century art

"THE MET'S HOLDING ALL THE CARDS NOW," A TOP AUCTION-HOUSE EXECUTIVE SAID.



CAMPBELL'S SCOOP
Met director Thomas Campbell and philanthropist Leonard Lauder with a few of the 81 Cubist works Lauder gave to the museum. Photograph by Annie Leibovitz.

in general, the museum was all but squeamish about Cubism. . . . Put more bluntly, the great Cubist collection in the Museum of Modern Art is no longer the only show in town." Ariella Budick in the *Financial Times* posited the notion of a coming museum war: "With one magnificent gift, Leonard Lauder has vaulted New York's Metropolitan Museum from modern art weakling to global champ . . . [and] has given the Met a whole new area to dominate. At the very least, it has just challenged the ever-expanding Museum of Modern Art on its own turf."

As for the relationship between the brothers Lauder, as a longtime family friend (and regular Estée walker in the 1980s), I can attest that it has never been better. Likewise, the assumed alliances of Ronald and MoMA versus Leonard and the Met may be less ironclad than people think. It was interesting to note that Jo Carole, Ronald's quietly influential wife, was seated to the right of Tom Campbell, with Philippe de Montebello on her other side.

"The Met's holding all the cards now," a top auction-house executive told me. "It didn't use to be that way. Even the Whitney has the buzz, the glamour. Both the Met and the Whitney have exciting expansion projects. MoMA's expansion is not exciting. I don't think MoMA is dead in the water, however." Adds Picasso biographer John Richardson, a *V.F.* contributing editor, "The Met is upwardly mobile at the moment and it's doing everything it can to be more modern and more varied in what it has to offer, without vulgarizing things. And MoMA, an institution that I revere, is in a period of going slightly down in everybody's estimation." (The Guggenheim doesn't figure into this competition, because, as one Manhattanite puts it, "they're expanding in Abu Dhabi.")

The election of Thomas P. Campbell, then 46, as director and C.E.O. of the Metropolitan Museum of Art by its board of trustees, in September 2008, came as something of a surprise. And few could have expected that the Singapore-born, Oxford-educated

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MODERN MASTER MoMA director Glenn Lowry in his office in the museum's 2004 Taniguchi building. *Inset,* the West 53rd Street façade of MoMA.

tapestry specialist from the museum's Department of European Sculpture and Decorative Arts would so quickly and boldly move into territory long considered the domain of MoMA (and, to a lesser degree, of the Whitney and the Guggenheim). Indeed, in passing over Montebello's presumed successor, Gary Tinterow, the flashy chief curator of 19th-century, modern, and contemporary art, the Met's search committee (chaired by Annette de la Renta) appeared to be reaffirming the museum's commitment to its historical permanent collection and its reluctance to get more deeply enmeshed in the hyped-up souk of Koons, Hirst, and Abramović.

Throw MoMA from the Throne

But it soon became clear that the largest art museum in the Western Hemisphere and its seemingly unassuming director were on the march, and that MoMA, the world's greatest modern-art museum, and its anything-but-unassuming director had better watch out. Of course, that is not the way Campbell would put it. "I want to emphasize we're not trying to take on institutions that are so strong in what they do," he told me in an interview in his office, where Warhol's *Mona Lisa* has pride of place. "The depths of MoMA's collections, the scholarship . . . what it brings to the 20th-century narrative is so multi-layered and nuanced. It is the leading institution in the world in that field. We're not trying to compete. What we can do, what we want to do, is tell the narrative of the 20th century and contemporary art in the context of 5,000 years of art history, and our audience wants to see that here. It's a different experience to seeing it at the MoMA or seeing it at the Whitney. Ultimately, I think that's why Leonard made his decision with his gift. He wanted to place Cubism in that longer arc—and his collection probably would have been redundant to MoMA anyway."

By the time Campbell officially started as director, in January 2009, talks between Montebello and Lauder regarding his Cubist gift had already begun, as had their discussions about the Breuer building. What to do about the Whitney's 1966 brutalist landmark was a major issue for the museum. Heeding the calls of the museum's curators for more space to show both the permanent collection and the ever more gigantic works being created by contemporary artists, the Whitney's board had conditionally committed to purchase a city-owned site downtown, on which it would build a satellite museum. As Carol Vogel reported in the *Times,* there were rampant rumors that the Whitney would abandon its uptown home altogether. In March 2008, however, Lauder, the board's chairman, told the *Times,* "Like so many architecture-lovers, I believe the Whitney and the Breuer building are one." To make his point clear, he gave the museum a cash gift of $131 million—with the stipulation that the Breuer would not be sold "for the foreseeable future." Campbell negotiated the arrangements to lease the Breuer with the Whitney board and director Adam Weinberg, not Lauder, apparently to avoid the appearance of a quid pro quo, along the lines of "You get my Picassos and Braques, but you have to take my Breuer too." "But the Whitney is an institution that's very dear to Leonard's heart," Campbell added. "And I think he was a moving spirit behind the scenes." In any case, the Met-Whitney agreement, concluded in May 2011, was a win-win for both institutions.

For the Whitney, the deal allowed it to move forward with its downtown plans without having to worry about covering the operating expenses of two buildings. Two weeks later it broke ground on its 220,000-square-foot future home at the foot of the High Line, having raised some $500 million of the $720 million required for its construction and an endowment. Most important, Leonard Lauder was placated and his $131 million secured. There was a certain historic irony in the partnership: before opening her own museum, in 1931, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney offered her collection of American modern art to the Met but was turned down.

Leaving the Breuer, says the Whitney's chief curator, Donna De Salvo, "is bittersweet. I'm glad the Whitney still owns it. It would be very different if it were really 'This is it.' But because there's still that possibility into the future, it changes things. That was important for Leonard. And I think it's a good plan now. The Met gets to do their thing. We get to do our thing. It works."

"It seemed to me and my colleagues," says Tom Campbell, "here was an iconic building, a functioning museum space, great exhibition galleries, just nine minutes' walk from the Met. So, while it was obviously complex and there were many details to be negotiated, it seemed a great opportunity for us to have a whole new space in which to explore a modern-and-contemporary narrative. We take the keys in September 2015, and we're planning to start programming from the beginning of 2016. We've got six months to rebuild the offices on the fifth floor and do a certain amount of retrofitting."

Eight months after the Breuer deal was sealed, Campbell announced the appointment of Sheena Wagstaff to the newly created position of chairman of the Department

of Modern and Contemporary Art. As chief curator at the Tate Modern, in London, for a decade, the highly regarded Wagstaff had been the right hand of the Tate's superstar director, Sir Nicholas Serota, overseeing more than 60 exhibitions on a wide range of modern artists, including Kandinsky, Miró, Brancusi, Rothko, Frida Kahlo, and Sigmar Polke. She was also deeply involved in the Transforming Tate Modern Project, collaborating with the architects Herzog & de Meuron on the museum's new building adjacent to its renovated power station. In the same announcement, Campbell reverted 19th-century paintings to the Department of European Paintings, effectively giving Wagstaff free rein over 20th- and 21st-century art. Or, as the *Times* headlined the story, MET GEARS UP TO BE A PLAYER IN CONTEMPORARY ART.



AMERICAN IDYLL Whitney director Adam Weinberg at the museum's Gansevoort Street location, which opens in May. *Inset,* the Whitney's former home, on Madison Avenue.

The Shock of the New

The new hires—and newsbreaks—kept coming. In November 2012, the Met announced that Wagstaff's former colleague Nicholas Cullinan—a young curator from the Tate Modern specializing in international modern and contemporary art—would join her department in the spring. The billion-dollar Lauder gift made headlines in April 2013, with Lauder being compared to the Met's biggest previous donors, Michael Rockefeller, Walter Annenberg, Henry Osborne Havemeyer, and Robert Lehman. "In one fell swoop," Campbell crowed, "this puts the Met at the forefront of early-20th-century art. It is an unreproducible collection, something museum directors only dream about."

Last February, the Met announced that its board chair, real-estate developer Daniel Brodsky, and his wife, Estrellita B. Brodsky, were endowing two new curatorships in Sheena Wagstaff's department, one for Latin-American art and a second for architecture and design (an area MoMA pioneered and in which it is exceptionally strong).

The biggest news came in May with the revelation that the museum was planning a "gut renovation" of its modern and contemporary galleries. The Lila Acheson Wallace Wing was problematic from the day it opened, in 1987. Even its architect, Kevin Roche, told the *Times* that it "never got built properly. I was never happy with what happened. There wasn't a clear program, and it kind of just got put together in pieces." It is hard to find within the museum, the ceilings are too high on one floor and too low on the other, and the layout of the galleries doesn't facilitate the chronological presentation of 20th-century art.

While the museum has not chosen an architect nor said how many hundreds of millions the project will cost, Campbell told me, "It's going to be the most high-profile cultural building project in New York in the next 10 years." He anticipates having the rebuilt galleries ready in time for the Met's 150th anniversary, in 2020. "I'm hoping we will create beautiful spaces where collectors of modern and contemporary art will want to see their works as part of the bigger narrative, just as Leonard has done."

Leonard Lauder's collection will certainly bring gravitas and prestige to the new wing, but huge gaps remain for that bigger narrative to fully encompass the movements that followed Cubism, from Dadaism and Surrealism to Pop art, minimalism, and beyond. In 2011, *Times* art critic Holland Cotter summed up the consensus: "The museum's modern and contemporary collection . . . has never been one of its strengths. Its modern holdings rank far behind those of the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim. Its contemporary material has felt, at best, redundant in a city with several institutions, large and small, focused on new art. . . . At its worst, the collection, with its erratic logic, has been something of an institutional embarrassment."

For a crazy moment in the late 1960s and 1970s, the staid old Met, under its populist,

THE MET-WHITNEY AGREEMENT WAS A WIN-WIN FOR BOTH INSTITUTIONS.

INSETS: LEFT, BY TIMOTHY HURSLEY/© THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART/LICENSED BY SCALA/ART RESOURCE, N.Y.; RIGHT, BY JEFF GOLDBERG/ESTO; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

publicity-loving director, Thomas Hoving, and its first curator of contemporary arts, the plugged-in scene-maker Henry Geldzahler, suddenly embraced everything new and happening. Geldzahler, whose two best friends were Andy Warhol and David Hockney, staged the largest exhibition of contemporary American art ever assembled, "New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940–1970," a survey of 408 works by 43 artists, earning him the sobriquet "the most powerful and controversial art curator alive." But during Philippe de Montebello's 30-year reign (1977–2008) the Met—founded in 1870 by a distinguished civic group led by lawyer John Jay—seemed once again to disdain the new in favor of the eternal. In 1979, the modern and contemporary area was taken over by William Lieberman, a former MoMA curator, who was focused on pre–World War II art and held that post until 2004, a year before his death. The courtly Lieberman cultivated important collectors and secured for the museum 81 School of Paris masterpieces from Jacques and Natasha Gelman, as well as more than 100 modernist works from the art dealer Pierre Matisse, the younger son of Henri Matisse.

Last November, Carol Vogel reported that the Met's inaugural exhibition at the Breuer, tentatively titled "Unfinished," will examine the fascination with unfinished "works of art in all media" from the Renaissance through the present. It will be put together by Andrea Bayer, from the Department of European Paintings, and Nicholas Cullinan and will open on March 7, 2016. "It's contemporary through the lens of history," explains Campbell. "And it's history through the lens of contemporary." Sheena Wagstaff notes, "We will be opening the Breuer building exactly 50 years after Henry Geldzahler recommended to the trustees at the Met that a department of contemporary art be formed. The Met's trustees, Tom, and, of course, I feel strongly that there is a huge potential for re-invigoration of the museum's engagement with the art of our time and what it reveals." One possible future show at the Breuer: Jean Pigozzi's Contemporary African Art Collection juxtaposed with the Met's extensive historical African holdings. "I think Sheena is ready to shake things up," says Pigozzi, who, as a member of the Tate's International Council, has known her for years. "She takes chances, which the Met hasn't done much. It's sort of a crusty, snobby place."

The first major contemporary exhibition under Campbell, 2012's "Regarding Warhol: Sixty Artists, Fifty Years," was widely seen as thematically sound but visually lackluster. The following year's "Jewels by JAR," featuring the ultra-expensive creations of the Bronx-born, Paris-based jeweler Joel Arthur Rosenthal, was widely seen as a bit too lustrous. Roberta Smith called it "one of the most superficial shows I have ever seen at this great museum." The fact that the exhibition was organized by a modern- and contemporary-art curator, rather than one specializing in the decorative arts, and that Rosenthal himself was given so much sway over its design and lighting raised a few eyebrows. On the other hand, the museum earned the goodwill of Rosenthal's legion of fanatically devoted clients, including Jo Carole Lauder; Marie-Josée Kravis; Debra Black, the wife of Leon Black; and Nancy Marks, whose billionaire investor husband, Howard Marks, recently joined the Met board.

Marks had also been wooed by MoMA and the Whitney, but as his interests extend from the 15th century into the 21st, he opted for the Met. So did the hedge-fund king John Paulson (No. 35 on the Forbes Four Hundred list), who became a trustee in 2013 and whose collection includes Calder watercolors and late de Koonings. Perhaps Campbell's most sought-after board catches, because of their relative youth, have been Colombian-American brewery heir Alejandro Santo Domingo and Samantha Boardman Rosen, the psychiatrist wife of real-estate tycoon Aby Rosen, whose contemporary collection includes multiple Warhols, Twomblys, and Basquiats. Another smart move: upgrading *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour from an honorary to a voting board member and naming its reconfigured Costume Center after her for raising some $125 million over the years.

The notorious "initiation fees" required to go onto the boards of the Met or MoMA can vary, and are treated like state secrets by museum officials. Wealthier potential trustees may be asked for $10 million or more. Most board members are also leaned on for hefty annual donations, as well as contributions to acquisition funds, museum galas, and capital-building campaigns. In 2004, the *Times* reported that for MoMA's last expansion 50 of MoMA's trustees coughed up $5 million or more each.

Under Campbell, the Met's annual attendance has reached more than 6 million, up from 4.7 million, and nobody calls him "Tapestry Tom" anymore. There has been criticism from the political left for the naming of the new Fifth Avenue plaza and fountains after the conservative Republican energy tycoon David H. Koch, a Met board member, in exchange for a $65 million contribution. Some see the retirement of the museum's longtime president, Emily Rafferty, as the loss of a tireless fund-raiser and social connector; others point out that her powers were bestowed by Montebello and after six years it was time for Campbell to have his own team in charge. Some Old Guard curators and trustees are wary of Campbell's infatuation with the booming contemporary-art scene, and John Richardson detects a tendency toward micro-management. "Tom's a nice, bright guy," he says. "But he's been pulling the reins in too tight lately."

But, by and large, Campbell seems to have won over most of the New York art world with his accessibility and charm. "I think Tom Campbell is wonderful," exclaims art journalist Linda Yablonsky. "He's everywhere I go. When was the last time you saw the director of the Met at a contemporary-design opening on the Lower East Side? But there he was with his wife, Phoebe, at Duro Olowu's opening. I asked him why he was there, and he said, 'Well, we're friends and I wanted to see his show.'"

"I'm impressed how the Met has changed its demographic, particularly with the new generation," says the top auction-house executive. "Their foray into contemporary art really helped in that. But the strength of Tom is what's really challenging MoMA."

Modern Issues

As much as Tom Campbell tends to generate goodwill, Glenn D. Lowry, the Museum of Modern Art's director of two decades, seems to elicit criticism and controversy at every turn. And while the Met's expansion plans have been greeted with warm applause both in the press and among art-world insid-

MoMA DIRECTOR GLENN LOWRY SEEMS
TO ELICIT CRITICISM
AND CONTROVERSY AT EVERY TURN.

ers, MoMA's announcement, in April 2013, that its latest extension along West 53rd Street would require the demolition of the adjacent American Folk Art Museum set off a firestorm of vitriol, much of it directed at Lowry himself. In an article in *The New York Review of Books,* titled "MoMA: A Needless Act of Destruction," Martin Filler claimed that the small Folk Art building, designed by Tod Williams and Billie Tsien and completed only 14 years ago, "has long been known to be a thorn in the side of Glenn D. Lowry." What's more, Filler wrote, even in his previous position as director of the Art Gallery of Ontario, in Toronto, "Lowry was known as a museum executive who brooked no opposition."

While most architectural critics felt the same way as Filler, there were those who saw the Folk Art brouhaha as overblown and an excuse for Lowry's enemies to revisit old feuds. "It didn't really work as a museum," says Yablonsky. "The interior was mostly a staircase surrounded by four walls." Says another observer, "Everybody's furious, but nobody was going there."

Tellingly, Filler brought up the 2001 exit of Kirk Varnedoe, MoMA's chief curator of painting and sculpture, who was sick with cancer and would die two years later. "Lowry wasn't asked to participate in the elaborate memorial service for Varnedoe, underwritten by a group of MoMA trustees but held at the Metropolitan Museum," Filler reminded readers. He quoted former MoMA curator Robert Storr, who left a year after Varnedoe: "Glenn was jealous of Kirk in every way possible. Instead of letting his curators do their job, he micro-managed and interfered in areas far outside his expertise and thereby blew whatever chance he ever had to be a great director on the order of [MoMA founding director] Alfred Barr." According to Filler, the "troubling departure of two of MoMA's most admired figures . . . led to widespread questioning in professional art circles of Lowry's management style."

Growing Pains

Lowry and his museum took another hit early last year when the architects for its expansion, Diller Scofidio + Renfro (their recent projects include the High Line, the redesign of Lincoln Center, and Eli Broad's nearly complete Los Angeles museum), presented their plans. "It's one of the most difficult jobs we've ever done," Liz Diller told me. "It's not tabula rasa—it's surgical. It's like, as long as you're doing surgery on the body and you're under anesthesia, fix everything you can. So, I think the whole team, the MoMA curators and Glenn, is looking CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

STYLED BY ROSE FORDE; HAIR PRODUCTS BY WELLA PROFESSIONALS; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY MAC PRO; GROOMING BY GARY GILL; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

A SUITABLE SPY



Edward Holcroft, photographed with a 1930s B.S.A. Gent's Roadster bicycle on Brick Lane, in London.

HOLCROFT WEARS CLOTHING BY DIOR HOMME.

"I play a spy called Charlie, who's from a rich background—a horrible, horrible boy, but real fun," Edward Holcroft says about his breakthrough role, in director Matthew Vaughn's new movie, *Kingsman: The Secret Service.* The film also stars Colin Firth, who plays an undercover agent recruiting for a Savile Row spy organization run by a tailor. "The agency's so secret, no one knows about it," Holcroft explains, adding that he felt honored to work with such esteemed co-stars. "Colin was very welcoming to us youngsters, and meeting Michael Caine, whose character runs the agency and the recruitment process, was like being thrown back in the realms of time to a movie legend." Holcroft, 27, graduated in 2012 from Drama Centre London. For him, acting requires, he says, an "incredible inner self-confidence," and his courage was put to the test on Vaughn's set. Holcroft says the director "was so clear about what he wanted; he's very visual and meticulous."

Holcroft made his big-screen debut in 2014's *Vampire Academy*, and this year he will appear in three upcoming BBC mini-series: as Alex in *London Spy*, directed by Jakob Verbruggen and starring Ben Whishaw, Charlotte Rampling, and Jim Broadbent; as artist Duncan Forbes in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* opposite Holliday Grainger; and as George Boleyn in an adaptation of Hilary Mantel's *Wolf Hall,* which stars Mark Rylance as Thomas Cromwell. "Rylance was the reason I started acting," Holcroft says. "I helped build the set of *Jerusalem* in 2009 and watched Mark rehearsing like a hawk. I thought, I've got to do that." –TAMASIN DAY-LEWIS

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL GAVIN



ACT ONE
Larry David with his *Fish in the Dark* cast: Rosie Perez, Jayne Houdyshell, Ben Shenkman, Jenn Lyon, David, Marylouise Burke, Jerry Adler (standing), Jake Cannavale, Molly Ranson, and Jonny Orsini, photographed at Katz's deli in Manhattan.

LARRY'S BA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS



While Larry David is unquestionably a comic genius—co-creator and writer of one of the greatest television shows of all time, *Seinfeld,* and creator and star of the equally original and influential *Curb Your Enthusiasm*—he's hardly conventional heartthrob material. But with the March opening of *Fish in the Dark,* David's Broadway debut as playwright and star, LILI ANOLIK discovers why a geeky-looking 67-year-old can make someone like Jennifer Lawrence swoon

LK *in* TOWN!

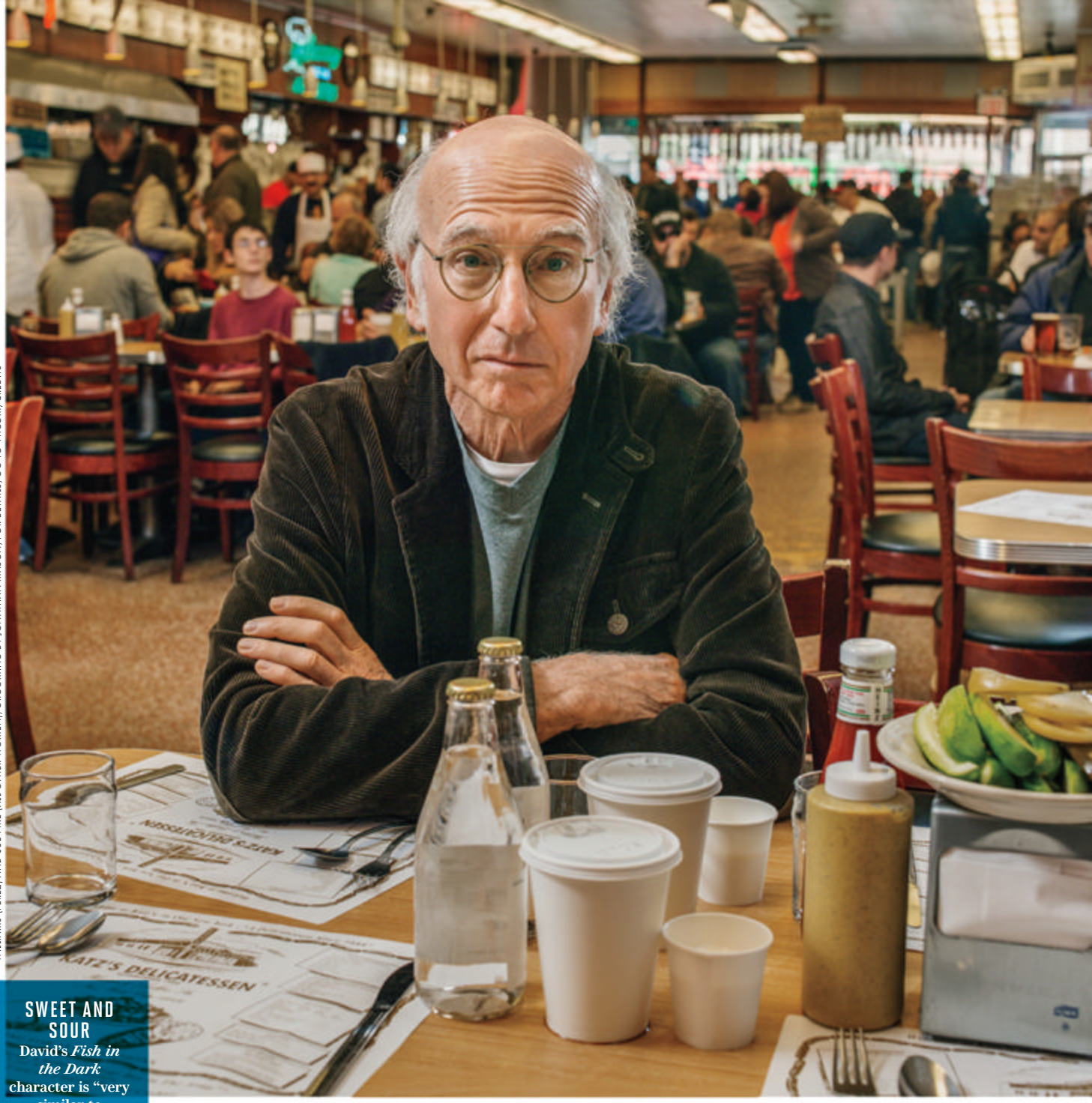
He's the sex symbol's sex symbol: four-eyed and beaky-nosed, pencil-necked-geek skinny, eligible for Medicare and then some, with a cranium as bald and gleaming as Kim Kardashian's mons pubis. (Actually not quite that bald and gleaming. A silvery-white fringe circles the base of his skull like a fallen halo.) Not the stuff of which hunk-of-beef heartthrobs are typically made. Yet Jennifer Lawrence, as luscious a starlet as Hollywood's ever produced, has it bad for him, is completely over-the-moon hot-for-his-bod gaga. In the November issue of this very magazine she sotto-voce'd to contributing editor Sam Kashner, "I worship Woody Allen, but I don't feel it below the belt the way I do for Larry David."

In case you don't own a TV—are one of *those* people—Larry David is the co-creator, head writer, and voice of a curiously child-like George Steinbrenner on *Seinfeld,* the greatest television program of all time, according to *TV Guide.* He is also the creator and star of *Curb Your Enthusiasm,* a comedy series on HBO about Larry David, the co-creator, head writer, and voice of a curiously child-like George Steinbrenner on *Seinfeld,* the greatest television program of all time, according to *TV Guide. Curb,* which ended its eighth and perhaps final season in 2011 (David has been playing it flower-petal-pluckingly coy about the possibility of the show's return, there-will-be-a-ninth-season, there-will-be-a-ninth-season-not), was the funniest thing going, not only on the small screen but on the big one as well. At no point did it slow or slacken or flag or flake, go soft or through the motions, settle for shtick, descend into self-parody. It just kept getting better—weirder and wilder, ever more daring and provocative and inspired, ever farther out with each passing year. "Palestinian Chicken," arguably the crowning achievement of the entire series, came in the last season, the most gonzo scene featuring a supine David, glasses fogged, brow furrowed in concentration, gamely trying to meet the exacting demands of the hot-stuff Palestinian restaurateur writhing on top of him. "Fuck me, you fucking Jew," she tells him. "You Zionist pig. You occupying fuck. Occupy this. I'm going to fuck the Jew out of you. You want to fuck me like Israel fucked my country? . . . Fuck me, you Jew bastard. Show me the Promised Land . . . you circumcised fuck," etc. It's hate sex, sure, and hateful even for that, but still, it's sex, which means there's a little bit of love involved, too. Famed lawyer Alan Dershowitz, a poker-player bud of David's and David's self-proclaimed "house Jew," brought a copy of "Palestinian Chicken" to his dinner with Benjamin Netanyahu in the hopes that the Israeli prime minister would toss a bag of popcorn in the microwave, invite Mahmoud Abbas over for a viewing party. The two leaders would laugh, they'd cry, they'd braid each other's hair, they'd realize they're not so different after all: Bam, world peace. (Netanyahu, a fan, did watch the episode. No word on whether or not Abbas has seen it, though the recent escalation of conflict in the Middle East would indicate unh-uh.)

It's early November. Larry David and I are meeting for lunch at a stodgy-hip, fogyish-glamorous restaurant in Los Angeles. I suggested it because it happens to be close to my hotel. At least that's partly why I suggested it. The other part: because I had to suggest someplace, since David, in our e-mail conversation, asked me to. As I read his message, "I'm terrible at these decisions"—mm-hmm, O.K.—and "dr's app't at one"—yeah, that sounds about right—then shot back a message of my own—the name of the restaurant, followed by a question mark—I thought, Oh goody, I'm in a real-life episode of *Curb,* my favorite show, and Larry David, my favorite comic, is acting exactly the way I'd imagine he'd act, is behaving according to type.

Also behaving according to type, L.A. traffic, the reason David's running a few minutes late. (Another e-mail communiqué.) I'm in the restaurant, at a table at the back, sipping a Diet Coke with lime, listening to the piano player work over that tune from *Casablanca,* watching the lippy starlet sitting mutely at a booth with a couple of gangster-looking guys in fedoras loudly discussing the Spanish financing falling out of a movie one of them is developing. And then I hear my name called. I turn and see him walking toward me, and that's the precise moment my expectations go blooey. They go still blooier as we settle in, exchange greetings and small talk, because here's the thing you realize about Larry David when you encounter him in the flesh: there are actually two Larry Davids. There's Larry David and there's "Larry David," and until 30 seconds ago you didn't even know the former existed.

"NOT A DAY GOES BY THAT I DON'T REGRET IT," DAVID SAYS ABOUT AGREEING TO STAR IN *FISH IN THE DARK.*



STYLED BY ALICIA LOMBARDINI; HAIR BY JOHNNY LAVOY (PEREZ) AND CASEY GEREN (ALL OTHER WOMEN); MAKEUP BY KISHA WILLIAMS (PEREZ) AND SUE PIKE (ALL OTHER WOMEN); GROOMING BY JONATHAN MASON; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

SWEET AND SOUR
David's *Fish in the Dark* character is "very similar to Larry David," he says.

Allow me to explain. Larry David is who Larry David is. "Larry David" is the character Larry David plays. Larry David both is "Larry David" and is not "Larry David." (For clarity's sweet sake, I will, from here on out, refer to Larry David the human being as David, Larry David the semi-fictional alter ego as L.D., the nickname given to him by Vivica A. Fox's Loretta Black.) David and L.D. are so alike as to be nearly indistinguishable. The walk is the same—a Felix the Cat lead-with-the-pelvis stroll-strut, loose-limbed and sprocket-hipped, with a bounce and spring to it, insouciance incarnate—and so is the talk—the voice, booming yet hoarse with its slightly nasal outer-borough intonations. Ditto the laugh, a happy single-syllable bark. And the sense of style, a zip-up jacket over a cotton shirt, slacks, white socks, tennis shoes.

And yet there are differences too. L.D. can come off as putzy or nebbishy or schlemiely—one of those Yiddish words so expressive you don't need to know what it means to know what it means. A little sunken-chested, a little horn-rimmed, a little weenie-ish, frankly. A geezer version of the kid who's forever getting his lunch money jacked. David, though, is long and lean and dapper, a tall cool glass of water, quick and assured in his comportment, youthful, an altogether smooth and forceful presence. Even his clothes seem snappier, to fit better. Looking at him you start to concede that Jennifer Lawrence might have a point, isn't pulling some weird Chloë-Sevigny-in-*The-Last-Days-of-Disco*-Scrooge-McDuck-is-sexy stunt, that he is, to quote Elaine Benes, a character based in part on one of his ex-girlfriends, sponge-worthy.

We order—the quinoa salad for both of us, though David's initial impulse is to go with the lobster salad. "But what if our salads come and yours looks better? That would be terrible," he says, slipping into character for a moment, playing that Schadenfreude-

spritzing fussbudget, L.D., the comic distillation of his own personality and neuroses. After the waiter asks if he might like to sample the soup du jour, pumpkin, vegan, and apparently quite delicious—David, arms opening expansively, "Sure, why not?"—our menus are whisked away. We get down to it.

You know Larry David's backstory even if you don't realize you know it. Or at least you know it if you're a *Seinfeld* fan. George Costanza, *c'est moi,* David has proclaimed on more than one occasion. Beyond the obvious shared physical traits (male-pattern baldness, impaired vision), there's the Brooklyn childhood (David, born in 1947, grew up in Sheepshead Bay, the son of a garment salesman and a housewife), the brief foray into ladies' undies ("It was my first job out of college. The employment agency sent me to this company that sold bras, but they weren't even good bras. They were defective bras. The guy who interviewed me took a grocery bag, filled it to the top with bras, told me to go home and study them. And I did!"), the dashed mailman-related maternal hopes ("My mother always wanted me to work in the post office. That was her fervent, fervent wish"), the grand professional gestures made and then unmade (David, a staff writer at *Saturday Night Live* in the 1984–85 season, quit on a Saturday night, moments before airtime, had a long hard think on Sunday, showed up on Monday morning as if nothing had happened), the getting together with Jerry, seven years his junior and already a brash young success making regular appearances on *Leno* and *Letterman,* in go-nowhere early middle age (single, living in subsidized housing, a stand-up career that might as well have had a toe tag on it, his sniffy attitude toward audiences pretty much sealing his fate, once walking offstage before he'd even started his act, just scanning the crowd and then saying, "Never mind") to pitch NBC "a show about nothing." Against all odds, the pitch was caught. Sayonara, broke-as-a-joke-Larry-*who?* schnookdom. Hello, riches and fame beyond your wildest dreams.

Riches, anyway (upwards of $800 million, most of it from syndication revenues, according to rumor and urban legend). Fame came a little later, not arriving till *Seinfeld* went off the air. Time on his hands, he began to consider a return to stand-up. Jeff Garlin, who'd directed HBO specials for Denis Leary and Jon Stewart, suggested pointing a camera at the process. Somehow a documentary morphed into a mockumentary, the mockumentary then morphing into a series: voilà, *Curb Your Enthusiasm.* The cash and flash success brought were nice—beyond nice, died-and-gone-to-heaven seriously super. It was the freedom, though, that took the cake. No longer would David have to endure dumb-dumb test screenings and focus groups, take dipshit notes from executives who thought they knew better than artists. He'd be top banana, have final say. An auteur, if you want to get fancy and French about it.

The Larry David of *Curb* is much like the George Costanza of *Seinfeld,* only with money, professional respect, and a wife who's not just lovely-looking but a lovely person as well. In other words, the born loser has hit the jackpot, become the winner El Supremo. Yet, though L.D.'s fortunes have changed, he hasn't. (Says actress Cheryl Hines, Cheryl David on the show, "The premise of *Curb* is that Larry is . . . well, Larry's an asshole, basically.") He still can't let anything go: he exposes as unfoxy the woman who's telling her blind boyfriend she's a fox; sets up a face-off between a Holocaust survivor and a *Survivor* survivor; asks the traumatized ex about to join a support group for victims of incest, "Are you sure that you qualify with your stepfather?" Essentially, for David, the social contract is one written in disappearing ink. Schizophrenics can relate. (No joke. They really can. Back in 2004, a staff member of a state hospital in North Carolina was showing patients clips from *Curb* as examples of how not to behave.) You don't have to be living in the bughouse, though, to experience a flash of recognition when David pulls a social boner, which disconcertingly often involves an actual boner. There's something liberating about his lack of manners, his unwillingness to get with the program or go with the flow, play nice, allow his superego to call the shots. Nothing is sacred with David. He doesn't just give voice to what you're thinking but are too chicken to say. He gives voice to what you're too chicken even to think.

Curb, with its semi-autobiographical subject matter and cinéma-vérité style, has been enormously influential. *Louie, The Comeback, Extras, Unscripted, Episodes, Arrested Development, The Office* (both British and American), even *Borat,* can all be counted among its spawn. *Entourage* too (thanks, *Curb*). But who does *Curb* call Daddy? A woman, or at least a movie with a woman's name. *Annie Hall* (1977) is also about a wildly successful milquetoast-glasses-wearing Jewish New York comedian, Alvy Singer, an obvious stand-in for writer, director, and star Woody Allen. What's more, it offers, or seems to offer, an insider's view of Allen's life and the breakup of his relationship. (Diane Keaton, born Diane Hall, was Allen's former squeeze, as any reasonably savvy audience member of the time well knew.) Only *Curb* is the anti–*Annie Hall,* Larry David the anti–Woody Allen. When Singer-Allen got the lewd wink and wet-lipped kissy-faced come-on from sexy, sleazy L.A., he refused to pucker up. Had nothing but loathing for L.A., missed its point entirely, felt like an alien there, an egghead surrounded by airheads. ("I don't want to live in a city where the only cultural advantage is that you can make a right turn on a red light," Singer-Allen crabs.) And how could he appreciate it? The pleasure principle is its ruling principle, perhaps its *only* principle, and his original title for *Annie Hall* was *Anhedonia.* David, on the other hand, like Allen a misanthrope but unlike Allen a misanthrope who doesn't let his misanthropy get him down—is there anything more *joie-de-vivre*-filled than David's soft-shoe routine in Starbucks when he finds out he's been relieved of all social obligations because he accidentally injured Shaquille O'Neal and,

"MY MOTHER ALWAYS WANTED ME TO WORK IN THE POST OFFICE," DAVID SAYS.

TROUPE THERAPY

as a consequence, has become a pariah, the most hated man in Southern California?—wasn't fazed by L.A.'s easiness, or turned off by it. *Au contraire.* He left New York for L.A. And not for some quickie, wham-bam affair either. He's been an Angeleno for going on two and a half decades now. Appears perfectly at home among the palm trees and suntans, the no-there-there urban sprawl.

As of spring, though, it's back to the land of tall buildings for David. He's making his Broadway debut at the Cort Theatre next month in *Fish in the Dark,* a comedy about death, because, hey, even the Dark Side has its light side. *Fish in the Dark,* directed by Tony Award winner Anna D. Shapiro, represents a radical departure for David and a come-to-mama return to form simultaneously. It's the first play he's ever written, not to mention starred in—thus, virgin territory. (Says co-star Rosie Perez, "When we started, he didn't know stage left, stage right, upstage, downstage.") But it's the same old same old, too, David playing a character he describes as "very similar to Larry David—it might even be Larry David with a different name." It's also him going back to a tight story structure and dialogue so polished you can check your teeth for spinach in it. These are conventions he's all but abandoned since the days of *Seinfeld* and his 1998 movie, *Sour Grapes,* which failed both critically and commercially mostly because it was terrible. Roger Ebert really thought it a pee-euuh stinker, giving it the rare zero stars. (David, though, would get his revenge, breaking the vital digits of a thumbs-up-thumbs-down food reviewer on an episode of *Curb.*) With *Curb,* David adopted a much more freewheeling, loosey-goosey style, working off bare-bones blueprints—a seven-to-eight-page outline—rather than pre-fab scripts, the dialogue almost entirely improvised, sharing with actors only the sketchiest details of scenes so their responses would be truly impromptu. Says Cheryl Hines, "For the first three years I didn't even get an outline. Larry was always concerned that if people saw the outline they'd try to come up with funny lines or to manipulate the dialogue. He wanted everything to be fresh."



Second City performers Steve Carell, Paul Dinello, Stephen Colbert, and David Razowsky in *Take Me Out to the Balkans,* 1993.

Here's how *Fish in the Dark* happened: David thought it would be fun to write a play, so he did just that. Producer-gunslinger Scott Rudin, hot off a success with Chris Rock, who in 2011 appeared at the Gerald Schoenfeld Theatre in *The Motherfucker with the Hat,* also directed by Anna D. Shapiro, got wind of what David was up to, made his approach. By the end of the conversation he'd convinced David of two things: that he was the guy to run the show and that David was the guy to star in it.

I point out to David that taking on the lead role, which he'd had zero intention of doing until Rudin came along and hypnotized-schmoozed him—says Rudin, "I leaned on Larry simply CONTINUED ON PAGE 109

JENNIFER GIRARD

A few years ago I took my obstinate eight-year-old daughter to a training class at Second City, the famous comedy troupe, in Chicago. Like everyone else, I couldn't help but notice that decades after its creation the place continued to train a shocking number of the most interesting comedians in the country—Tina Fey, Stephen Colbert, Amy Poehler, Steve Carell, Adam McKay, and on and on. I wasn't hoping to make my daughter funnier. I just wanted her to learn to say "Yes." That was all I asked of Second City: to fix my child. We would enroll together in an improv-comedy training class, and for the rest of her life, when asked if she would like to try a new vegetable or clean her room or be kind to her sister, she would accept the suggestion and build on it—which is the key to all improv.

Three days later we emerged. She honestly failed to see what the fuss was about; to her, improv came naturally. I was traumatized. My child didn't need fixing. I, on the other hand, listened poorly, responded unimaginatively to the suggestions of others, and, in general, exhibited the mental patterns of a guy who had had life his way far too often for his own good.

Now come two Second City executives, Kelly Leonard and Tom Yorton, whose new book, *Yes, And* (HarperCollins), is an excellent guide to the lessons that have bubbled up in Second City's improv workshops. It sounds crazy that a comedy troupe should have anything to say about how you should lead your life. Trust me: it isn't. —MICHAEL LEWIS



Of all the palatial London mansions of the British aristocracy obliterated, carved up, or converted over the decades—only one, Dudley House, is now a private home. Qatari sheikh Hamad bin Abdullah Al-Thani, 33, has restored its 44,000 square feet of lost glory, emerging as a major collector and popular host to London's elite, including the Queen. JONATHAN BECKER gets a photographic first look at this treasure-filled palace, while JAMES REGINATO meets the man with the golden eye

SHEIKH



PICTURE THIS
The 81-foot-long, top-lit picture gallery in Dudley House features dozens of paintings from Sheikh Hamad's collection, which includes rare works by Lucas Cranach, Tiepolo, Gainsborough, and Van Dyck.

SHACK

For nearly every magnificent country-house estate in England, there was once an equally palatial residence in London; it was de rigueur during the 18th and 19th centuries for wealthy aristocratic families to maintain a metropolitan mansion, too. As a result of economic imperatives and the devastation of the Blitz, only a handful of examples of this building type remain out of the hundreds that once stood, and these have long since been carved up and converted into apartments, embassies, offices, clubs, and the like.

Dudley House, at 100 Park Lane—the London residence of the Ward family since the 1730s—suffered such a fate, too, but thanks to a Croesus-like fortune originating in the Persian Gulf, it has recently been bought and restored to perhaps even more than its original glory.

After a painstaking six-year refurbishment, the 44,000-square-foot, 17-bedroom domicile—which features an 81-foot-long picture gallery and a 50-foot ballroom—is London's only surviving aristocratic palace that still functions as a private, single-family home; reportedly, it is also Britain's most costly private residence, valued in the neighborhood of $400 million, which presumably does not include the tab for the extraordinary art and antiques that have been installed inside. More impressive than these prices, though, is a remark from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth when she visited Dudley House for supper some months ago. "This place makes Buckingham Palace look rather dull," the sovereign reportedly joshed to her genial host.

That would be His Highness Sheikh Hamad bin Abdullah Al-Thani. A member of Qatar's royal family, he is the 33-year-old son of Sheikh Abdullah bin Khalifa Al-Thani (a brother of the country's former emir Sheikh Hamad bin Khalifa Al-Thani) and a first cousin of the current emir, Sheikh Tamim bin Hamad Al-Thani. Since moving into his new residence, in 2012, Sheikh Hamad has remained press-shy, like his fellow Qatari royals. But Britain's royal family and top-drawer peers sure seem to know him; many of them (including—in addition to the Queen—Prince Charles, the Marquess of Cholmondeley, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Rothschild) have come to call at Dudley House, which is staffed and run according to standards rarely seen since W.W. II.

But the true royal seal of approval came earlier this year, when the Queen allowed QIPCO (Qatar Investment & Projects Development Holding Company), which was founded by Sheikh Hamad in 1999 with his five brothers, to become the first commercial sponsor of Royal Ascot in its 303-year history. (QIPCO is reportedly worth about $5 billion.)

Through January 25, the public can take his measure by viewing an exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, of some of his recent acquisitions, "Treasures from India: Jewels from the Al-Thani Collection," a show of spectacular decorative objects formerly owned by the great maharajas, nizams, sultans, and emperors of India from the 17th to the 20th century.

The exhibition, curated by the Met's Navima Najat Haidar, should establish Hamad as more than just another staggeringly wealthy sheikh. "He has joined the ranks of the great collectors," says Haidar. "He's bought top, top things."

As remarkable as the quality of his holdings is the speed at which he acquired them, adds Haidar: "He just started his collection five years ago. I'm really impressed by how many great things he has been able to buy in a short period."

Seemingly unlimited cash must help, but Sheikh Hamad appears to be propelled more than anything by incredible enthusiasm and passion for art and antiques. It is this fervor that has led him to consent to this first-ever profile, and open up the doors of Dudley House to photography.



EARL WITH A PEARL
The entrance to Dudley House, on Park Lane, July 1890, from a series of photos taken for the second Earl of Dudley.

PHOTOGRAPH, LEFT, BY BEDFORD LEMERE & COMPANY/ REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF ENGLISH HERITAGE

The words *Comme Je Fus* ("As I Was") are easily visible from Hyde Park, on which Dudley House fronts. The motto, newly re-gilded, is emblazoned upon the sizable Ward-family coat of arms, which hangs atop the stately colonnaded, three-story granite building. The Wards, a venerable old family whose abundance of titles date from the time of Charles I, in the 17th century, became very rich and very grand in the early 19th century, when vast coal reserves were discovered on their Staffordshire estates. In 1827 the family's stature was raised when John William Ward, fourth Viscount Dudley, was created Earl of Dudley by King George IV.

Lord Dudley (whom Madame de Staël thought "the only man of sentiment in England") initiated a major enlargement of the house at 100 Park Lane, which his family

DUDLEY HOUSE IS BRITAIN'S MOST COSTLY PRIVATE RESIDENCE, VALUED AT AROUND $400 MILLION.



DUDLEY DO RIGHT
The conservatory of Dudley House, overlooking Hyde Park. The late Alberto Pinto, and his Paris-based studio, oversaw the house's six-year restoration.





HOUSE OF PLENTY

(1) Two Dudley House butlers, at attention in the breakfast room. **(2)** Paintings by Van Dyck (top left) and Holbein (bottom right) in the picture gallery. **(3)** Turban ornaments from the Al-Thani collection, now on loan to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. **(4)** Members of the American Women's Club knitting in the ballroom, February 28, 1940. **(5)** The restored façade.







had occupied since the 1730s, commensurate with his increased wealth and position. According to *Great Houses of London,* by James Stourton, the expansions continued—in a heavily gilded Louis XVI style—under successive heirs. In 1855, when the family was at the zenith of its mining wealth, they commissioned the magnificent mirrored, chandeliered, gilded ballroom and top-lit, marble-columned picture gallery, whose treasures included two paintings by Raphael. Such opulence made Dudley House a favored trysting spot for Bertie, the amorous Prince of Wales (later Edward VII), and his mistress, actress Lillie Langtry.

By the turn of the century, the exorbitant cost of running an establishment as grand as Dudley House became prohibitive even for a still-wealthy family. "Unlike the great country houses, these London houses had no economy of their own and required vast outside fortunes to support them," Stourton writes. In 1895 the second Earl of Dudley sold 100 Park Lane to South African diamond magnate Sir Joseph Robinson, one of the notorious "Randlords" of the day. Robinson entertained ostentatiously in the house, with singers such as Nellie Melba, and, like fellow plutocrats, he filled the place with major paintings by such artists as Gainsborough and Romney: "Beautiful eighteenth-century portraits of the class they have conquered," remarked one social observer of the day.

In 1912, the Old Guard staged a surprising return, when Sir John Hubert Ward, the younger brother of the second earl, bought back Dudley House using the fortune of his American heiress wife, Jean Templeton Reid (whose grandfather Darius Ogden Mills became California's wealthiest citizen after he joined the Gold Rush). The Dudley-Wards held court here for almost 30 more years, while many of London's other family palaces—now white elephants—were sold and demolished. (The destruction in 1924 of Devonshire House, the magnificent London seat of the Dukes of Devonshire on Piccadilly, was a watershed moment.) This last efflorescence was shattered in 1940 when German bombs badly damaged Dudley House, and it was subsequently converted into an office building.

Though the Al-Thani family is of Bani Tamim descent and originated in central Arabia, they migrated to Qatar in the mid-19th century, and subsequently forged an association with the British empire: a treaty negotiated by the British in 1868 recognized their control of the sheikhdom, whose wealth at the time came from trading and pearl fisheries.

In 2005, when he was just 24, Sheikh Hamad heard that the building might be for sale. "I had seen old photos of it in a book a few years before," he recounts during an afternoon chat in one of the house's reception rooms. "It was a great beauty, though by that time it was in very bad shape."

He has never been able to resist a pretty thing. "It started at a young age," he says, as if speaking of an addiction. "I used to drive my mother mad. When I was seven years old I would run all through the Louvre, looking at objects. When I was a few years older, I wanted to see all the fantastic Renaissance castles in France. Luckily, my mother took me."

Though his father was Qatar's prime minister from 1996 to 2007, his family (Hamad is the eldest of six brothers, and he has a half-sister born to his father with his first wife) spent a good deal of time in France, where they owned a château outside Paris.

While studying political science at Coventry University, in England, Hamad maintained a suite at Claridge's and found himself increasingly drawn to the English capital. "So, I said to my parents, 'I think we should have a family seat in London,'" he recounts. "Then one day, when I heard Dudley House might be available, I called my parents right away."

Sheikh Hamad shares Dudley House with his immediate family, but he is clearly its châtelain and driving force. The Al-Thanis, however, seem to be in constant motion. The family—including Sheikh Hamad's seven-year-old son, Sheikh Khalifa (from his marriage to a Qatari national that ended in divorce)—rotates between Dudley House, their palace in Doha, and various properties in France, which now include arguably Paris's most majestic residence, the 17th-century Hôtel Lambert, on the Île Saint-Louis, which they purchased from the Rothschild family for $110 million in 2007 and are currently renovating.

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TO SEE THE AL-THANI JEWELRY AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, GO TO VF.COM/FEB2015.

"I Have a Runner"

Hamad's most frequent cohabitants in Dudley House are two of his brothers, Sheikh Suhaim, 28, and Sheikh Fahad, 26. (His three youngest brothers are Sheikhs Khalifa, Tamim, and Mohammed.) Recently, these boys have emerged seemingly from nowhere to become "the new superpower," as they have been touted, in British horse racing.

It all began just a few years ago, when, somewhat naughtily, Sheikh Fahad, while still in school, bought a horse without informing his family and entered him in a race. "One day, we were home in Qatar, and he was concentrating on the TV, which was broadcasting the race," recalls Hamad. "He said, 'I have a runner.' I said, 'Since when?' I was shocked!"

Fahad soon persuaded his big brother to establish Qatar Racing, which now has more than 300 horses CONTINUED ON PAGE 118



HORSE SENSE Queen Elizabeth II and Sheikh Hamad at Ascot, watching the parade before her namesake stakes on British Champions Day, October 19, 2013.

DUDLEY HOUSE

"MAKES BUCKINGHAM PALACE LOOK RATHER DULL," THE QUEEN REPORTEDLY SAID.

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BROADWAY'S "A" TRAIN

Anyone who bases a musical on a classic film should obey the maxim "First, do no harm." Because for every *A Little Night Music* (hat tip to *Smiles of a Summer Night*) there is a *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (closed in 1966 after four previews). So, when Cy Coleman, Betty Comden, and Adolph Green turned one of the zaniest screwball comedies of all time, *Twentieth Century,* into a musical in 1978, who could be blamed for thinking derailment was imminent? Credit to those three, who realized tampering with the 1934 classic, starring John Barrymore and Carole Lombard, could result in charges being brought before the court of Turner Classic Movies.

The plot is the Phillips-head of screwball comedies, with bombastic and failing Broadway producer Oscar Jaffe wooing the melodramatic Hollywood star (and former flame and protégée) Lily Garland to headline his latest production, a pursuit that takes place mostly on a train (hence the title) traveling from Chicago to New York. The movie is worth watching if only to hear Barrymore, besieged by ingrates, bellowing, "I close the iron door on you!"

Coleman and company turned out a comic operetta. *On the Twentieth Century* is also the ideal vehicle to pair Peter Gallagher and Kristin Chenoweth, and its revival, directed by Scott Ellis, opens this month at New York's Roundabout Theatre Company. Chenoweth, who created the role of Glinda in *Wicked,* knew both Comden and Green and sang at Green's memorial. (He died in 2002.) Gallagher was friends with them as well, even after starring in one of their rare flops, a 1982 musical adaptation of Ibsen's *A Doll's House.* (See advice above.) Gallagher went on to prosper in film, TV, and theater, but those who saw him play Sky Masterson in the 1992 revival of *Guys and Dolls* know that if anyone can keep up with Chenoweth he can. Dare we say it? Why not! All ABOAAARD!

–JIM KELLY

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK ABRAHAMS



Peter Gallagher and Kristin Chenoweth, the stars of *On the Twentieth Century*, photographed in New York City.

GALLAGHER WEARS A SUIT BY KINGSMAN; SHIRT, SHOES, AND TIE BY ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA. CHENOWETH WEARS SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO; RING BY DE BEERS.

STYLED BY DEBORAH WATSON; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY LANCÔME; GROOMING PRODUCTS BY MALIN & GOETZ; WIG DESIGN BY PAUL HUNTLEY; MAKEUP BY BRUCE WAYNE; GROOMING BY BIRGITTE; SET DESIGN BY MARY HOWARD STUDIO; CARPET COURTESY OF CARINI LANG, N.Y.C.; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

OF HOLLYWOOD BONDAGE

After E. L. James tapped the female-fantasy mother lode with her *Fifty Shades of Grey* trilogy—on which she has been building an erotically themed empire—the first-time novelist negotiated unusual control over the hotly anticipated film that hits theaters on Valentine's Day. But her approved director was another strong-willed British woman, Sam Taylor-Johnson. VANESSA GRIGORIADIS learns about their clash of visions, as well as the invisible force on the set: the fans

Few women in the world are more self-actualized than Erika Leonard, better known as E. L. James, the 51-year-old, dark-tressed British author who created a compendium of her sexual fantasies, called the book *Fifty Shades of Grey,* and watched in shock as the book and its two sequels (*Fifty Shades Darker* and *Fifty Shades Freed*) sold more than 100 million copies worldwide, making her more than $100 million. That is, few women except Sam Taylor-Johnson, director of the first film in the *Fifty Shades* trilogy (yes, there will be not one, not two, but three movies, provided that the first, which opens in theaters on Valentine's Day, isn't a colossal misfire). Like James, Taylor-Johnson, 47, is British. She's also futzed with her name of late, after falling in love with Aaron Johnson, the 24-year-old *Godzilla* and *Avengers: Age of Ultron* star, whom she cast as a young John Lennon in *Nowhere Boy,* her first feature film.

The two were married in 2012, and together they have two daughters, whom Aaron delivered on his own at their home in London. Wasn't that scary? I asked. "No, it was amazing,"

STYLED BY TOBY GRIMDITCH; HAIR PRODUCTS BY KEVIN MURPHY; MAKEUP PRODUCTS AND NAIL ENAMEL BY CHANEL; HAIR BY LISA EASTWOOD; MAKEUP BY MARY GREENWELL; MANICURE BY SHREEN GAYLE; SET DESIGN BY TRISH STEPHENSON; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY SAM RUDD; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAV KANDER



AUTEUR! AUTEUR!
Director Sam Taylor-Johnson, in London, where she lives with her husband, actor Aaron Taylor-Johnson, and her four children.

TAYLOR-JOHNSON WEARS CLOTHING BY SAINT LAURENT BY HEDI SLIMANE; SUSPENDERS BY DRAKE'S.









YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE

(1) Author E. L. James in 2012. **(2)** Dakota Johnson and Jamie Dornan as Anastasia Steele and Christian Grey. **(3)** Sam Taylor-Johnson directs her actors. **(4)** Christian reaches for a blindfold, one of many accessories to be found in his "playroom."

said Taylor-Johnson, adding that women shouldn't listen to male doctors at hospitals who tell them to give birth in a certain way. "I hate that," she said. "It's like, 'Screw off—it's my body.'"

On a recent weekday at 8:30 A.M., those young girls, plus Taylor-Johnson's two daughters from her previous marriage to art dealer Jay Jopling, a near tween and a teenager, were climbing around her Hollywood Hills villa like macaques on a Hindu temple. They had moved in three days earlier. "It was move the family to Los Angeles to finish *Fifty Shades* or commute from London," said Taylor-Johnson, a slender, self-possessed blonde who had dressed in sporty blue shorts and a white T-shirt in expectation of taking a hike. The kids went off to the playground with their father. "Aaron takes care of the girls when I'm working and he's not," she said. "And we've also got two dogs who are girls, so Aaron is completely outnumbered: it's seven to one in this household! There are crazy hormones here."

Stepping lightly in her sneakers, Taylor-Johnson headed out of her home and began hiking up a steep path. "I have had to [hike] every day because of the madness of *Fifty Shades.* It helps me clear my mind and helps me keep sane," she explained. We talked about her childhood in England, spent on welfare in a "strange, dark, gloomy house that still gives me nightmares," before she made her way to Goldsmiths art school, where she befriended Damien Hirst and many of the young artists known as the Y.B.A.'s, or Young British Artists. "In the art world, the more blue-collar you are, the more you get invited to dinners with ambassadors of whatever, because you're presumed to be an interesting person," she said, a bit dryly. Jopling, Taylor-Johnson's first husband—an Eton-educated son of a Tory M.P.—became one of the most powerful art dealers in Europe and the primary salesman of the Y.B.A.'s, including Hirst and Tracey Emin. The couple lived in a Georgian home in Marylebone. "We had staff, yeah," she said. "Life was all about parties and entertaining."

Then tragedy struck: at 29, Taylor-Johnson was diagnosed with colon cancer. At 33, breast cancer. At 40, divorced. None of these experiences, she said, did anything but make her stronger. "I've experienced, you know, a few major challenges in my life, and I think it definitely gave me a determination to go feet first into things," she said. "Once you've stared into the void . . . you grab life by the horns and run with it." Has making *Fifty Shades* been a challenge? I asked. "Oh, yes, definitely," she said. "But once you've experienced the kind of fear I've experienced, the fear of taking on something big like *Fifty Shades* is a silly fear, that's just fear of your own ego."

Dirt crunched under Taylor-Johnson's sneakers as the hiking path split in three. She pointed straight ahead. "So there's the hard-core way, the semi-hard-core way, and then the one for people who think they're doing it the hard way." I had a sense of which one she wanted to go up, and begged for mercy. "O.K., we'll do the easy one," she said, smiling. "No need to show off."

There are few book-to-film projects in recent memory that have been as anticipated, debated, and kept under wraps as *Fifty Shades of Grey.* At first, E. L. James says, she wasn't sure she even wanted to make a film, but then jokes, "Have you met my agent, [Valerie Hoskins]?" She adds, "When I started out writing *Fifty Shades* and sharing it with friends on the Internet, I had no idea this is where this would all lead. But when they went viral and started selling in millions, Hollywood came calling, and the demand for a movie, from studios and from fans, became almost overwhelming. I used to work in TV [as a producer], and I enjoyed it, but like a lot of TV people I'd always wondered how it would be to work on a movie. I thought this would be my one opportunity, so I said yes." She adds, "There's all sorts of fun you can have in a darkened room . . . You can eat lots of popcorn, for example . . . But there's a special thrill seeing what used to exist only in your head and on the page up there on a screen for an audience to experience together. In a way, your daydreams come to life before your eyes, if not always in exactly the way you imagined."

When the *Fifty Shades* film rights came up for sale, in 2012, they created an explosion in Hollywood. At least six studios and dozens of producers were interested, meeting with James and her agent in Los Angeles and London. Universal—chaired by another fortysomething British woman, Donna Langley—and Focus Features won the rights, paying what's thought to be as much as $5 million, plus a far bigger than usual slice of the gross proceeds for the author. James was over the moon, and not just about her financial haul.

While Universal will not comment on the details of the deal, Hoskins told Mike Fleming in a Deadline.com interview, "I sent out a term sheet of what we wanted . . . something that was truly collaborative. . . . The Universal offer fulfilled it 100%. The goal was to protect the material and its manifestations into movies. . . . E.L. said she would be all over it like a rash." Insiders have implied James managed to retain control over the film—unusual for any writer, let alone a first-time novelist. Most writers are handed a check and told to go their way, so the Hollywood professionals can take over. But James was involved in an immense number of decisions, including *Fifty Shades'* casting, script, and choice of director.

This would seem to be a lot of responsibility placed on one person, but it was never going to be about the individual. The *Fifty Shades* movie has always been about the horde. Like so many blockbuster books that have been turned into films lately—*The Hunger Games, Divergent, Twilight, Harry Potter*—the property brings with it a huge fan base, and that's both a boon and a curse to filmmakers. While *Jaws, The Exorcist, The Godfather,* and other best-sellers from

"OUR MANTRA WAS 'WE'RE GOING TO WORK IT OUT,'" SAYS DE LUCA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER CREMERS/HOLLANDSE HOOGTE/REDUX (1), FROM UNIVERSAL PICTURES (2, 4), BY CHUCK ZLOTNICK/UNIVERSAL PICTURES (3)

the 1970s were more loosely adapted from the original texts, today's book fans are looking for literal interpretations of their beloved novels—or at least movie marketing departments think they are.

Read All About It

Let's summarize how the phenomenon of *Fifty Shades of Grey* came to be, in case you managed to miss the attention lavished on it by the mainstream media over the past few years. In 2012, Vintage published the trilogy, which clocked in at an astonishing 1,664 pages, but that was far from the moment when the author began her *Fifty Shades* journey. In 2009, James, who has two sons, a Westie, and a screenwriter husband, Niall, of 27 years (he has called himself the "least romantic fecker that ever lived" and admitted to buying her a can opener as a Christmas present), began experiencing what she has called a "midlife crisis, writ large." During the day, she worked at her television job, as she says. At night, she adopted the pen name "Snowqueens Icedragon" and later "E. L. James," shielding her identity from nosy co-workers so that she felt free to write "some naughty stuff."

James published her stories online in forums filled with a very specific fan group: the Twihards, or, specifically, the slice of Twihards who are obsessed with not only the interactions of Stephenie Meyer's two main characters, human girl Bella and vampire Edward, in the four *Twilight* novels, but also their erotic peregrinations. *Twilight* was the bible, but Snowqueens Icedragon and her fellow fan-fiction writers spun their tales in many different directions. James had the clever idea of remaking Bella as Anastasia Steele, a Brontë-loving virgin finishing college in the Pacific Northwest, and transforming Edward into Christian Grey, a bondage-loving, emotionally stunted Seattle billionaire.

As you might imagine, there's a lot of sex in *Fifty Shades,* though it's not as brutal as advertised. In the first book, I count about a dozen sex scenes, of which one and two are "vanilla" episodes, as Christian calls them, which means (mostly) missionary-style sex in a bed. Three is Anastasia's introduction to oral sex and gentle bondage with a silk tie. Four is a fan favorite: sex while Christian dribbles white wine into Anastasia's mouth and melts ice chips in her navel. In five, Anastasia gets a spanking (later, when she feels sad, Christian rushes back to her apartment to sleep with her in his arms). Six is in Christian's "playroom," where he ties her up and teases her with a riding crop. There's also sex in his parents' boathouse, sex with silver beads in her vagina, sex on a desk, sex in bathrooms, showers, and tubs. He says, "Look at you. You are so beautiful." And they "lie staring at each other, gray eyes into blue, face-to-face, in the super king bed, both hugging our pillows to our fronts. Naked. Not touching. Just looking and admiring, covered by the sheet." Once, after sex, they jump into a convertible as Verdi's *Traviata* booms from the car stereo and head to an airfield to fly gliders, which Christian calls his "second favorite pastime." His favorite is "indulging in you, Miss Steele."

In the second-to-last sex scene, Christian blindfolds Anastasia, cranks up a hymn on the stereo, and flogs her while she's spread-eagled and cuffed to the four-poster bed in his playroom. Then, in the last sex scene, he is distracted. He's worried for Anastasia's safety, because a former paramour of his has gone crazy and wants to kill her, but he can't tell Anastasia this, because it is a fact too, too terrible to contemplate. Terrified by his mysterious sadness, she asks to face her deepest fears and tells him to give it to her as hard as he can. He hits her hard with a belt. She freaks out and leaves him. The power shift is complete, and he is devastated, lost and adrift, without a soulmate.

It was a great surprise to James, and an honor, when a small Australian publisher took on her story. Then, in a quirk of fate that's more and more the case for cultural products in a viral world, the ladies of Long Island just so happened to get their delicate, manicured hands on *Fifty Shades.* A knot of toned, plucked, and thoroughly bored mommies began to talk about the novels, furtively, at spin class and school pickups. These women weren't great readers, per se, but there was something in James's books that lit a spark in them, and I have a feeling it wasn't the plot. *Fifty Shades* quickly traveled up and down northeastern America, and James started to receive media requests to talk about the book. It was a "weird thing—the way it spread," she says. "I had no idea it would happen like that."

When Vintage picked up the trilogy for a reported seven-figure sum, there was some nay-saying in the publishing world. Sure, women would buy erotica as an e-book in the privacy of their own homes, but who would ever think they would go into a bookstore or go on Amazon and buy a hardcover copy, to leave lying around? The naysayers couldn't have been more wrong. Now, millions more women wanted to check out what had everyone else panting.

Worldwide operating profits for Random House, Vintage's parent company, jumped almost 76 percent for 2012, and every U.S. employee got a $5,000 bonus, which was announced at the Christmas party. "It was the most joyous Christmas party in the history of publishing," says executive vice president of Knopf (another Random House division) Paul Bogaards.

And what is the appeal, exactly? Well, *Fifty Shades* is about the sexual awakening of Anastasia, and the emotional awakening of Christian—and the way these two trajectories intersect and enhance the other. It's also about the fantasy of most middle-class, romance-reading women around the globe, who still imagine, in 2014, that it takes only the right woman to transform even the most callow single fellow into a dutiful, doting husband. In this case, the man in question is a billionaire with a staffed penthouse and a helicopter nicknamed "Charlie Tango" parked on a personal helipad on his roof. What Christian does for work remains mysterious, revealed mostly in snippets of phone conversations about "attractive investments" and "plots of land," and discussions about feeding Darfur—which makes it even more delicious that *this* man's head could be turned by the mild-mannered, after-school-job-at-the-hardware-store, thoroughly down-to-earth Anastasia Steele, whose only real shortcoming is that she's too skinny because she never, ever feels a desire to eat.

"SOME PEOPLE SAID, 'I'M SURPRISED YOU HAVEN'T QUIT,'" SAYS TAYLOR-JOHNSON.

Then throw in the blindfolds and chains, *and* the fact that Christian uses the blindfolds and chains to torture his girlfriends—the books, at least in this regard, are hardly pro–women's rights—because he's in deep pain about a childhood spent with a crack-addicted mother and her abusive pimp, and you've got an unstoppable train barreling straight into the libidos of middle-aged mommies everywhere.

It also doesn't hurt that Christian thinks of Ana's every need and showers her with presents—three $14,000 first editions of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles,* a red hatchback Audi, and a closet filled with designer labels and fancy lingerie (and that's just the first book). If only readers' husbands would say the same things to them in bed that Christian does, all about how beautiful they are, how soft their skin, how luminous their eyes. This, at the base of it, is what they're really craving: devotion and adoration. And James understood this well. "This is a book for women," she says. "I wrote it for me."

Though she can be seen in Los Angeles at the Chateau Marmont, where she's often found in the dimly lit garden with a nice glass of wine, James likes to eat Nutella with a spoon and has only recently upgraded her home in West London. She is funny, warm, and a great dinner date; she has described herself as a "gregarious party girl" and is a "hanger-outer," says a friend. But she doesn't do a lot of hiking up the "hard trail." James is fond of tweeting her fans at night, saying, "I may have had too much to drink but I wanted to say how much I love you guys. You are everything & I thank you from the bottom of my heart," and has said that her ultimate fantasy dinner party would comprise "my fanfiction friends from around the world."

It wasn't a surprise that James and Universal's Donna Langley got along well: "She knows how to make a brilliant cup of tea," James has said. "Most of you [Americans] do not know how to make a cup of tea." The women set about finding a producer for the film, settling on *The Social Network* producers Michael De Luca and Dana Brunetti, who were in London finishing *Captain Phillips,* in which Tom Hanks gets kidnapped by Somalian pirates. "I thought the *Fifty Shades* ship had sailed, because every producer under the sun was chasing the thing," says De Luca. The two men met with James in Los Angeles and laid out their vision. "I thought, first and foremost, *Fifty Shades* was a love story . . . despite all the press the books were getting about being taboo or scandalous," says De Luca. "I talked about, you know, literary books that featured female characters in various states of either sexual oppression or repression or awakening. . . . I go right back to *Madame Bovary.* I read it in high school, and it was my favorite book, but also *Wuthering Heights,* and the collected works of D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller—all the novels that have been about love and sexuality in more nuanced and subtle ways." James's Anastasia, says De Luca, is a lot like Elizabeth Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice,* with Christian as Mr. Darcy. "I thought Erika was playing with a lot of classic archetypes that have a lot of power."

With an estimated budget of $40 million, James and the team set about finding a writer, director, and cast—all while fans, and the public, offered their opinions in a hail of social-media messages. In terms of a screenwriter, the fans didn't have many suggestions, but then *American Psycho* author Bret Easton Ellis publicly jumped into the fray. "I read the book out of curiosity. If it had not been as big of a hit, I would not have picked it up," says Ellis. "I realized, Oh, this isn't well written. It isn't a good book. But this is a really good story, and it would make a really good movie." He devoted hundreds of tweets to the film and recommended himself as writer, engaging fans in his ideas and lobbying them to pressure James to give him the job. Ellis thought *Fifty Shades* should be an CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

GROOMING BY SHEL BURKS; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

BONJOUR, CINCINNATI!



Conductor Louis Langrée, photographed in Cincinnati.

When the French conductor Louis Langrée took charge of Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, in 2003, he was a virtual unknown in the United States and the festival was languishing in the doldrums. Twelve seasons later, under Langrée's baton, Mostly Mozart is all about thrilling juxtapositions, mixing old and new. "Mozart only composed contemporary music. We should never forget that," the 54-year-old maestro says.

A case in point was last summer's closing program, which paired Mozart's Requiem with *Polyptyque,* an intimate 1973 violin concerto by Frank Martin. Audiences, Langrée says, are "eager to discover new pieces, to be curious, to not only come for pieces they know. And that's very Mozartean." The festival would seem to agree: it has secured Langrée's services through 2017. But New Yorkers don't need to wait until next summer to see him in action; Langrée will conduct *Carmen* at the Metropolitan Opera for a string of performances beginning February 6.

Meanwhile, Langrée has become the 13th music director of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, moving his wife and two children from the banks of the Seine to the banks of the Ohio. It may seem a long way from Mulhouse, the Alsatian city where he grew up (and from his itinerant conducting lifestyle in Europe), but how far away is it, really? "I feel completely at home," Langrée says, noting the German-immigrant origins of the C.S.O. "Yes, I'm French, but I come from Alsace, which is French with some German DNA." –DAMIAN FOWLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE PYKE

Twilight of

Humphrey Bogart said she made "Marilyn Monroe look both pursued her for years. And, at 87, Gina Lollobrigida is still in who claims they are actually married; the son who has sued over exclusive interview in Rome, one of the last icons of



LA DOLCE GINA
Gina Lollobrigida in the Indian-style den of her villa on the Via Appia Antica, in Rome, summer 2014.

the Goddess

like Shirley Temple." Howard Hughes and Prince Rainier of Monaco the headlines for the men in her life: the ex-fiancé, decades younger, control of her fortune; and a handsome, 27-year-old assistant. In an golden-age Hollywood tells JAMES REGINATO about it all



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER

On the outskirts of Rome, high, mysterious walls flank the ancient Appian Way. When the gates to Gina Lollobrigida's home of nearly 60 years swing open, a large, verdant property with white storks perambulating about is revealed. An elderly servant ushers visitors into the entry hall of the expansive villa, which is packed with Baroque antiques and art. Then a petite figure resplendent in emeralds magisterially descends the grand staircase: Gina Lollobrigida still knows how to make an entrance.

"*Terrible days,*" she moans. "What's happened to me is more incredible than film!"

What has transpired in the life of the 87-year-old living legend once known as "the most beautiful woman in the world"? Some clues can be gathered from a series of headlines in the international press over the course of the past decade:

LOLLOBRIGIDA, 79, TO MARRY MAN 34 YEARS YOUNGER

GINA'S WEDDING TO HER TOYBOY IS OFF

'WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN' IN BIZARRE SHAM MARRIAGE SCANDAL

"YES, I *DID* MARRY GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA—BY PROXY"

SCREEN STAR UNMASKS HER "FAKE HUSBAND"

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA'S SON SEEKS COURT CONTROL OVER HER BUSINESS DEALINGS

One can't help but imagine Lollobrigida's villa as the set of some Italian version of *Sunset Boulevard.* While the comparison is fanciful (and, one hopes, the writer will not end up floating facedown in the *piscina* at the end of this story), the picture was released the same year—1950—that Lollobrigida arrived in Hollywood, having been flown there by a besotted Howard Hughes. Three years later, her breakout film arrived, *Beat the Devil,* directed by John Huston, written by Huston and Truman Capote, and starring Humphrey Bogart, who said that Gina made "Marilyn Monroe look like Shirley Temple."

Lollobrigida would go on to star opposite a string of leading men that included Errol Flynn, Burt Lancaster, Anthony Quinn, Yul Brynner, Frank Sinatra, and Rock Hudson, and be directed by such greats as Carol Reed and King Vidor. With almost everyone from that era long gone, she is among the last living vestiges of Hollywood's golden years.

Born in 1927 in Subiaco, a hill town near Rome, Gina Lollobrigida spent her teenage years dodging wartime bombs with her three sisters, mother, and father, a furniture-maker. As Italy dug itself out of the war's rubble, the voluptuous "La Lollo," as she was dubbed, virtually embodied the country's newfound energy and glamour, much of which was manufactured at Cinecittà, the Roman film confectionery.

It was to Cinecittà that she was summoned after a talent scout spotted her outside Rome's Academy of Fine Arts, where she was studying drawing and sculpture.

As Gina recalls, however, she didn't care to go to any audition. "But they insisted," she says, referring to studio executives, as we sit down to chat in a dimly lit library. "I refused when they offered me my first role. They insisted again. They asked my mother to convince me and said they would pay me one thousand lire. So I told them my price was one million lire, thinking that would put a stop to the whole thing. But they said yes!"

Thus a pattern was established: La Lollo got whatever she wanted, because, basically, she didn't care. "I was successful very early," she explains. "I never had to ask for what I wanted. I just had to say yes, because they always offered me so much more. At one point, I had in my contract, in addition to 10 percent of the gross, approval of my costar, the director, and the script.

"I had more publicity than anyone because I refused it—I didn't care about it," she continues. As Gina tells it, her approach to the press contrasted starkly with that of 20th-century Italy's other superstar screen siren, Sophia Loren, who has often been depicted as Gina's great rival. "My God!" says Gina, rolling her eyes and flashing annoyance when I mention Loren. "She and her press agents started this 'rivalry' with me—and she hasn't stopped for 50 years. It was really boring for me. I had enough of that. Even when she changed press agents—which I've never used—she continued it." (Sophia Loren declined to comment.) "We are different," Gina says with a shrug. "We made completely different careers. I wanted to be an artist more than anything else. I wanted a career on a high level."

Lollobrigida also maintained her self-possession where men were concerned; she's fought off some of the world's most powerful



PERFECTLY SCULPTED Lollobrigida poses with her sculptures *Ippolita* (1999), depicting her character in the 1962 film *She Got What She Asked For,* and *Intimacy* (1995).

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA HAS FOUGHT OFF SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MALES.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK MASTRO/BETTMANN/CORBIS



CIAO, BELLA
A fan greets Lollobrigida at the 1958 New York premiere of her film *Beautiful but Dangerous.*







PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHANE CARDINALE/PEOPLE AVENUE/CORBIS (2), GEORGES DUDOGNON/ADOC-PHOTOS/CORBIS (1), FROM THE KOBAL COLLECTION (4), FROM MGM/THE KOBAL COLLECTION (6), FROM REPORTERS ASSOCIATI & ARCHIVI (3), © STUDIO PATELLANI/CORBIS (7), © UNITED ARTISTS/SUNSET BOULEVARD/CORBIS (5)


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SIREN CALL

Gina Lollobrigida: **(1)** red-hot in 1960; **(2)** with Javier Rigau y Rafols in Monaco, 2005; **(3)** aboard a Lambretta scooter with Rock Hudson, on the set of *Come September,* 1961; **(4)** at right, with Sophia Loren and Yvonne De Carlo in Berlin, 1954; **(5)** on the set of *Trapeze,* with Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis, 1956; **(6)** with Frank Sinatra in 1959's *Never So Few;* **(7)** on the set of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame,* 1956.


7



"WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME IS MORE INCREDIBLE THAN FILM!" SAYS LOLLOBRIGIDA.



THE CAT'S MEOW *Opposite,* Lollobrigida and feline in a 1954 portrait by Philippe Halsman. *Above,* accompanying seven-year-old son Milko to school, Rome, 1964.

males. For two decades this was in order to stay true to her marriage vows. In 1949, Lollobrigida was wed to Milko Skofic, a Slovenian physician some seven years her senior, who became her manager and with whom she had a son, Andrea Milko Skofic, born in 1957.

Howard's Friend

Her most ardent and persistent admirer was Howard Hughes. Beginning in the 1920s, the business magnate had independently produced a number of blockbuster pictures such as *Hell's Angels* (1930) and *Scarface* (1932); in 1948 he gained control of RKO, then one of the major studios. His infatuation with La Lollo began in 1950 when he saw publicity photos (taken by Skofic) of a 23-year-old bikini-clad Gina, who, at that point, had appeared in a few Italian films but was not well known. Hughes, then 44, quickly located the ingénue and invited her to Hollywood for a screen test. She accepted, with the expectation that her husband could accompany her. Not surprisingly, just before their planned departure from Rome, only one of the two promised plane tickets arrived. "But my husband trusted me," says Lollobrigida today. "He said, 'Go. I don't want you to say one day that I didn't let you have a career.' So I went alone."

Upon her arrival at Los Angeles International Airport, she was met by Hughes's agents, who installed her in a suite at the Town House Hotel (a luxurious establishment of the day on Wilshire Boulevard), staffed with her own secretary, chauffeur (though Hughes didn't like her seeing any man but him), English coach, and voice teacher. She was given a script to rehearse—a divorce scene.

"It was very funny," recalls Lollobrigida.

The trip lasted two and a half months, during which time she saw Hughes daily, fending off his passes continuously. "Time and time he tried to get me! But he didn't succeed. I wanted to be correct."

Not to say that she didn't enjoy his company, odd though he could be. "He was very tall, very interesting," she says. "He had two jackets and one pair of pants that he wore every day—full of dust and dirt, like a worker's. He hated being seen by the press, so we always went to very cheap restaurants and sometimes ate in the car. I spoke very little English then. Howard Hughes taught me the swearwords!"

"There was just too much difference between us," she says, explaining why she didn't accept his proposals. "I said to him, 'If you lose all your money, then perhaps I'll marry you.' Maybe he was surprised that there was one person who wasn't interested in his money.

"Then my husband realized it was time for me to come home," she continues. Before she flew back to Rome, however, Hughes presented Lollobrigida with a seven-year contract. The document made it exorbitantly expensive for any other American movie studio to hire her. "I signed it because I wanted to go home."

But, for the better part of a decade, Hughes continued to pursue her: "He didn't give up! He sent all his lawyers to see me. They played tennis with my husband."

In retrospect, she might have done things differently. "I was too innocent at the time," she admits. "I later realized he was a very interesting man. More interesting than my husband."

The Skofics divorced in 1971, though she says they had been drifting apart for some time. "People thought we had a very happy marriage, but I didn't want to say the truth. The house is big, and we didn't want people to know, so he lived here for the last years of the marriage, but we weren't really together. When divorce was legalized in Italy, I was one of the first to get it."

While the divorce left her a free woman, she had to contend with advances from admirers (some of them married). His Serene Highness Prince Rainier III pursued her for years, she says. During his marriage to Grace Kelly, he was not very subtle: "He would make passes at me in front of her, in their home. Obviously, I said, 'No!'

"'My God, at least do it carefully—not in front of her,'" Gina says she told him. "He was burned up at me for 20 years for refusing him. But, after she died, he forgot about that, and we became friendly again," she adds.

Gina seems to have elicited real passion even from Rock Hudson, her co-star in *Come September* (1961) and *Strange Bedfellows* (1965). "I don't think he was gay then—people can change," she says. "When we did our love scenes, he was quite . . . normal. He liked me very much. I felt something . . . it was more than a kiss. He was the most adorable person I ever worked with."

Signore Right

Notwithstanding her many suitors, the sad fact seems to be that "the most beautiful woman in the world" has had lifelong troubles finding Mr. Right: "My experience has been that, when I have found the right person, he has run away from me. I am too strong, too popular. Important men, they want to be the star—they don't want to be in your shadow."

Which leads us to the genesis of Gina's current predicament. By the early 1980s, her movie career had slowed, though she has remained busy since then, having re-invented herself as a photographer, then a political candidate (she ran unsuccessfully for the European Parliament in 1999), and, currently, a sculptor. Lollobrigida maintains an enormous studio in

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH © MAGNUM PHOTOS; INSET FROM REPORTERS ASSOCIATI & ARCHIVI

Pietrasanta, the Tuscan artists' colony, where she creates figurative sculptures—some of them colossal—in marble and bronze that have a kinship to the work of Jeff Koons and have been exhibited in Paris, Moscow, and Venice, among other places.

As Gina tells it, she is really a loner, dedicated to her art: "I have never made any compromise, remaining independent and always alone. My strength is my free spirit, and my great imagination gives me strength and vitality."

She is free to do as she wants, being a wealthy woman. According to reports, she has a fortune of around $50 million. (Gina dismisses the estimates as "totally unfounded." She adds, "I never cared about money.") Last year, a sale of some of her jewelry at Sotheby's netted around $5 million, which she donated for stem-cell research.

According to a "love" story that has been widely reported, it was in 1984—at a party in Monaco, where she maintains residency and also owns a villa—that Gina met Javier Rigau y Rafols, a tall, charming Spaniard. "I was 23 and she was 57, which I would say is the perfect age between a man and a woman," he told *The Mail on Sunday* in early 2013.

In October 2006, they went public with their relationship and announced their imminent wedding. "Gina is my life," Javier told the Spanish magazine *¡Hola!* at the time. "I have been in love with her divinely during all these years."

"In the beginning," Gina explained, "what there was between me and Javier was only passion, not love. That came later.

"I have always had a weakness for young men," she added.

Wedding Jitters

Two months later, however, she called off the wedding. Gina blamed intense media scrutiny for the cancellation: "Javier is desperate. Ever since we have announced this wedding, he has been tormented with lies and slander. He can't take it anymore."

Rigau, who has been described as a "debonair entrepreneur," promised, for his part, that he would "always love and respect" his former fiancée.

Much about this relationship, it turns out, was not what it seemed. Lollobrigida now claims that the couple had been together for only 2 years, not 22. They met in 2004, she says, and before they announced their engagement, in 2006, Rigau decided to add two decades to the story to make the union sound more serious, a fabrication Gina went along with. (Photos of the pair together that date back to 2000 can be found, however.)

It only gets weirder.

On November 29, 2010, Rigau went ahead with their wedding, using a stand-in for Gina. According to Lollobrigida, this was entirely unbeknownst to her. She says she found out about her "wedding" only by chance, in January 2013, from documents she stumbled across on the Internet. Rigau claims that she had willingly signed all necessary paperwork and agreed to marry him by proxy in order to avoid a media spectacle, and that they were happily married. Lollobrigida says that he was able to arrange the proxy marriage using a power of attorney she had once granted him to take care of a different legal matter.

In late January 2013, she filed a complaint with police in Rome and lawsuits in Italy and Spain, objecting to the "wedding," which had taken place at a church in Barcelona, with eight CONTINUED ON PAGE 110





BRONZE AGE *Top,* Lollobrigida's 2007 bronze bust of herself as the Queen of Sheba in the 1959 film *Solomon and Sheba. Bottom,* the artist in her studio in Pietrasanta, with her bronzes *The World for Children* (1994) and *Esmeralda* (2002).

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD" HAS HAD LIFELONG TROUBLES

FINDING MR. RIGHT.





VROOM! VROOM!
Top, Lollobrigida (beside a 1978 Giacomo Manzù bronze of her) with her manager, Andrea Piazzolla (astride his Ducati). *Above,* Lollobrigida surrounded by her treasures.

Rosamund Pike



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 just like the girl in *Gone Girl*?,' and I said, 'Well, that's me.' And then she just looked at me with this deepest look of suspicion. And I said, 'I'm pregnant, so I look a bit different, and I'm English.' And she's like, 'But why are you here?' And I said, 'Well, I'm from here.' And it was like, 'You should not be buying cold cuts in a restaurant in Soho!'" Once you're 50 feet tall and in the public's imagination, it's as if you've become an alien being. The public doesn't want you to be real. "Take Kate Moss," Rosamund says. "She never spoke, did she? That increased the paradigm so much."

The consensus among actors she's worked with over the past several years is that her big success is long overdue. Sally Hawkins commented that "actors who are extremely beautiful can be easily dismissed, but people are beginning to realize that Rosamund has this incredible ability and incredible brain. She can do anything, but she's not showy with it—she doesn't shout about it. So, it's about time people knew about her. She's worked incredibly hard to get to the point where she's just arrived. She's meant to be where she is."

Carey Mulligan describes the first time she worked with Pike, in *Pride & Prejudice,* which was Mulligan's first screen role. "I was 18. I walked into that whole experience pretty young, pretty fresh, and Ros was one of the first people I met on the project. I idolized her—I still do. She was just this graceful beauty I'd seen on television, on *Foyle's War* and *Wives and Daughters.* I'd seen her do her villain turn in *Die Another Day,* so when I met her in real life, I was terrified." But the 12 weeks of filming *Pride & Prejudice* turned out to be a kind of enchantment for the young actresses. "Ros was just unbelievably warm from the very first day and really embraced me as a little sister on that whole job, and kind of guided me through it," Mulligan recalls. "It was an amazing summer, sort of an extraordinary experience none of us have repeated since. She was my big sister for the whole summer."

Edgar Wright, who directed Rosamund in the dystopian madcap comedy *The World's End*—which featured Simon Pegg and Nick Frost as middle-aged men going on a pub crawl—saw that she "had really good comic timing, and that she was a great comedic actress as well as a dramatic actress. She came in to read [for *The World's End*] with the rest of the cast, mostly made up of comic actors, while she was heavily pregnant with her first child, and she was amazing. It was a no-brainer in terms of wanting Rosamund to play this part."

Wright was also impressed with how willing she was to do the demanding fight choreography involved. "She's really good at the choreography, you know, really wanted to do all of her own stunts all the time and was disappointed when finally a stunt double had to step in."

Filming *Gone Girl* was a particularly grueling experience, given Fincher's penchant for re-shooting: "I spent more time in front of the camera on that film than in my entire career to date, because he's shooting five to six hours of footage a day, and over a hundred days shooting—that mounts up," Pike says. They shot the scene 36 times in which Rosamund slits the throat of Neil Patrick Harris (as her savior/captor, Desi Collings). The set had to be remade for each take; think of the 36 showers they had to take, to wash the fake blood off.

"I told them to rehearse it for three days," Fincher explained, "as we're pumping five gallons of blood out of Desi's throat." They worked it out for a week, then filmed it, with "36 sheets, 450 gallons of blood, and 36 pairs of underpants" on hand.

"I feel like I've dealt with the Minotaur and now I'm facing Medusa" is how Pike describes having lived through a David Fincher movie and now being presented with the thrilling challenges of stardom.

"What's lovely about her," Fincher says, "is she's unquenchingly curious—that's the greatest thing an actor can have. She comes across on-screen as the way she is in real life—a kind of approachability that people who are genetically blessed usually don't [have]. They've seen a lot; they've heard a lot of opening lines. She's someone who wants to get into the mud with you, but there's no room in the mosh pit for her pedestal. If she sees you're giving her contribution its due, she's there for you. She will explore. She's game."

One of the biggest pressures facing any actor after a blockbuster film is what happens next. ("It's not the film—it's the *announcement* of the film that everyone pays attention to," Pike says.) But, for Rosamund, her second pregnancy has pre-empted all that. "It's been a great protective shield from having to make a decision, because the next thing that comes won't be a film."

As for the kind of role she'd like to take on next, Rosamund says, "I'm hoping that something will just become blindingly clear, and it'll just be a part that I *have* to play. What I'd really like is for David Fincher to just ring up and say, 'Are you ready for Round Two?'"

"She's really good at her business," says Paul Giamatti, who worked with Rosamund on *Barney's Version* (based on Canadian writer Mordecai Richler's novel of the same name). When asked what qualities make Rosamund Pike star material, Giamatti answered, "She's uniquely, strangely beautiful, and there's a certain mystery to her beauty, and that has a lot to do with being a movie star." Giamatti commented on the differences between American and English actors. "I think the English have a different approach to acting in general," he notes. "They have a longer tradition with it and are more focused on being actors rather than being celebrities. She can be very English—very no-nonsense in a wonderful, stiff-upper-lip way." But Rosamund is not a *Masterpiece Theatre* idea of an Englishwoman. She loves the words "crap" and "stuff." She's athletic, funny, outspoken, and she's been in a relationship these past six years with a man 18 years her senior.

Robie Uniacke remains something of a mystery man because Rosamund won't talk about her family or allow photographs to be taken of them, but he's been tantalizingly described as a "mathematical researcher." He's a bibliophile who owned a celebrated bookshop in London, and he's been married twice before and has children from those two earlier marriages. (His first wife was Emma Howard, daughter of the late Earl of Carlisle; his second wife was Rose Batstone, an interior designer, now married to David Heyman, producer of the Harry Potter films and son of the late Elizabeth Taylor's one-time favorite manager.)

When Rosamund first met Robie, they had "this wonderful thing of two flats very close, which meant you could do these great sorts of romantic things. I could cook something and send it over in a taxi, and it would arrive and still be hot. Just sort of amusing things like that." They are doing a good job trying to stay domestic and sane, even while having to ride the tiger of *Gone Girl* and Rosamund's increasing fame.

A raffishly handsome guy, Uniacke looks like a cross between Sam Shepard and Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Rosamund has described him as "the most interesting person" she's ever met, a "clever partner who's got a very astute mind and is very, very well read and articulate. The quality I most admire about him is he sees the value in *anonymity.*"

They fell in love at Stonehenge.

Rosamund explains: "I bumped into a friend of mine, who was buying oranges, and I said, 'Oh, are you cooking?' And he said, 'No, I'm going to the summer solstice at Stonehenge.' I said, 'What's that?' He said, 'Well, it's the one night of the year that you can get close to the stones because nowadays they rope them off.' And I said, 'Well, that's incredible.'"

She decided to go but wondered whom she might ask to go with her. She suddenly thought of Robie, whom she'd just met. "He's up for adventure," she thought. So they set out from London in her car, which seemed to have "a sort of Druid feel about it, being green and rather sort of elfin in shape." But almost ev-

erything went wrong. Near Stonehenge, the car broke down. They pulled into a garage and decided to "do a runner and walk to Stonehenge and pick up the car at four in the morning." (The car was towed back to London, where it sat in her mechanic's garage for six years.) Nonetheless, they stayed up till the early hours of the morning to watch the sun rise over Stonehenge, "but on that particular morning," she recalls, "because of cloud cover, the sun didn't really rise. It just sort of got light, and everyone's outside of the ring, then charging through the portals when the sun comes up. So, now there are people in full Druid costume when suddenly out from the robes came these smartphones."

On the whole, though, she's managed to keep her private life . . . well, private, despite public revelations of her first two, ill-starred romances. (Her two-year Oxford romance with actor Simon Woods, who played Mr. Bingley in *Pride & Prejudice,* ended, and in 2012, Woods married Burberry's creative director, Christopher Bailey. Director Joe Wright and Pike were later engaged for a time, but his sudden cancellation of their wedding was well noted in the English press.) However, Carey Mulligan has observed, "What I love is that people don't know [Rosamund]. She chooses not to let people know about her personal life. She promotes the work and that gives her such integrity. She's completely free of associations to other things when she's in a role."

On my last night in London, I took Rosamund and Robie to *Here Lies Love,* David Byrne's musical, which is set in a disco and recounts the mad saga of Imelda and Ferdinand Marcos. Rosamund was pining to see the show, which had just come to London. In it the audience participates by following the actors in a kind of conga line along several movable stages, and there was Rosamund, four weeks before giving birth to her second child (a boy), enthusiastically boogying and raising the roof with the rest of the crowd.

After the play, she and Robie accompanied me to a cab idling behind the National Theatre, on the banks of the Thames. As they walked away, the last thing I saw of Rosamund was the back of her head. You really do notice the back of her head, as in the beginning of *Gone Girl.* It isn't hard to imagine that she might soon be facing us and clutching an Oscar with a steady English hand. It was just a thought—and then she was gone. □



ON THE COVER

Rosamund Pike wears a gown by Donna Karan New York; earrings by Harry Winston. Hair products by Kiehl's. Makeup products by Charlotte Tilbury. Nail enamel by L'Oréal Paris. Hair by Christiaan. Makeup by Charlotte Tilbury. Manicure by Lorraine Griffin. Set design by Jack Flanagan. Produced on location by 10-4 Inc. Styled by Jessica Diehl. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Mario Testino in London. For details, go to vf.com/credits..

FROM THE ARCHIVE

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- **Rosamund Pike on the rise**
 (Richard Lawson, VF.com, October 2014)

Larry David



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 because nobody can play Larry as well as Larry, maybe Meryl Streep, but I doubt it"—is a brave move considering his theatrical training is limited to a single acting class in his 20s. David laughs. "Not a day goes by that I don't regret it." He has concerns. About vocal range for openers. "I worked with a voice coach. She started talking about diaphragm. I said, You're wasting your time. I could do this with you for the next 50 years and nothing would happen." About all the dialogue he has to learn for another, the big fat drag hassle of it. (Actually, it was Larry Charles, supervising producer of *Seinfeld* and executive producer of *Curb,* who let the cat out of the bag on that one. Charles thinks hatred of memorization is a major reason David is so gung-ho on improvisation.) And then there's that niggling little pishposh detail that David isn't, technically speaking, an actor. "You know how I realized I'm not an actor? Because if I'm on the stage my instinct is to talk to the audience, not the other actors." I ask him why he doesn't just take a page from his own script—or, I guess, outline—and feign illness or family crisis. (In the original *Curb,* the HBO special that aired in 1999, he did both, weaseling out of the comedy concert he was set to headline by giving himself a fake stepfather who got into an equally fake car accident.) David releases the most wistful of sighs. "In the things I've written, like on *Seinfeld* and *Curb,* whatever else, it was always a character trying to get out of something. And this is the first time I can't exercise that muscle, because I know it's too late. There's nothing I can do. Nothing."

David at this point is sick of answering my questions, and I can't say I blame him. We've been at it a couple of hours now, have cleared out the restaurant; even the piano player's stopped tickling the ivories, and our energies have started to fade. He decides to change the subject. From him to me.

Dull-eyed, sipping at the dregs of his tea, he asks, "What's your baby's name?" (He'd heard from *Fish in the Dark*'s publicist that I'd had a boy two weeks before.)

"Archie," I say.

Polite interest. "After the comic-book character?"

"After the movie star—Cary Grant." (Cary Grant is a stage name. He started out Archibald Leach.)

Real interest. "I love Cary Grant."

We immediately lurch into a discussion, eager and clumsy, of Grant's Hitchcock thrillers, his screwball comedies. David has a fondness for the latter in particular, his favorite being *The Awful Truth,* about a married couple, Jerry and Lucy Warriner (Grant and Irene Dunne), in love but insecure, that gets into a tiff; she files for divorce, is all set to walk down the aisle with another guy (Ralph Bellamy—his character's name is Daniel Leeson, but really it's Mr. Wrong, the same as it is in pretty much every movie he ever appeared in), only, at the last second, Jerry makes Lucy see they're made for each other. David's enthusiasm for the film surprises me, and then it doesn't, strikes me as duh-duh obvious because—and you can forget all that *Annie Hall* rebob I was talking earlier—isn't *Curb,* in fact, an updated version of *The Awful Truth*? And I don't mean just in Season Seven, in which the central arc is L.D.'s rewooing of Cheryl, who got fed up and ran off with the flyless-underwear magnate in Season Six, but in nearly every episode. L.D. is constantly blowing it with her, losing her, only to win her back before the credits roll. He's an asshole, as Hines said, but he's her asshole. (Hines is such a knockout in the un-showy role in large part because she's able to deliver seemingly endless variations on the word "Larry," conveying with her tone everything from affection to exasperation to serious exasperation.) At least he's her asshole until he isn't, and she leaves him for good. Incidentally, marriage didn't work out any better for David than it did for L.D. David and wife Laurie split in 2007. The reason David gave Jay Leno: "[Laurie] thought it would be nice to have sex with someone she liked."

Now, hold on to your hats, ladies and gentlemen, because I'm about to take this comparison one step farther. It isn't just *Curb* and *The Awful Truth* that have a lot in common. Larry David and Cary Grant do, too. I'm not talking physically, obviously. David—tough luck for

Larry David

him—has none of Grant's sleek beauty or immaculate suaveness. I'm talking emotionally, psychologically—a Cary-Grant's-soul-trapped-in-George-Costanza's-body type deal. As performers, there's a civility to both men, a gallantry, a generosity of spirit. While David is not without his control-freak tendencies ("Larry is a very specific writer," says Larry Charles. "He'll tell an actor how to say a line"), he's no camera hog. He *likes* his sidekicks and love interests and foils to score. (There were inklings in *Showgirls* that Gina Gershon was capable of high comedy, but nothing prepared you for Anna, the Hasidic dry cleaner who's up for getting down with L.D., though only if he keeps it kosher, sexes her through a hole in a sheet. Or so he thinks.) What's more, David has the sense, not to mention grace, to get out of the way whenever Susie Essman is on a roll or Wanda Sykes or J. B. Smoove, so scarily good as Leon he does the impossible, turns David into a straight man. And if David's humor is based on humiliation, nobody is humiliated more often or thoroughly than he. Everybody, and I do mean everybody, from a big-penised toddler to a geriatric kamikaze pilot to Marty Funkhouser's lesbian daughter to Marty Funkhouser's looney-tunes sister to David Schwimmer, gets one over on him.

And it's this refusal to ever take pity on himself, give himself a break or the benefit of the doubt, I think, that's inoculated him against what *Vanity Fair* writer James Wolcott calls "the serious bug," that "nagging feeling that laughs alone aren't enough." Comics are never so vulnerable to it as when they hit the heights. And a single bite is deadly, at least as far as good times for the audience go. The bug's sunk its chompers into Louis C.K.—those arty-farty bummers of episodes of *Louie* like "Country Drive." Chris Rock, also. In a recent profile, Rock discussed his latest movie, *Top Five,* in which he, Chris Rock, a world-famous funnyman who wishes he were taken more seriously, plays Andre Allen, a world-famous funnyman who wishes he were taken more seriously. (Doesn't Rock know that one *Stardust Memories* was already one too many?)

In her essay "The Man from Dream City," film critic Pauline Kael wrote, "Everyone thinks of [Cary Grant] affectionately, because he embodies what seems a happier time—a time when we had a simpler relationship to a performer. . . . He appeared before us in radiantly shallow perfection, and that was all we wanted of him." Shallow perfection, though of a different sort, is an ideal Larry David epitomizes as well. (Just as Cary Grant always played Cary Grant, so Larry David always plays Larry David.) He understands intuitively that the audience has no interest in seeing the tear tracks beneath the clown paint, or watching him wrestle with the great imponderables. The audience asks only that he make it laugh, give it pleasure. And besides, soul-baring just isn't his thing. That kind of intimacy icks him out, in fact. He finds it cloying, too much. (He won't show you his if you won't show him yours.) He keeps his distance, which is another way of saying he minds his manners, doesn't overstep his bounds or outstay his welcome. When I ask him how come he hasn't attempted his *Stardust Memories,* i.e., a work that would prove he has a tortured-artiste side, too, goddammit, David says that he'd "be going against [his] instincts," that he'd "be lost." He then calls himself superficial. Jokes, "I get in up to my ankles—that's about it." But it's not a lack of depth that inhibits him from wandering the dark corridors of his psyche on-camera, I would argue; it's a lack of narcissism. A lack of narcissism is also why he brushes off Jennifer Lawrence's crush. ("I really didn't take it in a sexual way. I took it as she was a fan.") And why he gets uncomfortable with the one-way-streetness of an interview.

"Everyone wants to be Cary Grant," Cary Grant famously observed. "Even I want to be Cary Grant." Larry David, "Jew face," "four-eyed fuck," "bald asshole"—these are but a few of the epithets thrown his way on *Curb*—may be the one who's come the closest to actually pulling it off. □

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Gina Lollobrigida



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 106 witnesses brought by Rigau. Speaking to the press, Gina referred to Rigau as "this vile person" and dismissed the proxy marriage as a "vulgar fraud."

Rigau threatened to countersue. "If I have to take action against my wife, I will," he told a reporter from *The Mail on Sunday.* "I cannot remain silent because my only asset is my name and it's being dragged through the mud. . . . We're married now even if she doesn't want to be," he added. "It breaks my heart to hear her speaking about me the way she is." (Through his lawyer, Rigau declined to comment for this article.)

Rigau's case seemed to be bolstered when an attorney who had represented Lollobrigida for several years, Giulia Citani, stepped forward to claim that prior to the ceremony she had traveled with Lollobrigida to Barcelona, where the prospective bride signed papers to authorize the ceremony.

"I can tell you she is legally married," she told *The Mail on Sunday*. "You have to remember that Gina is 85 so she sometimes has trouble remembering things."

At the same time, however, the attorney added, "I don't really want to go into too much detail as I can't betray my lawyer's oath—also I no longer represent Gina as we had a disagreement."

Lollobrigida claims that Rigau and others engaged in a conspiracy, over which she now has multiple legal actions pending. "Lawyers in Rome, lawyers in Barcelona, lawyers in Monte Carlo—lawyers everywhere!" she says with exasperation.

Affairs of the Heart

Knowing the bare outline of these bizarre events, one can understand what led Lollobrigida's son last March to request a court in Rome to appoint an administrator to take charge of his mother's business decisions. "I fear she may no longer be capable of handling her affairs by herself," said Skofic, who develops scientific-information systems in the field of plant genetics. Until a few years ago, he lived with his wife, Maria Grazia Fantasia, a journalist, and their son, Dimitri, now 20, in an apartment in Lollobrigida's villa; after the couple separated, he moved to another home in Rome, Gina says.

"The [legal] action was not 'against' her, but it was an attempt to protect her from people who have estranged her from her family," Skofic elaborated recently. "It was two years since my mother had allowed me [and my son] to see her. . . . I am worried."

It's likely that it wasn't just the situation with Rigau that had prompted Skofic's legal action. There is a new man on the scene, and he's 27.

Ironically, Rigau seems equally suspicious of this young individual. "I believe she has been turned against me and against everyone else who loves her—her family and friends—by a new adviser," he said.

"I'll call my assistant," says Gina, when a logistical question arises during our interview. "Andrea!" she trills.

In a flash, the person who is clearly the object of Skofic and Rigau's concern appears: Andrea Piazzolla. A handsome fellow with

wavy black hair, he wears a tight bright-green polo shirt and snugly fitting jeans. Piazzolla proceeds to quickly answer Lollobrigida's question and then disappears.

A short while later, Piazzolla beckons photographer Jonathan Becker and me to come outside to the driveway. "Who knows motorcycles?" he inquires. He is standing with what he identifies as a Ducati Desmosedici RR. "It's No. 1 in the world," he says proudly, and invites inspection of this limited-edition model (sticker price: $72,500). He points to the custom paint job on the bike's tail—a kitschy James Bond–themed illustration in which Andrea is 007 and Gina is a Bond girl.

She's known Piazzolla, who is now her manager, for, she attests, "more than five years." How did they meet? "He had an uncle who worked for the king of Abu Dhabi," she says. "Andrea helped me with an exhibition of my sculptures that I was planning in Qatar." In the past few years, Piazzolla seems to have become indispensable to her, prompting inevitable speculation about the nature of their relationship. When asked if they are having a romance, Lollobrigida seems to issue a denial: "There are many years' difference between us!" she says with a laugh.

Nevertheless, she believes that her relationship with Andrea has in some part sparked her son's lawsuit: "[He is] afraid I will give the money to Andrea."

That's *Amore*

"I haven't opened my mouth about any of this before," Gina says. Now she appears ready to vent. Here goes.

On Rigau: "I was going to get married to him because this was a period in my life when I was depressed. I thought a change would help me, but then I realized I was not in love with him and he was not in love with me. There was nothing between us. . . . I will destroy the son of a bitch."

On Piazzolla: "Andrea has this ability to sniff out if a person is not honest; he can smell if something is no good. He is so honest and clever. Andrea is the best person I have ever found in my life until now. He has helped me more than anyone else."

On her son Milko's legal action: "I have a strong character. My son, unfortunately, no. It's completely wrong what they are doing. It's disgusting, because I worked all my life and stayed away from scandal. Why should they do this to me? I was so generous to them.

"If a person is old and their brain isn't functioning anymore, it's O.K. to get help for that person. An administrator can be good in that case. But my brain is working very well. So I don't need anyone to put their nose in my business. If I need an aspirin, I should have to ask someone? It's not right."

On July 9 in Rome, the judge concurred with her. According to the statement Gina's agent made to the Italian press, the judge found that "Ms. Lollobrigida had no need of an administrator as she is, from a mental point of view, autonomous, coherent and lucid, in the light of an excellent interview with her."

Just a few weeks later, the movie icon demonstrated her resolve when she appeared at one of the glitziest events on the international social circuit, Monaco's Red Cross Ball. Dripping in jewels and wearing a bright-lemon-yellow gown that was itself studded with crystals, she swept in on the arm of Piazzolla, to the long-familiar-to-her blaze of paparazzi flashes.

"Life goes on," she told me afterward, on the phone, sounding jubilant. "I want the world to know."

Yet her most recent legal win came with a high price, Gina concludes. "The disappointment was greater than the victory in this case." □

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Ebola in Dallas



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 again. It was the mayor's family, especially his wife, Micki. "She was saying, 'You can't do this to Gunnar,'" Rawlings recalls. "I was saying, You don't understand. I have to move them. She said, 'Then bring them to our house—we can put them upstairs.' I said, 'Micki, we can't. We have good furniture. You don't know what's going to happen.'" It was Gunnar Rawlings who ended up solving the problem. He knew the Dallas Catholic bishop's chief of staff, called him, and handed the phone to his father. Judge Jenkins had already tried the bishop, but for some reason Rawlings's call did the trick. The bishop offered the family a house the church owned.

It took two more hours, however, for it to be readied, during which time Judge Jenkins paced outside Apartment 614. "The logistics of moving the family just took a lot longer than we thought," says Lauren Trimble. Amazingly, there was still no health professional on-site. The judge felt they shouldn't move the family without a go-ahead from someone in the health field. They threw out call after call, expecting someone from the C.D.C. would come. "This was crazy for us," recalls Haigh. "We kept waiting for someone to come, and it turns out they were never going to." The message from the C.D.C., Haigh says, was that their presence was unnecessary and might only serve to fan fears that the virus was still present at the apartment complex.

Finally, the incident commander, R. J. Schwartz, urged the family members to wear Tyvek HAZMAT suits, the better to protect anyone who might come into contact with them. The judge said no. "I didn't understand this," Schwartz says today. "I mean, we gave him all these options. We offered the Tyvek suits or just the M95 masks, the gloves. He said 'No.' To everything."

"We were never given a factual reason why they were not given this protective gear," McCallum says today.

McCallum and Schwartz believed Jenkins was dead set on being televised leading the family to their new home for political reasons. The judge heatedly denies this. He says it was important to show the world the Trohs were no risk.

By four they were finally ready to leave. But they couldn't, because of the helicopters still filming overhead. No one wanted them to follow the departing convoy and turn it into an O.J.-in-the-Bronco-style media circus. Jenkins had initially planned to head for Parkland hospital and lose the media by discreetly changing cars in its parking garage. When others objected, Mayor Rawlings suggested he simply call his new White House friends and ask them to clear the airspace. "Mike, listen to what you're saying," Jenkins said, skeptical. "You want me to call the president and ask him to restrict the airspace?"

"Yeah."

So he did. And while Jenkins politely declines to discuss what happened next, another local official is happy to. "The White House will never confirm this," he says, "and I don't know exactly who did it, the Secret Service or whoever, but they called and said a dignitary may have been flying into Love Field and they needed to clear the airspace. They were awesome. Today, when you mention that to them, they're like, Well, we don't remember anything about that."

As another source tells it, a White House official telephoned Jenkins and said, "'This would be a good time to move the family.' And Clay says, 'Well, did you [clear the airspace]?' And the guy goes, 'Well, we can't, but if you could move her in the next 17 minutes, it would be good.'"

Ebola in Dallas

When the judge returned to the apartment door, one of the teenagers said he didn't want his face photographed. Jenkins offered a HAZMAT mask; they decided on a towel instead. Jenkins had told the boys they couldn't take their personal items, but he wryly pointed out that they would not be searched. "I'm telling you," Jenkins says with a grin, "those kids all had on cargo pants and they had, like, 30 pounds of stuff jammed in all their pockets."

Just before six P.M., Jenkins led the family down the stairs to a waiting S.U.V. Councilwoman Gates took that moment to talk to the press, diverting its attention and allowing a convoy of S.U.V.'s to discreetly ferry the family away. A half-hour later Jenkins pulled up at the new address the mayor had given them, in a downtrodden area of Oak Cliff. "It was an abandoned house, with a tree growing through the porch," Jenkins recalls. "And Louise goes, 'Oh Lord, Judge, no.' So I go up to the place. No one's there. So I'm going, 'I'm going to kill Mike Rawlings.' Then a deputy goes, 'Judge, I think we have the wrong address.'"

A block away, they found the right address: a clean, neat four-bedroom home where the family was eventually able to complete its quarantine, though not without the press discovering their whereabouts. In time three different local television stations tracked them down, but Jenkins prevailed upon each not to report it.

That evening, when the judge returned to his Highland Park home before attending a charity event, he was surprised to see his wife emerge from the front door to meet him in the driveway. He had forgotten to tell her he was going to the apartment. She had seen it all on CNN, and she wasn't happy.

"She came out of that front door like J. J. Watt to a quarterback," Jenkins recalls with a smile. "She's like, 'Can you even come in this house?' And she starts in on me, and then the neighbor's door opens, and the neighbor goes, 'Yeah, talk to your wife about what you're doing!' I'm like, 'O.K., Renee!' And then another neighbor, a widow, comes out and starts giving it to me. And I'm like, 'Ladies, let's all go back into our own homes and have this discussion in private. All right?'"

The Panic

Behind the scenes, much of the work that week had fallen to teams of county and C.D.C. epidemiologists, who tracked down and interviewed the dozens of people who had come into contact with Duncan after his arrival in America. Eventually 177 people in the Dallas area would fall under some type of quarantine. Monitoring these people became a monumental job. The epis had to visit each person twice a day to take his or her temperature, every visit limited by strict medical guidelines. The epi couldn't approach within three feet of the person; the person took his or her own temperature, then held the thermometer aloft for the epi to read. But tending to the quarantined quickly became more than just medical visits. Once people were restricted to their homes, they had to be brought groceries and medicine. Children who couldn't go to school still needed their homework. "It's medical work, but really, you become these people's therapists," says Sibeso Joyner, one of the epis. "It's so hard. They want hugs, but you can't. There are lots of tears, and we are the only ones they can talk to."

It had fallen to Emily Hall, an auburn-haired 33-year-old, to track down all those who had come into contact with the vehicle that transported Duncan to the hospital, Dallas Fire Rescue ambulance 37. By that Friday morning only one person remained to be found, a grizzled homeless man named Michael Lively, who had had the misfortune of riding in the ambulance immediately after Duncan. Hall spent that day phoning shelters, hospitals, and jails in a vain search for Lively. By that evening, amid mounting concern that he might be infected, all she had to show for her efforts was an old mug shot.

At the E.O.C.'s eight A.M. meeting, Lauren Trimble was startled at the news. "I'm thinking, Oh my God, there is a homeless man walking the streets of Dallas who is in contact with this virus," she recalls. "It's one of those moments where your head falls right in your hands, you know? This can't be happening. You almost wanted to laugh out loud, [like] this is a joke, right? And then you realize, it's not a joke."

By midmorning Wendy Chung's epidemiologists had scattered across the area looking for Lively or anyone who knew him. Around noon Emily Hall was driving north on Central Expressway with a C.D.C. specialist when she saw someone panhandling outside NorthPark mall.

"That's him!" she blurted. "That's Mr. Lively!"

Hall stopped the car and approached the man, who was in fact Lively, and gently explained his predicament. She guided him into a parking garage adjacent to a Whole Foods, took his temperature, and asked if he was experiencing any symptoms; to her relief, he seemed perfectly healthy. "He was a friendly guy," Hall recalls. "He kept saying, 'I'm glad you found me. I didn't know about any of this.'"

They took him to Presby, sat him on a bench out front, and gave him some food and a newspaper while he waited to be examined further. When Hall was called away, another epi volunteered to stay with him. Hours passed. Hall had almost forgotten the incident when, around five, the second epi called her. "She said, 'He's walking off,'" Hall recalls. "I'm like, 'What? You've got to stop him!'" Having waited all afternoon to see a doctor, Lively had lost patience. With no control order in place, they had no authority to stop him. Inexplicably, no one followed him. In minutes, Michael Lively had once again vanished into the streets of Dallas.

"What ensued," Hall says, "was a lot of madness."

Within the hour, dozens of Dallas police were scrambling to find Lively again. Before mounting a more systematic effort, however, they decided to obtain a control order, so that once found he could be detained. That took several hours. Finally, around 10 that evening, Lauren Trimble drove the order to the parking lot of a Half Price Books store on Northwest Highway, a block east of where Lively had first been found. There she encountered a scene so surreal, she says, that "this is the story I'll tell my grandchildren." Arrayed across the lot was what amounted to a Texas-style Ebola posse, more than 40 police officers and sheriff's deputies gathered around Judge Jenkins and the mayor to press an all-night search for the elusive Michael Lively. "I kept thinking, What in the world are we doing? Is this really happening?" Trimble recalls. "I live barely half a mile from here."

After an all-night search, Dallas police detained Lively in a nearby parking lot and placed him in custody. His detention, however, was more than a tragicomic episode. It raised a host of new issues for Dallas officials, among them: Where do you "voluntarily" quarantine someone who has no home and who may resist quarantine altogether? "The main focus was ensuring that there was no blowback against the taking of people's civil liberties," says Philip Haigh. "The focus was on how to keep this man, and how to keep him happy."

"This was bigger than Dallas," Jenkins says. "This is America's Ebola crisis. If we go and arrest this person, then in the next Ebola outbreak in Cincinnati or New York, you're going to have a lot of people who won't come forward [with information]. If they think they'll be jailed, they won't come forward. And they have to come forward. The repercussions would be tremendous."

Unwilling to place Lively in jail, Judge Jenkins decided to put him up at a Motel 6. Deputies guarded him closely. But when Lively insisted on going for cigarettes, Jenkins was obliged to personally intervene. Finally, after too many people seemed to notice their presence, they moved him to Presby, where he was installed as the only patient in an empty wing of the hospital. "We kept that under tight wraps," Haigh says, "because we didn't want people to know about it and we didn't want people to think we were arresting people left and right." Social workers tended to Lively's needs, and he completed his three-week quarantine without incident.

"I really had serious issues with the way [Lively] was treated," says Emily Hall. "He was treated like a criminal. It ruined his life is what he told us. He said he would have to leave Dallas."

All that next week the city held its breath, wondering if the crisis was over. Each day

seemed to bring a new sideshow. Tuesday it was Jesse Jackson, who staged a press conference with some of Duncan's family and suggested that his inability to gain prompt medical attention was racially motivated. "I met with Reverend Jackson," Mayor Rawlings notes with a sigh, "and he was lovely, and it was lovely. But suddenly you had race thrown into the equation. Duncan had been rejected, after all. He was a black man without health insurance. I talked to a lot of black leaders, and everyone came to see these were honest mistakes, and that no discrimination took place."

Wednesday brought a bizarre incident that suggested how nervous people remained. In the northern suburb of Frisco, a deputy named Michael Monnig walked into a CareNow medical clinic complaining of a stomachache. When he mentioned he had been among the deputies who had gone inside Louise Troh's apartment, someone called 911. When Monnig learned this, he called his wife and said, "All hell's about to break loose." Within minutes news helicopters began appearing overhead. Doctors and patients put on masks. When local stations reported that someone who'd had contact with Duncan was inside, the clinic shut down. Health workers in HAZMAT suits were soon on the scene. Not until the next day would everyone realize it had been a false alarm.

In the middle of all this, Duncan died. It happened Wednesday morning. He had remained lucid until the previous Friday, the day Judge Jenkins evacuated the Troh family. By that night he was having increasing difficulty breathing. His lungs and his kidneys were failing. With his approval, Duncan was then placed in a "pharmacological coma"; yet another catheter was inserted, this one for kidney dialysis. On Saturday, once the brincidofovir arrived from Fort Worth, he was given a dose. During the next three days Duncan remained "stable in an unsatisfactory way," as one doctor puts it. His blood pressure began to edge up, a good sign. "He had a chance," Gary Weinstein says. "It was not uncommon for a patient with lung and kidney failure to make it. He could've made it. But then something happened."

Wednesday morning a little after dawn, for reasons doctors still don't understand, Duncan's blood pressure plunged. A half-hour later, his heart suddenly stopped. "There was no pulse, no pressure," Weinstein says. "That happened in a minute. A minute." They did not try to resuscitate him; Duncan had said he didn't want that. Having administered only two doses of brincidofovir, doctors had no way to know whether it had helped. Nor was there an autopsy. "I didn't even bring it up," says Weinstein. "Everybody would have just said 'No.'"

It fell to Judge Jenkins and the family's pastor to break the news to Troh. There was a poignant moment when 13-year-old Timmy asked the judge, "Are you waiting for me to get a temperature so you can take me to the hospital and die?" The judge knelt down beside Timmy on the floor and said, "Look at me now. You're not going to die. You're not. You're going to be O.K." Afterward, Jenkins was obliged to track down Duncan's 19-year-old son and persuade him to sign papers allowing them to cremate the body. "David Lakey said we couldn't take the risk of the body being dug up," Jenkins says. "We had the power to just take the body and burn it, but we thought it was important that people be given power over their own decisions."

And then, for a full two days, nothing much happened. Thursday passed, and then Friday, with no news that the virus had spread. "Friday at five, we had a call, and it was a bit jovial, actually," recalls Mayor Rawlings. "Everybody had worked so hard. There were no new cases. We had gotten Louise Troh through 14 days, and her family was fine. You're thinking, If she doesn't have it, maybe we're out of this. And that's exactly when we heard about Nina."

The Fever Spreads

At least initially, Nina Pham, the 26-year-old Presby nurse who became Dallas's second Ebola patient, just felt queasy. "She called me first, that day around 4:30," recalls Sibeso Joyner, one of the epis. "She wasn't feeling well, but her temperature was still low. She just didn't feel well. She thought she had allergies. I told her to keep taking her temperature." Thanks to a smart decision by Texas health officials, Pham may have received the fastest Ebola diagnosis in medical history. C.D.C. guidelines call for an Ebola test to be arranged only after a patient posts a temperature of 101.5 or higher. Early on, David Lakey had ruled that threshold too high; instead he mandated tests for at-risk subjects once their temperature reached 100.5. When Pham hit that level, she went to the hospital. By late the next night, Saturday, the state lab in Austin had confirmed she had Ebola.

The news floored Official Dallas, which thought the Troh family most at risk. "That was a complete surprise," says Philip Haigh. "She wasn't even on the monitoring list. None of the health-care personnel wearing P.P.E. [Personal Protective Equipment] were on it, because they weren't thought to be at risk."

Judge Jenkins got the call at 11:15 P.M., just as he was reaching for a sleeping pill. By 12:10 he was at Presby, where in consultation with the C.D.C. he and the hospital made a series of decisions. All doctors and nurses who'd had any contact with Duncan were removed from active duty. (Nina Pham, they were surprised to learn, hadn't treated Duncan in the emergency room, when the vomiting and diarrhea were at their worst, but in the MICU.) Far more dramatically, at 1:50 the hospital decided to go on "diversion," meaning all incoming ambulances would be diverted to other hospitals; it would take in as few new patients as possible.

The next day Jenkins and Rawlings held a press conference—they actually announced the case before the C.D.C. confirmed it—and met with the Pham family. They were surprised to find that Pham and her parents appeared far less worried about her condition than about that of her dog, a tiny King Charles spaniel named Bentley, which remained at her apartment. Even before the media got wind of Bentley's plight, the judge ordained that the dog would be saved, no matter what. (When authorities in Spain euthanized the dog of a nurse with Ebola, demonstrators had actually gotten violent.) He was isolated and underwent a 21-day quarantine, and was soon an Internet sensation, much to the consternation of those tasked with safeguarding the city. "The media was playing it that she had vomited in the apartment, and the dog ate the vomit and spread it," recalls Philip Haigh. "I mean, most of us didn't care that much about this dog. We had a sick nurse, and all anyone wanted to talk about is this dog, this vomit-eating dog."

And then, two days later, came more devastating news. Another nurse, Amber Vinson, was diagnosed with Ebola.

Worse, Vinson had been allowed to fly on commercial flights to and from Ohio, where she was planning her wedding. The C.D.C. and the state of Texas eventually tracked down and quarantined dozens of those on her return flight. "The lowest point was Amber," says Mayor Rawlings. "Suddenly there was a trend."

A series of heated discussions broke out between C.D.C. officials and Clay Jenkins over preparations for the epidemic that suddenly appeared imminent. "They kept saying, 'Where are you going to put the next 10 patients? The next hundred?' " Jenkins remembers. "They wanted Parkland [a major county hospital]. We only have five flagship hospitals. People were already avoiding Presby. You take two down and you're just screwed. There will be people waiting in 16-hour lines at those that remain, dying of heart attacks, asthma, emphysema."

By that point Judge Jenkins had made a decision. Dallas, and especially the doctors and nurses at Presby, couldn't take this anymore. "At the hospital, you could just see it in their eyes," he says. "They were just spent." So Pham and Vinson were transferred to hospitals out of state.

The media frenzy escalated over those next few days as everyone waited for the epidemic to spread. And then . . . it didn't. Each morning the people of Dallas woke up without a new Ebola patient. One day became two, then three, then a week. And then a week became a month and people began to realize it might actually be over. One by one, people began finishing their 21-day quarantines and walking out into the sunshine.

"At first it was very emotional for the contacts," says Sibeso Joyner. "Tears. Lots of tears. But with each passing day you saw smiles. Smiling faces. Then jokes. But that took a long time." Emily Hall told me in mid-

Ebola in Dallas

November, "Anytime you do a good job on an epidemic, the ending is anticlimactic. It ends, just by going away. And then one day you wake up and you realize it's over. The past few weeks have been super-boring. And, believe me, boring never felt so good."

Both Nina Pham and Amber Vinson recovered. They returned to their homes in Dallas in late October and were greeted as heroines. "I'm so proud that we had just one fatality," says Mayor Rawlings. "I'm heartbroken he died, but that's it. That's the thing I'm happiest about."

Doctors and academics are studying what happened in Dallas. C.D.C. officials say they may never know exactly how the two nurses became infected, but they have acknowledged that the agency's guidelines and procedures for P.P.E. were insufficient, falling short of the head-to-toe coverage Doctors Without Borders has used in West Africa. A common assumption is that the virus spread when the nurses changed out of their gear. "The big lesson for us is," says the C.D.C.'s Inger Damon, "regardless of what constellation of P.P.E. one uses, the most important thing is that people need to practice using it, especially how to safely put it all on and safely take it off."

David Lakey says other public-health officials have also learned a few crucial things. "This was a monumental event, unlike anything that's happened before in the U.S.," Lakey told me. "There were some bumps. The [protective gear], of course. But one of the premises going into this was the C.D.C. kept saying that any major hospital anywhere in the U.S. could take care of an Ebola patient. That strategy is a flawed strategy. Caring for a person with Ebola is very complex. They have a lot of virus, a lot of diarrhea, a lot of vomit. It becomes extremely stressful for the nurses, and on the community. Many people don't want to go to an 'Ebola' hospital. Not every hospital can handle Ebola."

"We tried to treat people with the respect we'd want to be treated with," Clay Jenkins says today. "And we tried to think three steps ahead. By and large, we were successful. We were also lucky." □

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Fifty Shades of Grey



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97 unapologetic, NC-17 "sex movie," a "chance to do something scandalous in mainstream American culture." He liked the way "each sex scene moved the story forward on an emotional and dramatic level. You just had to re-write these two characters because they both sound like 50-year-old British people."

Team Erika

Ellis met with De Luca and Brunetti, but the job ultimately went to Kelly Marcel (*Saving Mr. Banks*), yet another British woman in early middle age. (Marcel's script was ultimately revised twice by other screenwriters.) "I ran into Erika at a party, and she was quite friendly," says Ellis. "I was wasted, and she was wasted, and she said, 'Your Twitter rants about *Fifty Shades* were so fun, and I know you wanted to write it, but you were never going to be hired.' I said, 'Why did I have to go in and see Michael De Luca and Dana Brunetti?' And she said, 'Well, I just found your tweets so entertaining, and I wanted you to keep running with them.'"

For director, James and the team whittled the list to Danish director Susanne Bier and to Gus Van Sant, who, reportedly, even shot an audition scene with Alex Pettyfer, the star of *Magic Mike,* as a calling card. According to Ellis, Van Sant wanted to do a sex movie, too. But, he says, "Erika wanted a woman director and screenwriter from the beginning." (James has denied this.)

This makes some sense: can a male director truly do justice to a movie that's about a female fantasy? Unfortunately, there aren't many prominent female directors in Hollywood, and Kathryn Bigelow was not throwing her hat into the ring. Taylor-Johnson, who has spent so much of her own life making fantasies a reality, fit the bill. Also, she was free. After *Nowhere Boy,* she took four years off from directing to "build family," she says. Like so many women who dip out of the workforce, she was surprised at how hard it was to get back in, especially in Hollywood. "I'd go into meetings where I could see the attention was just not in the room," she says. "'What have you been up to?' they'd ask. 'Just had my fourth kid,' I'd say. They'd say, 'Um . . . Moving on.'"

Taylor-Johnson, who may have been a relatively new feature-film director but has a long-established photography career, did what she does best: She was "proactive" and "pushy" and decided to "push and fight to get through the door," she says. She finally landed a job directing a Sony picture, a film adaptation of the wanton Wisconsin romance novel *A Reliable Wife,* but the movie fell apart. De Luca, a producer on that film, thought she might as well come in to talk about *Fifty Shades.* She agreed that the story was about love: the beats of *Fifty Shades* are the beats of a fairy tale. "It reminded me a lot of a Grimm's [tale]," she says. In the interview process, she was asked how she would deal with a huge fan base, since she hadn't yet done so in her work. "I said, 'Well, actually, the film that I just made was about one of the Beatles.'" Within a day of the meeting, Taylor-Johnson says, she had the job. "The minute I said the words *Fifty Shades of Grey,* it was like I'd gotten on to a bullet train," she says, "and I couldn't get off."

Fans were interested less in who was going to write and direct *Fifty Shades* than in who would be cast as their beloved Anastasia and Christian. De Luca says that casting *Fifty Shades* was a little like the casting of *Gone with the Wind,* with the country engaged in a debate about who should play Rhett Butler and Scarlett O'Hara. Should Mila Kunis play Anastasia? Allison Williams? Emma Watson? Not all of these women actually wanted to be in the movie, a career gamble considering the racy material. Watson even tweeted her displeasure with this line of questioning: "Who here actually thinks I would do *50 Shades of Grey* as a movie? Like really. For real. In real life."

After Dakota Johnson auditioned, the team was basically sold, but, "poor girl, we wanted her, but we had to check out three or four or five hundred other girls," says Taylor-Johnson. "We brought her in again just to check if she was right, and then [making her read with] guys who we were considering for Christian."

The role of Christian was much harder to cast. James had her heart set on Robert Pattinson, her inspiration for Christian, according to two sources, though James says today that "everyone who's read the books has their own vision of what the characters look like. But from the start I had hoped we would cast unknowns for the lead roles—actors that the film could make into stars." For Pattinson, it would hardly have been a wise career move to take on a *Twilight*-inspired role. It was rumored that the team considered Alexander Skarsgård, Garrett Hedlund, and Christian Cooke—"It was really hard work," says Taylor-Johnson, smiling, "sitting in a casting office in Studio City meeting 20 devastatingly handsome men each day"—but eventually settled on Charlie Hunnam, the rough, blond star of *Sons of Anarchy,* who perhaps didn't resemble the metrosexual Christian Grey of the books

(the fans noted this and were unhappy), but definitely dripped with libido. Hunnam, however, dropped out weeks before shooting was to begin, citing scheduling conflicts. "There was just some sort of nagging reservation, and . . . there was definitely scheduling issues. . . . I think he was nervous about signing up for the whole trilogy," says Taylor-Johnson. "He could see how we were going to work well together, but the unknown of the next two films—I think that was a really big thing." She sighs. "I was really sad when he left. . . . I'm ever the optimist. I think we ended up with the right one."

Taylor-Johnson and the team pivoted to Jamie Dornan, who stars in the hit BBC series *The Fall,* which has just completed its second season. "It's common knowledge that the casting process had its ups and downs, but I was won over by Dakota and Jamie—they seemed the perfect fit," says James. Dornan, the 32-year-old onetime boyfriend of Keira Knightley, was a fan favorite. With his chiseled jaw and copper-colored curls, he definitely looks the part. "I think Jamie is perfect for Christian," says Taylor-Johnson. Dornan is a former Calvin Klein model from Northern Ireland, and when he was cast, his wife, actress and musician Amelia Warner, was eight months pregnant with their first daughter in London. "I would never have been this understanding, but Amelia flew to Vancouver so he could shoot the film, leaving all her doctors and her family behind," says Taylor-Johnson. "Then Jamie had a brand-new baby the first week of shooting."

In Vancouver, when production started, James came to the set every day. "One day I remember really well was the very first day of shooting," she says. "I was impressed by how calm and focused everything was on set, and I told my husband, who was over from London to visit me, to come down and join us for lunch. I checked the street signs and told him to take a taxi to 'the corner of Winston and Fifth' or somewhere like that. After half an hour he still hadn't turned up, and I was wondering what had happened to him, and then I realized the art department had switched all the street signs to match the ones in Seattle, and there was no such address in Vancouver. My husband turned up, like, an hour later, in a really bad temper because he couldn't find the place. But he's a grumpy sod anyway, and once I'd fed him he was O.K."

Taylor-Johnson and her family rented a house on Howe Sound, in northwest Vancouver, so that she could sit at four A.M. and have a moment of peace looking out at the water before going to the set. James lived in the same hotel that De Luca and Brunetti stayed in. "We shared a driver, so we all met down in the lobby of the hotel, got in the car. We would discuss the sides [a script with only the scenes about to be shot] for the day, and . . . have it all laid out," says Brunetti. "We'd determine any changes [that needed to be made] or any notes that needed to be given when we arrived, [and then relay that to] the costume designer, production designer, or director. Then we'd sit at our monitors and watch the magic happen."

This sounds so calm, so peaceful. But, in fact, there were more than a few tense moments. James was an amateur among sophisticates. Taylor-Johnson had her own ideas about how to shoot the film, including the sex scenes. Their knowledge of film and reference points was completely different. Taylor-Johnson thought Nicolas Roeg's *Don't Look Now* had one of the best sex scenes in any film, and one with the woman mostly in control. James's favorite films, she tells us, are *Casablanca, Good Will Hunting, Cabaret, Aliens, The Shawshank Redemption, Finding Nemo,* and *It's a Wonderful Life.* "I know that's an odd selection—but like most people I just love a good story well told," she says.

James didn't have much to do with set design, other than sketching floor plans for Christian's penthouse, which helped production designer David Wasco incorporate doors and corridors leading to rooms and annexes used in Books II and III. "His spaces are tightly controlled, the art and furnishings, the architecture, all deliberately chosen with an undeniable sophistication but completely devoid of feeling other than an isolated aloofness," says Wasco. Taylor-Johnson provided him with a reference image from Helmut Newton's book *White Women,* with a near-nude beauty astride a man she has smothered, in a room framed in translucent green drapery and matching green carpet that seem to hush all emotion. This image informed the look of the whole film. "The quality of Christian's art collection was very important to Sam, as it had to reflect his status, his connoisseurship, and his youth," says Wasco. Taylor-Johnson, without question, had the connections to call in the kind of art that a young billionaire wants to own, from John Baldessari and Edward Ruscha to creations of her friends Gary Hume, Georgie Hopton, Rob Pruitt, Michael Joo, Harland Miller, and the brothers Dinos and Jake Chapman, the last of whom Taylor-Johnson dated prior to her first marriage.

James, however, had her own ideas not only for the script, which she guarded fiercely, but also for the dialogue, the costumes—and the sex. *Fifty Shades,* you see, is more than three novels now—it's a lifestyle. The merchandising that James has done off the books is extensive, to say the least. She's released a *Fifty Shades of Grey* soundtrack on her YouTube channel, *Fifty Shades of Grey*™ Fine Jewelry, *Fifty Shades of Grey* lingerie in regular and plus sizes, and a line of *Fifty Shades of Grey* sex toys—"I very much like the nipple clamps," James says in a Web-based infomercial, adding, "The crop is really lovely, simple, and elegant, and hopefully easy and fun to use as well"—and is even bottling *Fifty Shades of Grey* wine in California. Her businesses, which may seem diverse, actually work closely in concert with one another. If you and your husband, presumably, would like to re-create the scene where Christian places white-wine-flavored ice chips on Anastasia's abdomen, perhaps she can interest you not only in buying some sex toys for later and wearing her lingerie and jewelry but also in putting Heitor Villa-Lobos's "Bachiana Brasileira No. 5 (for Soprano and 8 Cellos): Aria (Cantilena)" on the CD player, as well as indulging in a $17.99 bottle of *Fifty Shades of Grey* White Silk, "a white wine with floral aromatics of lychee, honey, and pear tempered by flavors of crisp grapefruit and a faint hint of butterscotch."

James's deep desire to control the *Fifty Shades* films is not as cynical as all this might sound. In truth, she doesn't seem to care that much about money, so I doubt she loses sleep over whether these ventures are doing well or not. It's about something else: the fans. On set, James may have felt that she was the only one who would stand up for this specific fantasy, which has had such universal appeal. "There's an Erika who is fun, fancy-free, and enjoying her success a lot, and the Erika who is obsessively controlling the property," says a friend of James's. "She truly believes that she has to control it because of the fans, because she's the only one they trust."

Can She Bake a Cherry Pie?

This means that everyone on set balanced two masters: Taylor-Johnson and James. The movie's costume designer, Mark Bridges, says James sent him "friendly e-mails," to explain that her readers would expect to see certain garments from the book, like Anastasia's gray chiffon graduation dress, and a tightfitting wine-colored dress in another scene. She sent him pictures of the jeans Christian wears in his "playroom," noting the color of the denim and the way they fit. Taylor-Johnson and Bridges conceived of an idea for Christian's clothes to change through the film, tracking the way he becomes more open and loving toward Anastasia, from a double-breasted suit in one scene to a three-piece suit in the next, then peeling away and softening textures as the story goes on. They custom-made and tested a double-breasted suit, but "our excitement was short-lived as word came down to us from the powers that be that double-breasted suits 'weren't sexy' and we should stick to single-breasted. We were disappointed in having to change Christian's first film moment but were able to use the metaphor of self-protection of the vest in his next change," Bridges says. "I respected [Erika's] opinion and took her suggestions seriously, always discussing [her] notes with Sam before finally putting them into the film."

De Luca, who notes that he loves Erika and always feels "protective and in her corner," admits that "there were ups and downs" during filming. "Erika feels so protective over the initial novel, and the way fans are going to react to [the film]," he says. "She's the keeper of the

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flame, really, for her fans. . . . [But] a picture is worth a thousand words, so sometimes what works in a novel doesn't work in a movie, and vice versa. There were some spirited debates." He cites Christian's playroom, which Taylor-Johnson wanted to be womb-like but masculine, with a ritualistic aspect to the décor and furnishings. In the books, many of Christian's sex implements are hidden in drawers, and Anastasia goes on a process of discovery as they're opened one by one. "But in a movie we don't have time to let it play out at that kind of pace," says De Luca. Cutting an important scene like this was hard for James. "We talked a lot with Erika about the design, because she had such a specific vision in her mind of what it should look like. . . . But it needed to look a certain way so it could have impact visually on-screen the way it had impact in your mind as a reader in the book. It just was different in how it needed to be presented."

Was there a time you thought Taylor-Johnson, or James, was going to walk off the set? I ask De Luca. "No, because it wasn't something that could ever be allowed to happen," he says. "Our mantra through the whole movie was 'When debates come up, we're going to work it out, because this thing is going to shoot, and it's going to wrap, and it's going to get released.' None of us are going anywhere, so we might as well lock arms and have a good time."

Taylor-Johnson says, "I kept trying to remind myself that they hired me for a reason. Some people said to me, 'I'm surprised you haven't quit.' I was like, 'Why would you think I'd quit?' I never quit anything. Not without a fight." She admits, of James, "We battled all the way through. She'd say the same. There were tough times and revelatory times. There were sparring contests. It was definitely not an easy process, but that doesn't mean to say that it didn't come out the right way."

Says De Luca, "Sam's a master of understanding how to communicate things quickly with pictures, and how to get across a feeling with images. Erika was the true north on the narrative, and the story that the characters needed to tell each other and needed to tell the audience. They're two very different ways of telling the same story . . . but I think together it ended up being the best of both worlds."

And what about filming the sex scenes? Let's address that for a moment. For those scenes, which were shot over the course of two weeks at the end of filming, Taylor-Johnson had to be alone with the actors and a few crew members. "I didn't want [Dakota or Jamie] to have to come re-shoot those kinds of scenes," she says. "It was a closed set, and so we couldn't be there for those very intimate scenes . . . but so much of the movie turns on those intimate scenes," says De Luca. "We'd be in our trailers, but [the actors] were miked, and we had cans—you know, headphones—but I actually got shy from listening. There was something about not being there and having the audio that made us feel like peeping listeners, and so we all put them down."

The sex, Taylor-James says, is tastefully handled: "It's details, flesh and fingers and skin and eyes and looks." She thinks that if you saw the actual sex "the mystery would be gone. You see a lot, but you don't have to see anything graphic."

Taylor-Johnson and I had reached the end of the "easy" trail, and now she was going home. There would be naps and, in the afternoon, cherry pie with the kids. "We had some cherry pie that Aaron loved—someone had made it with tapioca, and it was perfect—so yesterday, surrounded by like 17 suitcases, he said, 'O.K., let me try to make this cherry pie,'" she said. "He's in the kitchen, and I'm upstairs, and I hear 'Sam' in a tone of voice that didn't sound right. I came down—he was using one of those hand blenders—and he'd cut his thumb down the middle." She cleaned up Aaron's thumb a bit, and then the group, four daughters and all, jumped in the car and headed to the emergency room. Aaron was stitched up and they saved the pie to eat today with their afternoon tea.

"So, that's the cherry-pie story," said Taylor-Johnson. "I have to say, the excitement and buildup to this cherry pie has been just ridiculous."

Will it be good? I asked

"It better be good," she said. □

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- ***Vanity Fair* covers *Fifty Shades of Grey***
 (vanityfair.com/archive/fifty-shades-of-grey)

Met vs. MoMA



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77 at 'How do we make this whole organism work?'" The present-day MoMA is the creation of five architects over the years: Edward Durell Stone and Philip Goodwin's 1939 modernist box, Philip Johnson's 1951 annex and 1953 sculpture garden, Cesar Pelli's 1984 west wing (with the 53-floor Museum Tower condominium above it), and the 2004 Yoshio Taniguchi building, which opened to rave reviews but soon came under criticism for its overwhelming atrium, its circulation problems, and its corporate atmosphere. Diller Scofidio's primary assignment is to connect the Taniguchi space—through the former Folk Art site—with the three floors of new galleries that MoMA will have in the 82-story Jean Nouvel Tower Verre, being built by the Hines development company of Houston.

For many, Diller Scofidio's plan, which featured a retractable glass wall along 53rd Street opening onto a three-story-tall "art bay" with a black-box theater on top, appeared to be radical surgery. The idea of opening the entire first floor free of charge, including the serene garden, was particularly controversial. THE NEXT MOMA EXPANSION IS AS BIG A MESS AS THE LAST ONE, declared *New York*–magazine art critic Jerry Saltz on Vulture.com. More surprisingly, MoMA's former board president Agnes Gund went public in the *Times,* saying, "There are a number of us on the board who don't want to see the museum become a mere entertainment center." Once again, Lowry took the brunt of the negative reaction. The news, the *Times* said, "brought to a boil many long-simmering complaints from art critics, artists, architects, and patrons not only about the museum's overall direction but also about its director." Lowry's nemesis Robert Storr, dean of the Yale University School of Art since 2006, told the *Times* that Lowry "simply does not understand modern and contemporary art. . . . I fear some of the damage done is nearly irreversible."

When I asked Lowry about the criticisms, he said, "My response to that is Isa Genzken, Robert Gober, Matisse cutouts, Lygia Clark. Go down the record of exhibitions that we've been doing for the last decade. It's not about an entertainment center. It's an absolutely fundamental commitment to artists that we believe in, exhibitions that we think are exciting, a program that is varied from things that are easily considered down-the-middle-grade works to artists like Sturtevant that are difficult and not well known. Everyone is entitled to an opinion."

Jerry Speyer, Marie-Josée Kravis, and MoMA's International Council president Sharon Percy Rockefeller have publicly defended Lowry. "I think it would be a mistake for him to be influenced by a handful of people who have personal grudges," Speyer told the *Times.* "Glenn could run any American company he chooses to run, any foundation . . . [or] any university." In fact, since the resignation of Sotheby's chairman William Ruprecht, last November, there has been speculation that Lowry might take that highly lucrative position. One of MoMA's most in-

fluential board members dismissed that notion. "We just made up a new contract. We want Glenn here until he's 65 [the semi-mandatory retirement age]." The 60-year-old Lowry earned $1.8 million in salary and benefits in 2011, and he and his wife, Susan, a landscape architect, live rent-free in a Museum Tower apartment bought in 2004 by the museum reportedly for $6 million.

In a 2006 *New Yorker* article, "I Remember MoMA," Calvin Tomkins cited Lowry as "a dazzlingly effective C.E.O., someone who could deal firmly and decisively with the countless obstacles that confront any major building project in Manhattan," referring to the construction of the $858 million Taniguchi expansion, which almost doubled the museum's size and required it to close for two years and move to a temporary space in Queens. But, Tomkins wrote, "in consolidating the power he needed for the job, [Lowry] would also bring about significant changes in the highly unbusinesslike culture of the museum." Since Lowry became director, MoMA has nearly quadrupled its endowment, to almost $1 billion, and its post-1980 contemporary-art holdings have grown enormously. "Glenn has done a fantastic job," says Patricia Phelps de Cisneros, a longtime trustee and a leading collector of Latin-American modern art, another area to which MoMA has paid much more attention in recent years.

"Glenn is a good C.E.O.," concedes a MoMA insider. "But he's not creative. His strength is organizational. He wants to be Alfred Barr, but he's not." This person doesn't think Lowry will leave anytime soon. "He loves the power and prestige. And as long as he's got David Rockefeller on his side, which he does, he'll stay." (David Rockefeller's mother, Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, wife of John D. Rockefeller Jr., co-founded MoMA in 1929; David will turn 100 in June.)

Lowry has kept or brought onto the board an impressive roster of super-rich collectors, including Philip Niarchos, Sid Bass, Eli Broad, Ronald Perelman, Wallis Annenberg, Thomas Lee, Michael Ovitz, Alice Tisch, and Leon Black. Like the Met, MoMA is on a youth kick (which in the museum world means anyone under 60); among its newer board members are Highbridge Capital co-founder Glenn Dubin, real-estate heir Lawrence Benenson, and Agnelli scion John Elkann, chairman of Fiat. (The Whitney's big get in the youth-plus-dough sweepstakes is Lise Evans, the Norwegian wife of former Goldman Sachs vice-chairman J. Michael Evans, who recently joined Alibaba's board.)

MoMA's 2010 merger with P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center, in Long Island City, rejuvenated its fading avant-garde aura and gave it an additional 125,000 square feet in which to show cutting-edge works. MoMA PS1 has its own board, which is chaired by Gund and includes Diana Widmaier Picasso, a granddaughter of the artist, and Adam Kimmel, the New York shopping-mall heir married to actress Leelee Sobieski. Its 47-year-old German-émigré director, Klaus Biesenbach, known as Herr Zeitgeist, is also chief curator-at-large at MoMA and is seen as a possible successor to Lowry, with whom he is extremely close.

Loss of Trustee

One trustee whom Lowry lost—along with his collection of some 100 works by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Brice Marden, Robert Ryman, Barnett Newman, Pollock, Gorky, and Picasso, among others—was California-winery owner Donald Bryant Jr., who sat on the board from 2001 to 2011. According to his wife, Bettina Bryant, an independent curator, "Don was put on the board" by then chairman Ronald Lauder and then president Agnes Gund and was a great "advocate for the curators," including Kirk Varnedoe and Rob Storr. "Don had been told he would be put on the executive committee and gave accordingly (more than $10 million for the last building campaign and exhibition support) and had also promised specific works by Johns and Kelly—but that never transpired. Glenn and Don could not have been more opposed on everything. It really is a shame. I know Don can be outspoken, but he's a really generous guy. He had said to them, 'I am thinking of giving you my entire collection and what you don't want could be sold to support underfunded departments.' But the relationship with Glenn deteriorated to the point where Don realized this was not the institution he wanted to align with." (The fate of the Bryant collection remains undecided.)

When asked to comment, Lowry responded, "Don Bryant was a generous trustee who committed a great deal of time and energy to the Museum and was very supportive of our exhibitions and acquisitions as well as our last capital campaign. We are especially grateful for his numerous and important promised and fractional gifts of art."

"The problem with MoMA is it's got a very unpopular director," insists John Richardson. "And most of Lowry's trustees were chosen for their wealth, as opposed to their knowledge of art. When one looks back at the days of Alfred Barr, the trustees were not all zillionaires. There's really only one trustee at MoMA today from the old days, and that is Aggie Gund, who holds out. To a lot of us, she's our heroine, for taking the stand that she's taken."

Gund's second tenure as president, from 1995 to 2002, overlapped with that of Ronald Lauder as chairman, from 1995 to 2005, and they remain the closest of friends. And while they backed the choice of Glenn Lowry for director, they were also strong supporters of Varnedoe and Storr. Since 1998, Storr has been a curatorial adviser for FAPE (Foundation for Art and Preservation in Embassies), which is chaired by Jo Carole Lauder and counts Gund as a board member. (I am also on that board.) Gund has already given or pledged most of her top-notch Abstract Expressionist, Pop, and more recent artworks to MoMA. The Lauders have also been generous with gifts, going back to the late 1960s, "but they still have lots and lots and lots," as one friend put it. Ronald's massive collection of medieval and Renaissance suits of armor will most likely go to the Met, and Tom Campbell is said to hope that is just the beginning of a relationship. "Also, the fate of the Neue Galerie is up for grabs," says the Lauder friend, referring to the museum of modern Austrian and German art co-founded by Ronald in 2001. "The Neue Galerie could become a province of the Met; it could become a province of MoMA. It's unlikely to be in perpetuity what it is now, and it's a fabulous collection."

"Time will tell" was all Ronald Lauder had to say about that when I interviewed him. He was more expansive on the subject of MoMA and its competitors. "Nobody can rival what MoMA has put together in its permanent collection," he said. "So, the question is: Is the Museum of Modern Art the great museum of the 20th century or is it what it was meant to be in 1929—the museum of the art of today? The answer is it can be both. It can be Matisse cutouts and Robert Gober. In fact, that's what makes it the great museum it is. We are still powerful in all the areas we have always been predominant in—film, design, architecture. Even in painting we're still predominant. [MoMA curators] Ann Temkin and Anne Umland are doing a Picasso sculpture show next year that I'm sure will be fabulous. I think it's good that these other museums are doing some of these shows, too, because it's not possible for MoMA to do all of them." As for criticism that the board is dominated by real-estate developers and Wall Street financiers, Lauder said, "I think Jerry Speyer is doing a great job. The people who collected modern art early on were businessmen, too—Bill Paley, Jock Whitney, the Rockefellers."

Lauder became almost wistful as he continued about MoMA's history, which he has been part of for nearly five decades: "Under Alfred Barr and Bill Rubin, who was my mentor, we heard the words 'permanent collection' often: Which works do you need for the permanent collection? What is missing in the permanent collection? Today you hear the words 'contemporary art.' It's part of the process of the market, and of changing times." Regarding MoMA's proposed expansion plans, Lauder said, "The garden should not be open to the public. The board feels that way."

By the time I interviewed Glenn Lowry, in November, those plans were in flux. "We heard a lot of feedback at the time we announced the potential opening of the garden to the public, from people who were genuinely concerned that that would alter its unique quality," he said. "So we're thinking it through." The entire plan, he said, is "still just in what's called the early schematic stage. We're taking our time,

Met vs. MoMA

because we want to get it right." Liz Diller told me that the retractable glass wall is "no longer there" and that a more developed design should be ready later this winter. I also interviewed three top MoMA curators—Klaus Biesenbach, Ann Temkin, and Laura Hoptman—all of whom emphasized the museum's desperate need for more space. The expansion plan will provide 40,000 more square feet of galleries. "We speak with one voice," Biesenbach told me, explaining that the chief curators meet every two weeks for a half-day retreat "to think about the architecture and to provide parameters for what we think is needed to pay tribute to the ever growing collection. If you're interested in contemporary art, you have to grow. Otherwise, you have to stop collecting."

Among painters, sculptors, and other "object-makers," and those who show, sell, and collect their work, the suspicion is that the voice that will be heard loudest is that of Biesenbach, the man who brought Marina Abramović's stare-downs and naked guardians to MoMA. (Not to mention Tilda Swinton's sleepovers.) That Diller Scofidio + Renfro is known for creating socially interactive spaces has only heightened these fears. This, not the Folk Art Museum teardown, may be the real crux of the controversy over the museum's expansion plans. Biesenbach is undeterred: he has a Björk retrospective opening in March, to be followed by a Yoko Ono show in May. "For me Björk and Kraftwerk [who showed at MoMA in 2012] are as important as Doug Aitken and Julian Schnabel and Matthew Barney," he said. "They're groundbreaking artists of their generation, and that's the reason I'm doing these exhibitions." In December, MoMA opened "The Forever Now," curated by Laura Hoptman and featuring paintings by 17 artists, among them Rashid Johnson, Julie Mehretu, Kerstin Brätsch, Joe Bradley, and Mark Grotjahn. It was the first survey exhibition of contemporary painting mounted at MoMA in several decades.

Art and Soul

The new Whitney will open on May 1 with the largest display ever of its permanent collection, filling more than 60,000 square feet of indoor and outdoor space with everything from Georgia O'Keeffe and Edward Hopper to Cindy Sherman and Vik Muniz. Adam Weinberg says of the new building, "I want people to say it feels like the Whitney, whatever that means . . . that it feels right for the site. That it has a sense of adventurousness and openness, but is not just a total fantasy space. It has Renzo's sense of refinement and care. But we didn't want slick, sleek, cold, or anything like that." When asked about the heightened competition among the three New York museums that are aggressively expanding their contemporary-art collections and the real estate to house them, Weinberg is suitably modest. "It's a great moment for all of the museums in New York and for the arts community. We're all in a much larger cultural project here—to support artists and art. That's the bottom line."

Lowry takes the high road, too: "I think having both the Met and MoMA often interested in similar artists, if not the same artists, offers a unique opportunity to see those artists either as part of a long historical continuum, which is what the Met can bring to the game, or through the filter of the present, which is what we can bring to the game. That's a huge win for New Yorkers."

"It will be cast as a rivalry," says Campbell. "Inevitably, sometimes we're frenemies, because we're working on common ground. We have donors and supporters in common, but I think we've got very complementary goals. I'm a great believer in the notion that a rising tide lifts all boats."

Perhaps I should leave the last word to the Über-dealer Larry Gagosian: "I love expansion!" □

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Sheikh Shack



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89 in training all over the world, and Qatar Bloodstock, which owns more than 150 stallions, broodmares, and foals. Both are subsidiaries of QIPCO, which has become British racing's biggest sponsor. Its large sponsorship portfolio includes QIPCO British Champions Day at Ascot, run in October—the most lucrative racing day in Britain (drawing a $6 million purse this year). But it was the Queen's decision to allow QIPCO to become the first official commercial partner of June's Royal Ascot that put the Al-Thani boys in the top echelon of British bloodstock owners, and society.

"I am very honored," says Hamad about the Queen's choice.

How did it happen? "I think they saw the seriousness and dedication in our efforts," says Hamad. "I have a passion for British history, and racing has always been one of the great traditions in the country. I am very happy we could do something to help preserve the heritage of racing."

However, for QIPCO, horses are only a hobby. The holding company has a diverse range of interests, including real estate, construction, oil and gas, trading and services, and finance. Geographically, its investments span from the Middle East and Europe to the U.S. and the Far East.

QIPCO has no connections to the Q.I.A. (Qatar Investment Authority, one of the world's largest sovereign-wealth funds, worth $300 billion), or the business activities of the emir's family. "Ours is a family company, completely private. QIPCO is a business that just happens to be based in Doha," Hamad clarifies.

As some $15 billion of trophy assets in London alone have been snapped up by various Qatari interests, it has often been assumed everything (including, for example, Dudley House as well as Hôtel Lambert) was bought by the emir or Q.I.A. Some of the confusion may be understandable; Qatari royals generally remain secretive and do not respond to press inquiries.

Princes Among Men

Today in London it is Sheikh Hamad of 100 Park Lane whom everybody is talking about, at least in certain circles. His elaborate dinner parties are among the hottest tickets in town. The Queen has apparently been multiple times. ("A few," admits Hamad, cagily.) Other members of her family seem to be regulars, too. "Mama gets along very well with Prince Charles and Prince Philip," Hamad adds.

"His entertaining could not be more perfect," says Lily Spencer-Churchill, the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, who, as châtelaine of the 187-room Blenheim Palace, knows about these things. "The caviar, the wines chosen, the flowers—he creates the most magical ambience, and guests respond to that. Women come in long dresses, and they wear their jewels. So you come out after dinner *flying.* He takes you into a whole other world—a world of absolute perfection."

Others rave about the extraordinary restoration and decoration job, which was conceived by the late Alberto Pinto and overseen by his Paris studio in a style that Sheikh Hamad describes as "*Louis Seize à l'anglaise* . . . a mix of French and English, which was very much the taste in English country houses and London residences after the Regency, led by George IV, who bought much of the furniture that had been in Versailles."

Museum-quality art and furniture abound inside Dudley House. In the entry hall is one of the most important pieces of furniture in Britain: a rosewood-veneered, ormolu-mounted commode attributed to Pierre Langlois; its mate is in Windsor Castle. Equally precious

are decorative objects, such as an enormous obelisk-shaped, neoclassical, gilt-metal, bronze-and-silver automaton clock, made in 1777 for the Duc de Lorraine.

The magnificent collection of paintings, meanwhile, includes rare works by Lucas Cranach the Younger, Tiepolo, Gainsborough, and Van Dyck. "He's brought back to its full glory one of the great houses of London," says Jacob Rothschild, the fourth Baron Rothschild, proprietor of Waddesdon Manor. "It's a brilliant restoration, and a brilliant adornment."

"Everything is of the highest caliber, of a quality one rarely sees today," says David Cholmondeley, the seventh Marquess of Cholmondeley, owner of Houghton Hall. "He has put together so many diverse collections in the house—silver, silver-gilt, ormolu, marbles—all informed by his great knowledge. It is wonderful how he has resuscitated the house."

"He runs it like Downton Abbey," says Lady Elizabeth Anson, who is England's most exclusive event planner and a first cousin to the Queen. "At six P.M., the staff changes into white tie and tails. But he is not showing off. He has no need to show off. He just does things in the style of the house—in the way you saw things done up until the war."

"He has the taste of the gods, by which I mean there is no vulgarity," adds Anson, who has planned numerous events with Sheikh Hamad over the past three years. "It's the ultimate taste. He's a perfectionist, extremely interested in every detail."

Treasures of Hamad

According to the collector himself, his philosophy is simple: "If you want to do something, either do it properly or not at all." In October 2013, when he hosted a lavish reception at the Frick Collection, in New York, to launch *Beyond Extravagance,* an aptly titled book about his Indian jewels, he flew his considerable household staff over from London to serve as butlers and waiters in their white ties and tails. "I thought, He's used to seeing white tie and tails, so that's what we should have," says Anson. "But if we hired local waiters who had to rent tails, it would have looked like the Philharmonic."

But even that event paled compared to the private viewing and dinner Sheikh Hamad hosted at the Met on October 27 to open "Treasures from India," for 150 A-list guests. Augmenting the 12 staff members flown over from Dudley House, Lady Elizabeth oversaw the casting and wardrobing of 104 model-handsome male waiters, all of whom were meticulously outfitted in white tie and tails, as well as white gloves.

The high staff-to-guest ratio was just one of the elements that made the night surely one of the most splendid private opening dinners ever seen at the Met.

In the Great Hall, monumental vases of ice (hand-carved by craftsmen flown in from England) were etched with the Al-Thani crest and held towering arrangements of green hydrangea.

"No expense was spared," said guest Judy Taubman. "It was so exquisite and divine, but all so refined and in such good taste."

Being something of a present-day maharaja himself, it's fitting that Sheikh Hamad felt an affinity for these magnificent imperial objects. He began collecting them in 2009, after he toured the Victoria and Albert Museum's exhibition "Maharajas," which featured a number of stunners. "I thought, How wonderful if I could own one such piece," he remembers feeling then. Five years later, he owns 300. "I have a big weakness for head ornaments and daggers," says the collector. To illustrate his point, he calls for staff members to appear with a few of his favorite items. "If I had to choose one above all the others I'd choose this jade dagger," he says as he fondles an exquisite weapon and then passes it to me. "It is made of the purest form of jade, and jade was considered by the Mughal emperors to be the most valuable stone. This piece belonged to two emperors—the hilt was made for Jahangir, and it was re-bladed for his son Shah Jahan, who built the Taj Mahal. It later was purchased by Samuel Morse, inventor of the Morse code."

Next he passes a *jigha,* a gold turban ornament set with diamonds, rubies, and spinels, with a hanging emerald. Such items are particularly lavish, as they functioned almost as crowns—which the Indian rulers did not wear. Precious as these objects are, Sheikh Hamad doesn't like them locked in cases. "I call them my children, and I like to hold them. I feel they talk to me. A piece must move me and talk to me before I buy it."

Locating these objects has not been easy. Few of them are in India anymore. Most were long ago sold off by India's princely families, especially after independence came to the country, in 1947, and royals were reduced to privy purses. "Maharajas don't live in the same way. You don't find this ancient jewelry in India anymore, except in Hyderabad. In the 1930s the nizam of Hyderabad was considered the richest man in the world. But the nizam today does not display his jewelry. So sad for me."

Gorgeous as these items are, they also have great cultural and political significance. India's ruling nobility used their jeweled objects—which were frequently given as lavish gifts—to magnify their royal glory and enhance their prestige, as well as to foster alliances inside and outside India. In the early 20th century, maharajas took boatloads of their gems to Cartier and other Paris jewelers, to be recut and reset in Art Deco and other European styles.

Something of an insomniac, Sheikh Hamad often stays up late into the night poring over catalogues and research volumes to locate items he wishes to purchase, and he stays in constant communication with his curator, Amin Jaffer, who was the organizer of "Maharajas" at the V&A and is now Christie's international director of Asian art.

"When I wake up I usually have an e-mail from Sheikh Hamad sent around three in the morning," says Jaffer, "saying something like 'I saw a reference to this *jigha* being in such and such a collection in 1931. Find out where it is now so we can buy it.' When he sees something he is interested in, he pounces on it 100 miles an hour."

"I'm obsessive," admits His Highness, "but selective." Dazzling as his jewels are, and his house too, he eschews excess, he says: "The line between elegance and vulgarity is very fine. You have to know where it is, so not to cross it. Today, everybody seems to want to live in a white box. They want to buy the same artists and have the same things. I find that very vulgar. But I was lucky when I was doing this house—a lot of people thought they should go modern, so a lot of great antiques went on the market."

After casting his gaze around for a moment, he can't help but express some satisfaction after his years of labor on Dudley House and his collections.

"The result is not bad," he says. □

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Seth MEYERS

The former *S.N.L.* head writer and anchor of "Weekend Update" is celebrating the first anniversary of his solo talk show, *Late Night with Seth Meyers*. Here he professes his weaknesses for birds, his wife, and a sense of humor in anyone



What is your greatest fear? Running out of ideas. **What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?** Impatience. **What is the trait you most deplore in others?** Taking fucking forever. Can't you see I'm waiting? **What is your favorite journey?** The Acela from New York to Boston, KLM from New York to Amsterdam. **On what occasion do you lie?** When telling the truth gives me a moment of joy but causes someone else a day's worth of pain. **What do you dislike most about your appearance?** My nose. **What is your greatest regret?** That I didn't keep a journal. **What or who is the greatest love of your life?** My brilliant wife, Alexi Ashe Meyers. **When and where were you happiest?** My wedding day, listening to my brother's best-man speech. **If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?** I'd manage my time better. **If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?** There would be more public spaces named after us. **What do you consider your greatest achievement?** Being friends with the people I work with. **If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?** A bird. **If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?** King of the birds. **What is your most treasured possession?** After a youth spent collecting many things, I'm happy to say only people matter. **What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?** When my wife told me there wasn't room in the apartment for all the things I spent my youth collecting and to stop bitching about it because only people matter. **What is your favorite occupation?** Teachers. **What is your most marked characteristic?** I talk with my hands. **What is the quality you most like in a man?** Sense of humor. **What is the quality you most like in a woman?** Sense of humor. **Who are your favorite writers?** P. G. Wodehouse, George Saunders, Kurt Vonnegut, Paula Pell, and Mike Schur. **Who is your favorite hero of fiction?** George Smiley. **Who are your heroes in real life?** My parents. **How would you like to die?** Old, but with enough remaining strength to bravely sacrifice myself to stop the alien invasion. **What is your motto?** "Can do."

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO


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